



Blackwood Milk Farm

A Mist Valley Slice of Life Adventure
Book 2

EDEN REDD

Blackwood Milk Farm

Book 2

**A Mist Valley Slice of
Life Adventure**

Eden Redd

Blackwood Milk Farm: Book 2: A Mist Valley Slice of Life Adventure

© copyright 2023 [Eden Redd](#)

All Rights Reserved

**[Join my mailing list](#) and receive
updates on new titles!**

**Blackwood Milk Farm Book 2 is part of
the Blackwood Series.**

[You may find Book 1 here!](#)

Enjoy the stories!

Table of Contents

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13
Chapter 14
Chapter 15
Chapter 16
Chapter 17
Chapter 18
Chapter 19
Chapter 20
Chapter 21
Chapter 22

Blackwood Milk Farm

Book 2

Chapter 1

Sinister Smile

Cool air drifted in from outside. Asher stood within the home and open doorway. His unblinking gaze locked on the beautiful demon woman standing just beyond the threshold.

Memories and knowledge poured over his mind like cold water. Early training sessions with his father shocked his spirit, the older man telling his son about different monsters and beasts he may encounter exploring dungeons, crypts, and far off mysterious places. The young man remembered how his father's focus would form into a hard gaze when he explained demons.

The words remained deep in his psyche, how there was nothing more dangerous or

devious than demons. Their society was built on a brutal culture of violence and manipulation. Lower demons were often the soldiers and work force, while higher demons ruled over them. Their lands were far away, filled with active volcanoes, acidic springs, and gothic castles built into the sides of mountains.

Asher could still remember how direct and honest his father was when speaking about them. How, if he was ever captured, he was to make every attempt to take his own life. Demons enjoyed their slaves, working them to death, and sometimes beyond. His father would explain there were many threats one may encounter on adventures, but to always be wary about demons. Liches, giant monsters, and evil cults paled when compared to demons and their ilk. On Valoria, demons were often killed on sight, so they'd never get a chance to sink their teeth and claws into you.

The demon woman stood at seven feet tall. Her skin was pale, unlike alabaster, but more of a soft lavender. Black horns curved up from her head. Her features were angular, with high cheekbones and oval eyes. Her nose was slightly pointed. Lips full, and black, like

peeking into the abyss. A tight red dress clung to her body, adhering to her sensual curves. A tail with a triangular tip swung into view from behind her. She held a warm, bright smile. The brightness was dimmed by a thick pair of fangs with pale pink points, like they knew the taste of blood, many times.

Asher pulled his gaze away from her sharp smile and lowered to her chest. Firm breasts defied gravity as a triangular amulet lay against her skin, just above her cleavage. They were naturally large and Asher found himself lowering his gaze down to her feet. They were bare, with three taloned toes on each foot, and her heels stabbing out into points.

Asher lifted his gaze again to stare into her dark eyes. At first glance, they would have appeared black, but the longer he stared, the more he saw that there were irises, but they blended with the darkness along her eyes. His hand twitched, wishing he had his sword at his hip to draw it, his father's words haunting him in the moment.



The demon woman investigated Asher's unblinking gaze. Her smile shifted into a wicked smirk, seeing that he was temporarily stunned.

“Greetings. My name is Katriss Bloodwater. I’ve come for the experience.”

Elara, Nyn, Blyss, and Amber were up and standing a little distance behind Asher. The moment was still as a frozen pond in the dead of winter.

Asher blinked. He quickly noticed, the demon was not in a battle stance, or appeared to be readying for an attack. She simply stood like a neighbor who wanted to say hi.

The demon woman's smile faded away.

She stood a little taller, her gaze not leaving the younger man standing before her.

“I have read some of the stories. The tales about Blackwood are my favorite. I understand, your farm, like the others described, are neutral places.”

Asher woke from his stunned trance as her words lingered in his mind.

I'm being ridiculous. She's a demon, but clearly, she knows why she's here. I must stop being rude.

Asher bowed slightly, never taking his gaze off the tall demon woman. “I apologize. I have never met a true demon before. It was a surprise.”

“Was it my beauty, or my people's blood thirsty reputation?” Katriss asked as her wicked smile returned.

Asher couldn't fight her infectious smile as his own smile appeared. “Your people's reputation and your beauty struck me at the same time.”

Katriss's eyes gleamed in the evening light as she regarded the handsome young man before her.

“It would seem we were both stunned.

Here I thought you would have attacked me if you had a sword at your hip.”

“It would have been incredibly rude of me to do such a thing,” Asher said with a sliver of a nervous edge to his tone.

The demon woman nodded once before looking down on him. “It would appear, we are of the same mind, Lord Blackwood.”

Asher remembered his manners and stepped to the side with the open door. “Please, come in.”

Katriss acknowledged his nod with her own before stepping into the large living room. Long, straight pale purple hair cascaded from a widow’s peak to behind her pointed ears. It framed her features as she looked upon four women standing side by side in the living room.

“I see I am not the only one,” Katriss said with a devilish and amused grin.

“Demon!” Blyss said with wide eyes. She began to tremble as soon as the words left her mouth.

Elara and Amber each put a hand on the goblin’s shoulders, giving her a comforting squeeze. Despite the touch, the goblin continued to tremble like a leaf.

Katriss saw the shaking goblin with terror in her eyes. She stepped a little closer to her and knelt to one knee. Her devilish smile turned into a warm one as she looked at the goblin with understanding eyes.

“You have nothing to fear, jade beauty,” Katriss said with a silky-smooth tone.

Almost immediately, Blyss’s trembling slowed and then melted away. She slowly blinked her large, yellow eyes. A small smile appeared, but fear still touched the edges of her eyes.

Katriss slowly stood up again, her gaze moving from one woman to the next. “It would appear, we will be sisters for a time. The four of you are beautiful, and such full breasts, you have connected with the Divine Mother. I too seek her warmth and guidance.”

The demon turned and looked at Asher as he closed the door. “And Lord Blackwood holds the key to bridging that connection.”

“I don’t hold the key. Anyone can commune with the Divine Mother. Those who come here come for many different reasons, or so I’ve heard.”

Katriss nodded her horned head. “I know this may seem like a terrible shock, but I have

read all are welcomed to these places. Despite my people's reputation, I am not here to cause chaos and mayhem. I am truly here for the experience and a desire to stay for a time."

Nyn lifted her chin slightly as she spoke, "It is true, there have been stories about demons who have visited these places touched by the Divine Mother, but I've only seen them in forgeries."

The demon woman turned her attention to the dark blue-haired elf. "The stories are muddled in many ways. Only those with a cunning intelligence can decipher them so others may not find these places so easily. My arrival shows my intentions, otherwise, I would not have found this place."

Katriss eyed Nyn up and down before licking her own, plump lips. "As you appear to be a scholar and versed in the hidden mysteries of such books, you must know that I mean no harm. I seek to drink the elixir. My milk will be drained as payment for my stay here. I know full well it will be turned into potions for others to use. All of this is in accordance with the rules of such special places, is it not?"

"It is," Nyn said plainly.

Amber's smile grew wider as she lifted her hands and clamped them together. She took a few steps to the tall demon woman with a welcoming grin and bright eyes.

"Please, forgive us. While rare, demons have come to places such as this one. We are happy you have arrived."

Katriss bowed her head slightly to the faun. "Thank you, sister faun. I am pleased my presence doesn't inspire fear in everyone here."

Asher walked up to the demon woman's side. "I think it will just take a little time for all of us to get to know each other. In the meantime, we do have rooms on the second floor. You must be tired from your journey. We can bring you some food?"

Katriss smiled on the young man. "No need for food at this time, but rest is desired. I understand we just met and will need time to adjust. A good sleep will help my sore muscles and ease my transition as newcomer to the farm."

She turned to the other women gathered. "I look forward to our bonding as we bask in the Divine Mother's presence."

Elara and Nyn glanced at each other.

Amber kept her welcoming smile. Blyss was touching Elara's thigh as she stared at the tall demon woman.

Asher saw the subtle differences between the group and quickly took control of the moment.

"I will show you to one of our larger rooms. Please, follow me," the young man said and began walking for the corridor with the stairs.

Katriss winked at the four women before following Asher. The others watched her go. When Asher and Katriss rounded the corner and disappeared, the four listened intently at their footsteps. Soon, the creak of stairs touched their sensitive ears. When the footsteps faded away, all four women faced each other.

"I have concerns," Nyn stated plainly.

"Nightmares, demons, nightmares," Blyss said with fear returning to her yellow eyes.

Elara kept her hand on the goblin's shoulder and gave it another reassuring squeeze. Blyss looked up at the beautiful elf, the fear remaining.

"We will never let anything happen to you," Elara said warmly.

Amber crossed her arms against her own stomach and shook her head. “We don’t have to be afraid. Despite their reputation, demons are honorable. She said she means no harm and we should believe her.”

Nyn shot Amber a look. “Demons are manipulative, even if they give their word. They find ways to get around every rule and law.”

“But this is an opportunity,” Amber said with an excited gleam in her eyes. “Demon milk is very rare. It would be foolish to turn her away.”

“Foolish?” Nyn said with hard eyes. “Your blinded by opportunity and not seeing reality. We will never know her true intentions until they reveal themselves. She could be here for many different reasons, but the one that fills my mind is the demon attempting to create a foothold in Mist Valley.

“Aside from the milk farm stories, there are many books dedicated to the history of demons and their attempts to rule Valoria. If their lands weren’t so inhospitable, they would have been wiped out thousands of years ago. If she knows how to navigate the wild gates, this may be her attempt at gathering more

information.”

Amber’s eyes narrowed. “You heard it yourself, the farm is neutral territory. If she makes any attempt to hurt us, or take over the farm, the society will never stand for it. They will ensure no such event takes place, at least, not for long.”

“Small comfort, when it will be our lives in jeopardy,” Nyn said before looking away.

Elara glanced at her friend, before turning her gaze to Amber, and then Blyss. She closed her eyes and let out a soft exhale.

“We do have to give her a chance, even if she is a demon,” the blonde elf said reluctantly.

Nyn eyed her friend with a question rise of her thin eyebrow. “You know the history as well as I do. How can you think of giving that demon a chance?”

Elara lifted her chin and looked into Nyn’s oval eyes. “I know the history, but the farms are different than the ways of war and politics. It’s a safe place to enjoy the experience. Almost every story I’ve read has had women coming to a farm to shed the woes of their people and politics. Katriss might be one of those people. It would be wrong to turn her

away.”

Nyn’s hard gaze softened as she looked at her friend. “I understand that we are on this adventure together, but she may make things difficult for all of us.”

“Or make it better,” Amber said with a positive attitude.

“We are in this together,” Elara said and gave Blyss another reassuring squeeze on her shoulder, “but this is Asher’s farm, and it must be his decision. I will tell him our concerns, but he must decide if she must leave, or be allowed to stay.”

Amber, Nyn, and Blyss nodded to the blonde elf.

“Yes mistress,” the trio said in unison.

“Let’s have some wine to calm our nerves and ease us further into the evening,” Elara said as a small worry touched her heart.

A door opened. Katriss and Asher peered inside. The bedchamber was large compared to the other rooms on the second floor. It had a taller and wider bed. It wasn’t as big as Asher’s bed, but he understood some of the women that came to the farm might be on the

tall, or larger size.

The closet was built into the wall, and another door led to a private water closet. A single window with a curtain took up the back wall. A dresser with a mirror stood to the side, opposite of the bed.

“This is our largest bedroom,” Asher explained.

Katriss nodded as she stepped into the room. The doorway was tall enough that she didn’t have to duck her head coming in. There was a two-inch space between the tops of her horns and the doorframe.

The demon woman turned and bowed to the younger man. “Thank you, Lord Blackwood.”

“Please, call me Asher.”

Katriss stood up to her full height. Her smile was gone as she looked at Asher with a solemn gaze.

“I can taste the edges of fear, from you, and the others. It is a skill and ability my people have. I want to reassure you I have no nefarious intent. I’m here for the experience, and to seek answers to my purpose on our world.”

Asher lifted an eyebrow. He quickly looked her over and noticed she didn't have a pack with her, or anything else other than the dress she was wearing.

“Did you bring anything with you, perhaps in a pocket of holding?”

Katriss shook her head. “I did not. I was in a hurry, and didn't want miss the wild gate. If I didn't step through it in the moment, I'm not sure where it would have whisked me to.

“As I mentioned, I've read about the Blackwood Farm and it intrigued and enflamed my curiosity. I've never had the experience, but I read much upon it. I am excited to be here, but I do understand that my presence will make some, uncomfortable. This is not my intent.”

Asher parted his lips to speak, but hesitated. The beautiful demoness continued to stand before him. He quickly studied her eyes, looking for any hint of deception, but couldn't see anything that might hide any deeper intentions. She appeared genuine, but Asher mentally reminded himself that she was truly a demon, and subterfuge was a skill and ability all demons shared in common.

He mentally decided, if this was going to

work, they had to be honest with each other.

“Katriss, thank you for telling me you have no nefarious intentions, but you must understand, your people have a dark reputation. It is common knowledge that demons have hunted and killed many peoples from all races, often cruelly.

“Everyone here is not just a guest, but under my protection. They have all come here for a divine experience. I hate to ask this, but we need some kind of assurance you’ve come here to not hurt anyone.”

The demoness gave Asher a measured gaze. Lifting her hands, she reached behind her neck. Her fingers moved with deft skill as she unlocked the clasp to her necklace. The amulet was pulled away by the chain, and took it into her palm. She held her hand out, with the purple crystal amulet.

Asher glanced at the amulet. It was covered in intricate runes, and looked very old and weathered. It gleamed in the light, but the ranger could sense small waves emanating from it.

“This is my only prized possession. It is a family heirloom, passed down for generations. It is difficult for me to part with it. It is very

special to me. I am willing to give it to you for my duration here. I wish to only stay for thirty days. When my time here comes to an end, I will ask for it back.

“If I do anything to you, or the others, deemed nefarious, as per our agreement, you can keep it. It is made of purple diamond. Extremely rare and valuable, it should be enough to show my intentions are genuine.”

Asher looked up from the amulet to Katriss’s eyes. He could see the hesitation within them, not wanting to part, but willing to show she meant no harm.

“I cannot accept this. It’s important to you. There must be another way?”

Katriss’s eyes widened a hair before confusion painted her gaze. “You would refuse such a valuable item, because it’s important to me? I must admit, I don’t believe anyone has ever said that to me before.”

Asher reached forward and touched under her hand with both of his hands. He gently closed her fingers, keeping the amulet in her palm. He then let go and bowed slightly to her.

“I’ve heard many things about demons. What is often said is how cruel, greedy, and

manipulative they are. I don't know much more beyond that about your culture, but I wouldn't feel right taking the amulet from you."

Asher stood up and rubbed his jaw in thought. "Maybe we should take our time and think it over. You just arrived, and I'm sure you're tired. Maybe we can come up with a solution in the morning, if you are fine with that for tonight?"

Katriss pressed the amulet to her chest as she looked upon Asher with curious eyes. "It may be for the best. A night's rest may aid all of us to adjust to each other's presence."

Her eyes gleamed with a crimson light. "I do wish to partake of the famed elixir, but we can continue our discussion in the morning. I do have some stipulations, not many, but something we should speak and agree upon before I drink. As I understand it, demon milk is highly valuable to many in mystical circles. I'm sure we can come to a mutual agreement."

Katriss stepped closer to Asher. She towered over him by nearly a foot, but he noticed her eyes held a warmth he never expected to see from a demon.

"I do have a request for this moment. May

I kiss your forehead?”

Asher blinked. He lifted a hand and scratched the back of his head. “Why my forehead?”

Katriss gave him a warm smile. “It’s tradition when entering new friendships. It’s a sign that we are open to learning about each other.”

“Do I kiss your forehead?”

“You can, if you wish, but in my culture, it doesn’t happen often. The kiss is usually a rare sign of respect and openness. You have already opened your home to me, now, it is my turn to show you my respect for your rules and hospitality.”

Asher dropped his hand to his side and gave Katriss a single nod. “Then, by all means.”

Katriss lifted her pale purple hands and cupped Asher’s cheeks and jaw. She gently lifted his face up to her. Asher stared as she loomed over him. She leaned her head forward a little, and pressed her full lips to his forehead.

Warmth dripped along Asher’s spirit. His gaze grew hazy, and every muscle in his body wanted to relax. A dreamy breeze caressed his

soul before she pulled back. The feeling winked away and was gone.

“Thank you, Asher,” Katriss said with a breathy whisper.

Confused, Asher simply nodded.

“I’ll prepare to break everyone’s fast in the morning. After that, we can sit down and discuss your stay here,” Asher said as he turned and walked to the open doorway.

“I look forward to it,” Katriss said with a warm whisper.

Asher closed the door and simply stood. He stared at nothing, not sure what just happened. A thought crept into his mind, wondering if she had performed some kind of demon magic on him, but the feeling quickly slipped away. It simply didn’t feel like the right explanation to how he felt. Jumbled thoughts and memories stormed in his mind, advice from his father and friends about demons fighting with what he just witnessed, a polite demoness who seemed genuine with her intentions.

Just as the thoughts and memories were reaching a war-like crescendo, Asher took a deep breath and let it out in one, long exhale.

Uncle Aric, I know you passed your farm

down to me, but I had no idea just how deep this would all go. It has only been a few weeks, and I wasn't expecting a demon to come here. I'm sure there will be more surprises on the horizon, but I do have to remind myself, I'm not in a dungeon fighting for my life. I must handle this with fairness and tact, otherwise, what's the point of being here.

Asher looked away as he pictured Elara, Nyn, Blyss, and Amber in his mind.

It's only for thirty days. Maybe, we can all get through this peacefully.

A dark thought swam through the young man's mind of the mayor and his scarecrow golem. He quickly pushed it away and made his way to the stairs with concern swirling around his heart.

Chapter 2

Wine and Whispers

Asher stepped into the kitchen. The light sound of conversation stopped as four women turned their gazes to him. On the kitchen table, several bottles of wine stood, along with four mostly full glasses of dark red wine.

“Nyn,” Elara said with a relaxed tone, “Please get Lord Blackwood a wine glass.”

The dark blue haired elf stood up and made her way to the cabinet.

An empty seat was between Blyss and Amber, the goblin patting it with her little green hand.

The mood drifted over the young man as he looked at all of them in turn.

I’m sure their discussion was about the new guest.

Asher stepped over to the empty seat, pulled it out and sat down. Nyn was behind his shoulder, placing the wine glass down before him. Asher noticed she pushed her bosom against his shoulder with a subdued

tease before pulling away.

Elara took hold of a wine bottle, lifted it up and began pouring into the glass. The others remained silent as the sound of pouring wine floated up. When the glass was full, the elf put the bottle down and took hold of her glass. She raised it up to everyone at the table.

“To our new guest,” Elara smiled.

Nyn had sat down and lifted her glass. Asher, Blyss, and Amber lifted their glasses. Everyone clinked them together in a small toast, before bringing them close to lips and taking a deep sip.

Asher enjoyed the smooth tart flavor before putting his glass back down on the table.

“Alright, out with it,” he said plainly.

Elara gave him a sly smile. “We were just going to ask you the same thing. What was said upstairs?”

Asher eyed the four beautiful women as everyone waited patiently.

“I’ll start, but all of you are next,” Asher grinned before telling them what was discussed upstairs.

Everyone at the table listened intently.

Blyss barely blinked as she soaked up every word from Asher. When he was finished, they all looked down at their drinks in contemplation.

“She was willing to hand over an important family heirloom to you?” Nyn said simply.

Asher nodded. “It’s the only valuable possession she has.”

Amber took a sip of her drink before smiling. “She means us no harm. She is truly here for the experience.”

“We don’t know that for sure,” Nyn said.

“Demons tell lies,” Blyss said as she scooted a little closer to Asher.

Nyn nodded. “This could be an elaborate ruse.”

Asher swirled his wine, but didn’t drink. “I haven’t read the books and stories about our kind of farm, but most of you have. There must be stories and experiences where women have come to a farm who were not well liked by others?”

Nyn and Elara glanced at each other, but it was Amber to who spoke up.

“There are hundreds of different stories

put out by the Opal Society. Almost all of them are based on actual events. I have read many of these stories, and there have been times where unusual women from different races have come, wishing to enjoy the experience of communing with the Divine Mother.

“As a general rule, as long as there is no violence or ill treatment, they are all welcomed. Demons are rare, but it is in the realm of possibility. As I said, their raw milk is highly valuable and it can be treated to create potions with many different effects.”

“Be that as it may, this is Asher’s farm and it is for him to decide, not us,” Elara said as she looked into his eyes from across the table.

Asher looked upon the beautiful mature elf with warm eyes. “It may be my decision, but I value everyone’s advice. Katriss doesn’t seem like she wants to cause harm, but I know when someone is running from something.”

Everyone stared at Asher and blinked.

The ranger continued, “She didn’t bring anything with her except for the clothes she’s wearing and her amulet. She may not be here for an invasion, but she may be here because she needs a place to hide. From what you’ve

told me about the wild gates, they change all the time for certain amounts of times, depending on the cycle of the moon. She made it clear she will only be here for thirty days before returning through the gate.

“I don’t believe my uncle would have turned her away, and neither will I. If she is only staying for a month, then we must honor it.”

Asher tilted his head forward a little, shadows covering his eyes. “But I too am uneasy about having a possibly dangerous demon here. She has agreed to think about ways to ease our concerns. I think we should do the same.”

Heads slowly nodded in agreement before everyone looked at their wine glasses.

“I don’t feel good about this,” Amber said with a somber tone.

“Neither do I,” Asher said.

Elara lifted her gaze and looked at Asher. Her heart tugged at her as she saw the concern in his dark eyes. She could see he was trying to be fair, and help ease the tension.

The elf leaned forward with laced fingers. She rested her chin on them before giving Asher a wicked look.

“The first night I arrived, I asked you to take me to your bed. We had spent several hours talking, and it was enough for you to trust me. Maybe we should do the same for her. Talk and get to know her. All of us can do that and see for ourselves if she is here for the experience, or is ready to bring hordes of demons to our doorstep.”

Small smiles bloomed from Asher, Nyn, and Amber. It was Blyss who shook her head.

“Demons eat people. No want demon eating me!” the goblin said with fear in her yellow eyes.

Asher looked down on the goblin with understanding eyes. “What will help you sleep better at night?”

“Sleep with master,” she said in a low whisper.

Asher glanced at Elara and she smiled with a light nod.

Asher nodded. “If it will help, you can stay in our room.”

Blyss’s eyes gleamed with starry excitement.

Asher smiled before looking at everyone else at the table.

“It’s agreed, we will all get to know her. She wants to talk first thing in the morning. But we have a lot to do. I was thinking of going into town to speak with Dina and maybe stop by the bookstore. I mentioned to her about adding a winery to the farm, but I don’t know much about wine, other than drinking it.”

“I want to go with you,” Elara said with new excitement in her eyes.

“I too would like to go. I wish to see the selection at the book store,” Nyn nodded.

“I come,” Blyss said, clearly simply wanting to spend time with them.

“I can stay here and make sure Katriss is okay and take care of some chores here in the house,” Amber said with a demure smile.

Asher smiled at the faun. He felt her hesitation on leaving, and her excitement at the Katriss staying with them. He thought it was just as well for her to stay, to keep an eye on the demon. It caused him some concern, worried that Katriss may do something, unholy, but the path to trust starts with a big step.

“It sounds like out day is planned for tomorrow. I’ll cook in the morning to break

our fast.

“As for the coming days, I have plans to start gathering wood and I need to find a pond or lake. I think our sitting pond could use some small fish and some water plants to keep it healthy.”

“Oh, that sounds lovely. I will join you on that project as well,” Elara smiled.

Asher looked at the beautiful elf, and his heart beat a little faster. It was beyond simply lovers, Elara was committed to helping and it brought Asher greater comfort knowing that.

“It’s settled. Now, one more glass of wine before bed,” Asher smiled.

“Here here,” everyone said as they lifted their wine glasses up and clinked them together.

Asher and Elara stepped into the master bedroom. Asher had to concentrate putting one foot in front of the other. The whole evening mentally exhausted him and the wine went straight to his head. Piece by piece, he began shedding his clothes.

Elara watched him for a moment, taking in his strong form as a trail of clothes lay

behind him on the floor. When he was down to his small clothes, he fell face first into the bed and remained there.

Elara took hold of her robe-like dress. She pulled at the shoulder, and the entire dress slipped down her body. She walked naked to the bed and crawled in beside Asher. She snuggled closer and eyed him as he turned onto his side.

Asher placed his face between her warm mountains and took hold of her waist with one hand, ensuring she could not escape.

Elara ran her fingers through his hair as warm lantern light glowed from a nightstand. She played with his hair as they were close.

“You’re doing the right thing,” she said with a silky whisper.

Asher pulled his head back far enough to look up at her. “This is still new to me. I must admit, the moment I opened the door and saw Katriss, I was deeply concerned. I grew up with stories about demons. When I was in the guild, there were many members who talked about run-ins with their kind and barely escaping with their lives.”

Asher’s gaze shifted to the bed. “But I trust my instincts. You must when you’re out in the

wilderness, or a decayed dungeon. It's strange to shift it to running a farm, but I can't help but feel she is telling the truth, in a way."

Elara was silent as she played with his hair.

Asher closed his eyes and let out a small exhale. "She's hiding something, but I can't help but feel it is out of embarrassment, and not some dark plan. I wouldn't be setting the best example if I demanded it from her. She is also open to coming up with a solution to ease our concerns."

Elara looked away in thought as she played with his hair. "In my province, criminals often had to wear a magical collar. It's rare, but it does happen. It will have a symbol, detailing their crime. The collar would cause them to become submissive if they attempted to do anything vile to another. Average citizens had the power to tell them to stop, and the collar compelled them to stop."

Asher opened his eyes. "I don't suppose you have one of those collars?"

Elara smiled. "No. Sadly I don't." Her eyes shifted away again. "What about in the chest?"

Asher's eyes widened. He sat up and then leapt out of bed.

Elara sat up and watched as Asher circled the bed and moved to the wall beside the nightstand. He touched the wall in a small pattern and something clicked. A lower portion of the wall slid open and a chest slid out.

Asher opened the lid and gazed down on the many different sensual toys and objects. He and Elara barely scratched the surface of what it contained, but he remembered seeing all manner of items.

Eyes scanned the contents of the chest, seeing whips, chains, cuffs, bottles, and wands. His gaze fell on a peg within with a stack of black collars. Each one had a small crystal embedded on it.

Asher reached down and picked one up. He stood up and looked it over in his hands. When he saw the inside of the collar, it had words written in gold elvish. He turned to the bed and Elara sitting up.

“We’re they like this collar?” the younger man asked and held it out to her.

Elara took the collar and looked it over.

“It’s similar, but not the same. This is a submissive collar, but has a different enchantment. It’s written here that the wearer,

and the dominate of their choice, must have an agreed protection word. The crystal will remember it. The wearer cannot take off the collar, or disobey a command, but they can remove it by saying the protection word. If it is said, the collar will fall off and only the dominate will be able to put it back on.”

Elara looked up to Asher with a wicked gleam in her eyes. “How many collars are there in the chest?”

“Four, including that one.”

The elf let her fingers glide over the leather collar. “This could be very enjoyable for us when the mood strikes, but for now, it may work for what is needed. She cannot manipulate it because if she takes it off, she can’t put it back on.”

Elara let the collar hang on one, extended finger and began spinning it with a knowing gaze. “She would remain submissive to you, but I’m curious, once you have her in your power, what will you do with her?”

Asher’s face glowed hot before he shook his head. “I didn’t think that far ahead.”

“I’m sure your manhood did,” Elara said with a wry grin. “Often times, people are enslaved to demons. To have a demon as a

slave would be very different, and tantalizing.”

The elf stopped spinning the collar and placed it on the bed. She moved to the edge of the bed and sat with her dainty feet on the floor. She looked Asher up and down with pretend sternness.

“I know what lurks in your heart and your loins. You would make her your servant, when I thought I was here to serve you,” she said with a wicked whisper as she gently grabbed his bulge and gave it a small squeeze.

“Jealous?” Asher grinned.

Elara giggled before her eyes half-closed. “Jealous, no. Interested in a new adventure, yes, very much. I want to see what you will do, my handsome morsel.”

Heat bloomed between them as a familiar song began to play across their souls.

“It’s another reason why I want to go to the book store. If they have any of the secret books you’ve read, I would like to buy one, for research. It will help me with what to expect when others come for the experience.”

Elara continued to fondle him as she spoke, “It’s true, Nyn and I have some of the secret books. We could retell what we’ve read,

but it's not the same as reading them for yourself. I fully encourage you to explore those tomes, and perhaps, use what you learn on me, on us."

Blood drained into Asher's member from Elara's touch. He grew harder and she shifted how she fondled him. He looked down on her naked body and large, firm breasts, his inner demons whispering for more.

Elara's touch slowed and she looked away.

Asher noticed the shift. "Are you okay?"

The elf looked up with serious eyes. "After you brought Katriss upstairs, the rest of us had a little chat. You can guess what was said as we talked about it later in the kitchen with some wine."

Elara's eyes took on an uncomfortable edge. "The others, aside from Katriss, called me Mistress. It has been said before, but this time, as a collective, it felt like it took on a deeper meaning. They see me as your counterpart."

"Does this frighten you?"

Elara gave a small shake of her head before looking down on Asher's cock, straining to be free.

“No, it does not. It excites me. Back home, I never led anyone. I never knew if I could lead. It was something of a...dream.”

The mature elf let out a small laugh. “I thought I would be simply enjoying a new adventure, but now, it feels deeper, more intimate. To lead a family is a grand honor. It is not done lightly. I fear, it may take some getting used to.”

“I think you’re doing wonderful job of it, and you have my support,” Asher smiled brightly.

Elara nodded as she stroked his cock through his small clothes.

It was Asher’s turn to speak with a serious tone. “Have you considered...going back home, in the future?”

Elara looked up and blinked. Her surprised gaze cooled as she took hold of his small clothes and pulled them down. They slipped down Asher’s legs and fell to his ankles. He stepped out of them as the elf stroked his throbbing member.

“What’s frightening is I haven’t considered going back. For the first time in my long life, I have felt truly alive and...I desire more.”

“So do I,” Asher said as he lifted his hand

and ran the back of his fingers against her cheek.

Elara closed her eyes and leaned against his touch, feeling his warmth. It calmed her spirit as she opened them again and looked up with tenderness in her eyes.

“And more we shall have,” the elf winked before kissing his throbbing head.

At that moment, the bedroom door opened.

Asher and Elara turned their heads to see Blyss standing in the doorway with a pillow under one arm. She was wearing a shirt that was much too big for her, fitting like a dress.

“There’s my missing shirt,” Asher laughed.

The goblin was silent as she walked in and closed the door behind her. She stepped to the bed and climbed on. She crawled to the head of the bed and placed her pillow among the many pillows gathered there. She slipped under the blanket, with her back to the couple.

Asher and Elara chuckled.

“That’s right, we promised to keep her safe from the demons of the night,” Elara grinned.

“We did promise,” Asher grinned as well.

The younger man stepped to the bed and crawled onto it. Elara turned and moved onto the bed. The couple settled down next to each other, Asher’s back to the goblin. Elara took hold of his member and began stroking him again, when a voice floated up.

“Master?” Blyss said with a soft voice.

Asher and Elara looked at each other, knowing full well what she wanted.

“I can wait,” Elara said with a wicked smile.

Asher turned and almost immediately, the goblin took hold of his cock and latched her mouth on it. The young man sucked in a breath as she bobbed her head, sucking on his member like it was a piece of candy.

Elara moved closer, pressing her body to Asher’s back and resting her chin on his arm. They both looked down on the goblin as she took long strokes of Asher’s member with closed eyes.

Beyond the dark window, stars lit up the nighttime sky in dreamy brilliance.

Chapter 3

Devilish Accord

Steam rose from the pan on the stove. Asher moved with skilled precision, hefting the pan and flipping the omelet. It made a crackle and sizzle as he moved to the pan with morning cakes and he flipped those next.

The kitchen was filled with the delectable scents of cooking food. It comforted the young man as he thoroughly enjoyed cooking and filling bellies for the day.

Glancing out of the kitchen window, the familiar morning mist clouded the world beyond the walls of the warm home. The call of sizzling food brought him back to the task at hand, and he picked up a plate filled with flat cakes. He picked up the pan with the cooked flat cake and slid it onto the plate to continue warming the others underneath it. Asher set down the plate on the table and stepped back to the stove to get the omelet.

From the archway, Elara and Blyss stepped in, each wearing one of Asher's shirts. The elf rubbed her eyes while the goblin

yawned. The smell of food woke them up. They looked upon the plates piled with eggs and flat cakes. Blyss's stomach made a hungry growl.

Asher turned to the two beautiful women and smiled. "I'm nearly finished and was going to let everyone know morning meal was ready."

The elf and goblin stepped to the kitchen table and sat down in their own seats. They looked at the food with hungry eyes.

"Help yourself," Asher said as he put the last bit of food on the large plate.

Working quickly, he put the pans back on the stove and whisked up an empty plate and fork. He stabbed at cakes and eggs, piling them onto the plate.

Blyss didn't hesitate to start piling food onto her plate and start eating. Elara moved slower, drinking in Asher's good mood.

"Is that plate for our new guest?" she asked with a knowing smile.

Asher nodded. "She and I must talk, so I will bring her meal to her. After that, we can get ready and head into town."

"I hope it's a productive talk. I'll wake the

others for morning meal. Take your time,” the elf said.

Asher nodded before picking up a fork, napkin, and a plate of food. He strode out of the kitchen and for the stairs as Elara watched him go.

Blyss looked up from her plate with a mouth full of food. She looked at Elara’s dreamy gaze.

“We protect master, like he protects us,” the goblin said with a mouth full of food.

Elara sat back in her chair and looked at the beautiful, but feral goblin. “We must take care of each other. That is our way.”

Blyss smiled and gave a strong nod, before returning to her food.

Elara glanced to the archway to see that Asher was gone. She let out a happy sigh before taking hold of a fork and stabbing into two flat cakes.

On the second floor, Asher moved with a light step along the main corridor. He reached Katriss’s door and gave it two knocks.

There was no answer.

“Katriss? I’ve brought your morning meal,” he said at the door.

A small moment slipped by before he heard a voice.

“You may enter,” Katriss said back.

Asher opened the door and stepped inside. The door closed behind him as he saw the demoness sitting on the edge of bed, in a scantily-clad dress. It barely covered her curves. Her stomach and cleavage were bare. Sleeves ran down her arms. The sides of the dress clung to her, and the rest of the fabric was draped over her thighs like a long loin cloth. The sides of her pale lavender-colored legs were visible. The dress was black and hugged her form.

“I found this dress in the closet. It appealed to me,” the demon woman smiled.

Asher swept into the bedchamber and presented the plate of food.

Katriss took the food and bowed her head. She placed it beside her, on the bed.

“I will enjoy the meal, after you leave. I’m not used to eating in front of others, and I know there is a discussion to be had.”

Asher nodded. He grabbed a nearby chair and slid it over. He sat down before the demoness with a smile.

Katriss eyed him as she sat poised. Her chest was out, and her head up, as if it was royal court.

“No need to be formal. We are pretty relaxed here,” Asher smiled.

Katriss nodded, but didn’t relax her pose. “Thank you for the meal, but let us not mince words. I spent much of the night thinking of ways to express trust between us, and sadly, I could not discover one.

“As much as I wish to partake of the legendary farm, I have nothing else to offer but my word. Your hospitality has earned my trust, but I do understand the others here may not approve of someone like me staying here.

“I decided this morning, if I must leave, I will. I can take the wild gate to another location where I will be accepted as a guest.”

Asher looked at the beautiful demoness with cool eyes. “It is I who must apologize for being rude. I spoke with the others staying here, and we all agreed to see your stay with fresh eyes.

“As for a solution for easing in trust, I might have something that may help.”

Asher reached into his back pocket and pulled out a leather collar with a white crystal

in it. He held it out before him.

“You may inspect it,” Asher smiled.

Katriss eyed the collar for a breath, before taking it and looking it over. She saw the elvish writing on the inside, her eyes moving from left to right.

“A submission collar? I must admit, my people have variations of these, but this one is different.”

Asher nodded. “It will allow us to agree on a protection word. That means, you can say the word and the collar will come off, but since we both agree to it, I must be the one to put it back on. You cannot put it back on yourself.”

Katriss turned the collar over in her hands. “I see. Trust will be earned as long as the collar stays on. What a marvelous enchanted item. It is fair, and technically will not imprison me to your will forever.”

“I will have to be your dominant. From what I understand, my will causes you to be submissive to me. This is something I will not take for granted. The collar can be a symbol of trust. If you wish, I will never use its power.”

Katriss’s pale red eyes stared at the man before her. She studied his features, looking

for any hint of deception. Her honed skill could not discover it, and she gave him a wicked smile.

“Thank you for your honesty, but I believe we can take our discussion further from here. Now that we have something to aid in mutual trust, I am open to speaking more about my stay.”

“That is why I’m here,” Asher said.

Katriss lowered her hand, but kept the collar in her grasp. Pale red eyes stared into Asher’s green eyes as her plump lips curved into a smirk.

“I understand that my stay here is conditional to drinking the elixir and giving over all milk I produce, yes?”

Asher nodded.

“I have no qualms with such an arrangement, but there are further stipulations needed for my own comfort.”

“Of course.”

The air took on a serious edge as the demoness continued.

“I am fully aware that the elixir will cause further ecstasy as I commune with the Divine Mother. As such, my control over my own

desires will be difficult. The collar you presented will aid in keeping my desires under control, but I do have a few requests.

“Since I will be submissive to you, I ask you not to compel me to delve into my past. I would much rather enjoy my stay without the complications of anything from my past coming back to haunt our agreement.”

“Your past is your own and I will respect your request, as long as no harm or danger comes of it.”

Katriss gave a single nod.

“My other request is of an intimate nature. I have often dreamed of being bred like a domesticated servant. In my society, such a thing would be deemed weak, and such weakness would be taken as an excuse to end my life. But here, allow me to indulge in the practice. The elixir will suppress the chances of being with child, and allow you to indulge this fantasy of mine.”

Asher nodded and kept his expression blank as his mind drank in her request.

Truly, she wishes to be treated like breeding stock. I must admit, it is appealing. I wonder how long before the others discover it and wish for the same? Elara may enjoy such a game as much as I

would.

“Lastly, I understand my people are not welcomed in many parts of Valoria, that is why we must be of the same mind and story. Should anyone ask, I am your prisoner until the wild gate opens to my lands in twenty-nine days.

“There are always whispers and it is best to circumvent those whispers with a story we agree upon. I trust you to tell this to the others, yes?”

Asher hesitated. Concern filled his mind as to why she would want such a story to be said. It spoke further to her past, giving credence to a deeper reason for arriving here with nothing.

“Asher?” Katriss asked with unblinking eyes.

Asher returned to his body and leaned forward, elbows on his knees.

“Katriss, we agreed to be honest and build trust between us. To ask me to say a story like this leads me to believe you are running from something. It may not be my place to ask about your history, but if we are to trust each other, I must know a little more.”

Katriss’s gaze lowered as she let out a small sigh. “I have lost my way, and I am

trying to find it again.”

Asher listened intently.

The demon woman continued, “The world has turned gray in my eyes and heart. Such a disposition is a sign of weakness in my culture. If I lingered in my lands, I would be found out, and executed.

“There is the mother and goddess of all demons, Hexnia, but she has not answered my prayers. She has abandoned me to my fate.

“I have felt my time on this world dwindling, but I have no desire to allow the end to claim me. I seek to live, but I am unsure how to do it. I have been an avid reader of the secret tomes of this farm, and others. I...I thought, if Hexnia will not hear me, the Divine Mother would. The communion will allow me to feel her presence, and give me life once again.

“To do such a thing is heresy to my people. I left my lands to come here in secret. If I carried anything with me, they would discover my true intentions and I would be slain. For now, I have simply vanished to their minds.

“If the Divine Mother blesses me with her spiritual knowledge, it will reinvigorate my

soul, and make my purpose clear. If not, I will take the wild gate to another land and begin anew.”

The demon woman wilted before Asher. “I have laid my soul bare to you. Do not forsake me in my time of need. Demons do not confess to weakness, but as you have seen, I have become weaker for speaking secrets.”

Asher took her words to heart. She had already shown him a side of demons he didn’t know was possible. It battered his reasoning, and deep down, he knew he couldn’t let her go back to be slaughtered, or appear in another land where she could be killed for simply being a demon.

“You do not have to fret. This farm will be your home for the next thirty days, or longer, if you so choose.”

Katriss sat up straighter with bright, pale red eyes. “You have my gratitude, Lord Blackwood. I take refuge on your land and shall kneel to your desires.”

“Please, Asher is fine.”

Katriss shook her head. “No, I am here to experience the Divine Mother and serve you as your breeding demon.”

She lifted the collar and put it around her

neck. The collar didn't connect, as if it waited for its true command.

“We must choose a protection word.”

Asher nodded. “Trust,” he said plainly.

“Trust,” Katriss repeated.

The white crystal glowed for a moment. The back halves of the collar pulled together until they touched. Each side melted into the other until the collar was whole, without a seam showing. The crystal's glow faded as the collar adorned her neck.

“It fits perfectly,” she smiled with a fanged smile.

Asher nodded and stood up. “I will get the elixir for you, before leaving for town.”

“That would be delightful, Lord Blackwood. When you return, we can discuss further what dwells in our hearts,” Katriss said with a sultry tone and glowing crimson eyes.

Chapter 4

Tomes of Wicked Dreams

Asher stood before the closed door, a potion bottle in his hand. Time carried on as the young man's body remained still, but his mind swirled with chaotic thoughts. The oddness had remained since he left Katriss's room. It wasn't so much having to do with the demoness, but the possibilities of future events and guests. Despite being on the farm for several weeks, he continued to wrap his thoughts about the farm and what it stood for.

The young man smiled to himself, knowing the intimate nature of the farm isn't what was bothering him. The more he thought about it, the more he enjoyed the new life he, and the others, were carving out for themselves. Concerns bloomed when it came to future guests. They would all have their stories, some searching for something greater while others were running from something in their past. The farm would be a safe haven, a way point in the storm of life, but it would be Asher who tended to them, took care of them, and guarded them from harm. He had become

not just a farmer, but a leader and guardian over those seeking answers and exploring intimacy.

Every journey starts with first steps.

Asher lifted his fist and gave the door a few knocks.

The sound of footsteps moved closer to the door from the other side. A breath later, the door opened. Katriss towered over him by less than a foot. She gave him a bright, wicked smile.

Asher lifted the potion bottle up to the demoness. “The elixir, as promised.”

Katriss took the potion bottle and bowed. “Thank you, Lord Blackwood.”

An unseen heat flared between them as they stood looking at each other.

“I could stay and watch over you as you drink it?” he asked.

“Thank you, but I know you have errands to run. I think I will be okay for the time being.”

Asher nodded. “It will take a few hours before the elixir settles in your body. Under the bed is a chest with clean bottles and corks.”

Katriss nodded as she looked at him with warm eyes. "Yes, I saw them. Thank you."

Asher nodded again and was about to turn away, when her hand reached out and touched his arm. Asher turned his head and looked up into her pale crimson eyes.

"I may lose my decorum and self-control, and I want you to know, I will never turn you away. It has taken all my willpower to not seduce you, but this elixir may break down my willpower to tatters.

"Keep to our agreement and we will have such a splendid and awakening experience."

"Agreed," Asher said as his gaze wandered to her cleavage.

"See you when you return," the demoness said with a sultry whisper, before stepping back and closing the door.

Asher stared at the door for a moment before turning and walking back down the corridor. His mind drifted as he made it to the stairs and took them down. He knew the demands on him would only grow, yet, that didn't bother him for his very nature wanted more of what he hadn't had since before he came to the farm, deep and warm affection.

Asher reached the bottom of the stairs and

walked into the living room. Standing in the center of the large room was Elara, Blyss, and Nyn. Everyone was wearing leggings, shirts, and leather jackets. The three turned and smiled at him as he approached.

“Everyone ready?” Asher asked.

All heads nodded in agreement.

“Let’s go,” the young man said before making his way to the front door.

The last tendrils of mists vanished as the sun shined bright in the clear blue sky. Light washed the land and trees in a warm brilliance. Birds sang to the early day, and a group of four exited out the main gate and began walking on the dirt road to the small town in the distance.

The walk was a brisk one. The town loomed as they approached, seeing the main street and two rows of stone and wood buildings. Asher drank it in, seeing the simple town with colorful walls ranging from brown to red. The street itself was made of dirt and gravel. Flags stood on the top most towers and roofs, flapping away from the ocean breeze.

Asher slowed down and told the others he wanted to visit Dina at her workshop. The robust building stood as he made his way to

the front door. When he reached it, he saw a sign in the window saying, "I will be back!"

Asher smiled, thinking he could visit on the way back. Turning around, he made his way back to his friends.

They walked on until they were in town proper. Places popped out to Asher as he looked around. He barely visited the town when he first arrived, except for purchasing supplies. His heart beat with renewed excitement as he took in his surroundings.

The Drunken Seahorse stood like a weathered stone idol. It looked to be the oldest building in the town, standing at two stories with a slanted timber roof and stone walls. A wood sign hung from a post, showing a seahorse with two beer glasses on either side of it and X's over its eyes. Asher's first thought was that this place was not one of sophistication and class. Instead, it looked like a drinking hovel with strong walls, and to speak the truth, it was exactly the type of place he would frequent normally.

Other places glowed in his mind as he took mental notes. There was a general store, barber, community building, wine and spirit shop, equipment shop, and a fish shop.

Asher noticed a building with a stone base and thick, dark wood walls. A sign was over the entrance. It read “The Book Guild.”

The young man led the way as the others followed. A small set of stairs led to a pair of double doors. Asher took hold, opened it and bowed to the Elara, Nyn, and Blyss as they stepped inside. He followed them in.

A scent of books drifted into Asher’s nose. A small bloom of euphoria touched him as the place had the same smell of every library and book shop he had ever visited before. It reminded him of his youth, escaping his father’s stern lessons to dwell in worlds written down on paper.

The shop had ceiling high bookshelves. Small tables and chairs dotted the center area. Comfortable chairs filled nooks from what Asher could see. Despite the sunny day outside, lanterns hung from overhead, giving plenty of light. A faint scent of sandalwood blended with the book smell as they small group stepped further in.

“I’m coming,” came a voice from behind a shelf.

Elara giggled. Asher glanced at her and couldn’t hide his grin. The elf made eye

contact with him and they both knew they had the same thought.

Blyss looked around with sad eyes. The goblin's gaze fell on a stack of books, and she squinted at the titles on the spines.

Nyn looked down the goblin and noticed her squinting at a stack of books on a nearby table.

"Blyss, can you see the titles?" the elf asked with an even tone.

The goblin looked away and her large ears drooped. "I see. I...no can read."

The elf put her slender hand on the goblin's shoulder. Blyss looked up at her and blinked in confusion.

"We cannot have that," Nyn said with blank eyes. "Reading is a whetstone for sharpening the mind. I will teach you."

The goblin stared at the tall, beautiful elf. She then hugged her thigh and nodded.

Asher and Elara caught the exchange when a woman in a black robe stepped out from behind a shelf.

The woman had long, wavy hair. It went well past her shoulders as she stood with thick glasses over her eyes. Black rims surrounded

the glasses, but even they could not hide her look of surprise. Asher noted she was slender, the robe seemingly adding to her. She had pale skin, like she never went out in the sun. Her nose was a little sharp, and her lips thin. The glasses couldn't hide the bags under her eyes.

The woman had several books in one hand, but with her free hand, quickly ran fingers through her hair, trying to give it a little fluff. She half stepped to the counter, and half rushed like she was being chased by rats. When she reached the edge of the counter, her hip slammed into it and she spun around.

Asher and Elara moved to help her, when the woman spun around and stood behind the counter like nothing had happened. She placed the books down on the counter and stood at her full attention.

“Welcome to the Book Guild. Lord Blackwood, I presume?” the woman said with unnatural flair.

Asher nodded and smiles. “Yes, I’m Lord Blackwood, but please, call me Asher.”

The woman’s eyes shifted from Asher’s strong neck to his eyes so quickly, it looked like she was going to have a fit.

Elara smiled as she instantly knew what was happening.

Asher smiled to be polite, but also knew what was happening.

The woman lifted her hand and held it out, like royalty at court. "I'm Nadia Tome, owner and proprietor of the Book Guild. I bid you welcome to Mist Valley and the town of Star Fall."

"Thank you," Asher said. "I know I'm new to the town and area, but I'm looking forward to getting to know everyone here. You have an incredible shop."

Nadia gave the young man a wry smile.

"Oh! This place, it's okay," she said with a wave of her hand. "Fourth generation owner, and I may be the last, unless I marry."

Nadia's eyes grew to the size of saucers. "I mean, if I marry. I'm not proposing! Just stating a fact. I mean, marriage is fine, but you have to get to know a person first. You can't just run to the chapel and declare your love to the gods. Everything takes time. I...um...err," Nadia trailed off.

Asher nodded as he kept his polite smile. "Yes, marriage and relationships are important and take time."

“Yes,” Nadia said with a vigorous nod. “But I’m sure you didn’t come here to talk about marriage! What can I do for the new lord of Blackwood?”

“Dina told me you have a tremendous collection of books for sale. And from what I can see, she was not exaggerating.”

Nadia nodded again. “I have the biggest book shop in the tri-kingdoms. Which isn’t saying much because we don’t get many visitors, especially after Aric left. He was your, uncle?”

Asher nodded. “He was. I have taken over the estate.”

“We’ll look around. Take your time,” Elara said to Asher before stepping away to Nyn and Blyss.

Asher glanced back at them as they moved to a shelf and began looking at books.

Nadia leaned a little forward with eyes so intense, they could burn holes in Asher’s shirt.

“I serve the community. What can I do for you, Asher,” Nadia said with a strange, sultry edge.

“I need a few books. I was wondering if you have any books with building plans? I was

thinking of building a barn, and a winery. I will also need any books on cultivating grapes and turning them into wine.”

Nadia nodded as she leaned her elbows on the counter and looked at Asher with dreamy eyes.

“We have a host of books on those subjects. I can pick out the best ones. Will there be anything else?”

Asher’s smile faded a touch. He leaned in a little closer, as did Nadia.

“I, also need a book on demons, if you have one? And, this is a stab in the dark, but do you have any books pertaining to, umm, my farm, or similar farms?”

A wicked grin bloomed across Nadia’s lips. “Yes, I do have books on demons. I will add it to the others once I collect them.”

The thin woman looked side to side before leaning in close enough to feel Asher’s body heat. Her eyes fluttered and seemed to fight for some kind of self-control.

“It’s not often talked about out loud, but it is well known about your uncle and the farm. He was a magical man and he is greatly missed.

“As for those kinds of books, we have a whole section dedicated to them, and similar books. The mayor didn’t want them out in the open, so I had to make a section with a black curtain separating them from the rest of the shop.

“It’s a shame the mayor lost his mind. He was a good leader, but he was fighting his own demons.”

“What specifically are you looking for?” Nadia asked with a slow blink.

Asher shifted on his feet as the shop owner looked at him with an hungry gaze. “I’m still learning about the farm. I thought I would research what was written about these kinds of farms to get better acquainted with the work.”

Nadia smiled again. “I’ve read nearly all the books behind the black curtain. I don’t want to tell you what to read, but if you ever want to sit and talk about them, my door is always open.

“Your uncle was mysterious when it came to the inner workings of his farm. I do not wish to pry, but I could be a valuable friend and confidant? I know much, but never peeked within an Opal Society milk farm. Or

we could just talk and get to know each other.”

Asher could see her eagerness, and it wasn't about learning about the farm. “We missed you at the home warming.”

Nadia looked away in sadness. “I apologize. A new shipment of books came in, and I simply couldn't break away. If I don't do it, it won't get done. Such is the story of my life.

“But I'm sure you didn't come here to hear my woes.”

“I'm not here for just the farm. I'm also here to make new friends,” Asher said.

“Oh ha ha ha,” Nadia said nervously before pulling away from the counter and stepping out from behind it.

“The black curtain is over there. I will start collecting your books,” the shop owner said like she was ready to run.

Asher stood bewildered for a moment, seeing the odd woman nearly bolt for a group of shelves and disappeared behind one of them.

The town and its people are strange, but they do seem like a fun strange.

Asher shook his head as he walked in the direction she said the black curtain was. He turned a corner and saw it at the end of an aisle. The moment he took a step toward it, Elara appeared at his side. She curled her arm around his and they walked together.

“Since we’re here, I should buy you a schedule book so you can schedule all the hearts you’re going to break.”

Asher laughed. “I’m not doing it on purpose.”

“You don’t have to. Small town, not many people coming in and out. A handsome newcomer who saves the town from becoming another ghost town. You’re a celebrity and I’m sure some here will want a piece of you,” Elara grinned.

The elf leaned her lips a little closer to Asher’s ear. “If there was a private place nearby, I would get on my knees and show you how much they want to get to know you.”

“You can still show me when we get back home,” Asher whispered back.

“You spoiled the surprise,” Elara laughed.

The pair laughed as they walked, when the black curtain brushed aside and someone stepped out.

Eyes widened from all three as Dina stopped in her tracks with two books in her hand. She was wearing leather leggings, boots, white shirt and a leather jacket. A leather satchel hung against her hip, the strap over her shoulder. The books were thin and black. She made no attempt to hide them.



“Lord Blackwood,” Dina said as she stood straighter and her chest out. The look of surprise melted away into one of genuine joy.

“Lady Hammer,” Asher smiled and glanced at the books in her hands.

Dina didn’t skip a beat, “You coming to

town stirred my curiosity again. I have read some, but I thought I would pick up a few more to read.”

Asher and Elara glanced at each other with wide smiles before looking again at Dina.

“We were of the same mind. There is still so much I don’t know about my uncle’s work, so I thought to do my own research. I had never read the secret books that get passed around and it stoked my curiosity.”

Dina gave a firm nod. “Check the mid shelf. It has copies of many of the books. The other shelves have similar ones, but are not official. I would recommend the Wood Farm. It closely resembles your farm, if I’m not mistaken.”

Elara nodded. “Yes, Wood Farm is a favorite of mine.”

Dina nodded at Elara, but gave Asher a shy gleam.

“The other one I would recommend is Tryst’s Tower. It has some stories that delve into secret rites and rituals. The main character is a lizard man who enjoys keeping those he cares for as love slaves. It’s not as dire as it sounds, for they willingly wish to be there, but the main character’s lust for human

women is titillating.”

Heat touched Asher’s face. “I will check them both out.”

Dina nodded before her eyes widened a hair. “Oh! Now that I have you, I have something to give you.”

Dina’s hand slipped into her satchel and pulled out a medium-sized book. She lifted it up and presented it to him.

Asher looked down at the book. It had a worn leather cover with nearly faded words on it.

“It belonged to the mayor. Many of us cleared out his home of belongings and sent them to relatives. I kept this one because I didn’t want it to fall in the wrong hands. It’s a book on how to create different kinds of golems. I figured you might be able to use it. Perhaps create golems to defend your land, if you want it?”

Asher took possession of the book. Ideas ran through his mind about what could be done with such a book. His magical knowledge was limited, but it seemed his new life demanded a little more exploration of the mystical side of things.

“Thank you. I’m sure I’ll find a use for it.”

Dina nodded. "It is a sad story about the mayor. We are going to have an emergency election in a few weeks, and hope you will come and cast your vote."

"Who's vying for mayor of Star Fall?"

Dina gave Asher a sly grin. "Due to pressure from many residents, I have become a candidate. I will need to speak with everyone to see if I can get their vote, especially after word got out of someone running for office as well."

There was an edge to her tone that was unmistakable. "Is Lord Windswell running for mayor?"

Dina shook her head. "It's much worse. Lady Windswell is running. But we are fair here in Star Fall. We will have a fair election and may the best candidate win."

Dina turned her attention to Elara. "I hope you consider staying here in Mist Valley. Your vote could make a difference."

Elara smiled. "If Lord Blackwood will have me."

Dina glanced at Asher, smiled, and then looked back at Elara. "Oh, I don't think that will be a problem. But I must be on my way. I hope you both have a lovely day."

“Before you leave, I stopped by your shop to talk, but you weren’t there. I was thinking of building a barn and a winery. Nadia is getting me books with plans and designs, but I could use advice and supplies from Star Fall’s master builder.”

“I would be more than happy to assist you with construction. Maybe we can talk at your place, over a glass of wine?”

Asher smiled. “Yes, I would like that.”

“Then it shall be done. We’ll talk soon,” Dina said as she bowed to both of them.

Asher and Elara bowed as well. Dina stood up and made her way past them. Elara tugged on Asher’s arm, pulling him past the black curtain and into a room filled with tall, wide shelves.

The room itself was small. It had enough room for perhaps four people, and everyone would be very close to each other. For Asher and Elara, it was the perfect size to look around. A lantern hung from the high ceiling, casting its light on the many book spines crowded within.

For the first time in a long time, Asher felt a little dirty just being in the room. Reading each of the book spines, outlandish titles stood

out alongside mundane titles. The air in the small chamber dripped with ghostly desire, like everyone who had walked past the black curtain wanted to satisfy natural, or unnatural urges and needs.

Elara moved to a shelf and looked over titles. She licked her lips as she immediately noticed a few books she had read before.

“This is an impressive collection,” the mature elf said as she looked at the books without a drop of shame.

The dirty feeling Asher felt slipped away as he too drank in book titles.

“I have seen the occasional popular book, like the Lusty Slythan Maid, or The Dragon’s Concubine, but I had no idea there was much more.”

Elara nodded as she pulled out a book and opened it to the first page. “Many of these titles would be illegal in the city provinces. There is an underground market for such titles, and they can be hard to acquire.

“I had my own small collection, which I would often read with a glass of wine. The Wood House was the only official Opal Society book I acquired.”

Asher turned his gaze to the beautiful elf

and smirked. “It sounds like we should start a collection on the farm.”

Elara turned her gaze to him and gave him a wicked smile. “That sounds like a quest all of us can share.

“Nyn wants to write her own books. Maybe we can add them to this collection? How delightful it would be for her to get her work out to the town, and maybe the world.”

“We will have to give her plenty of material to write.”

Elara’s eyes took on an enthusiastic gleam. “Why Lord Blackwood, what a devilish idea. I accept our quest.”

The elf winked at the younger man and returned her gaze to the book in her hands. She scanned it over before closing it and putting back. Fingers glided over titles on the middle shelf, until she reached one book. She pulled it out and held it out to Asher.

“This is the Wood Farm book. I’ve read it and it closely resembles your farm. The descriptions are uncanny, but the book is an old one. It may be from before your uncle’s time.”

Asher took it and opened it. He leafed through a few pages, and quickly saw that the

story didn't waste any time getting to the lurid point.

"Why was this one your favorite?" Asher asked.

"The freedom the character's had on the Wood Farm. There were no social barriers as many of the characters walked around with no clothes, and fell to baser urges. The farm was secluded, like Blackwood. It appealed to me because the lord of the farm could not resist his own urges and delved into them without a hint of regret or hesitation."

Elara reached over to the shelf and pulled out another book. She looked at the spine and smiled to herself.

"This is Tryst Tower. A slythan mage would keep his guests as slaves to be milked. The women in the story agreed, but his urges were constant and demanding. He often chained or tied them up, having his way with them. They cried out for him to stop, but secretly they didn't want him to stop. Many would stay as the volumes continued, the women often enslaved to his desires.

"I liked this one as well, because he never treated them badly. He would often take care of them after their sessions with affection and

food. He enjoyed feeding his harem.”

Asher eyed the elf she was sideways to him. Her figure and talking about sensual adventures ignited his urges once again.

“There must be stories with women running a farm?” Asher asked as he tried to distract himself.

Elara nodded. “There are. It’s not just men running milk farms. Sometimes there is a mistress who runs them, and keeps a few males to tend to her needs. There were often trysts that held no barriers.

“I believe I’ve read one or two about a different elixir which drained pieces of souls from men. Women did run those farms, extracting essence from men who came for the experience. I think it was used to create enchanted items, but I read them a while ago.”

Elara’s eyes took on a faraway gleam as she continued, “Sex has always been a driving force for all peoples and creatures. A need to chase pleasure. You can hang onto it for a moment, but it always escapes, and you must chase it again to enjoy it.”

Asher drank in Elara’s beauty as she seemed lost to an intimate feeling. A memory stabbed into his thoughts and he let out a

small sigh.

“Katriss wants to be my prisoner. She wants me to breed her and use her as I wish. She will only refer to me as Lord Blackwood, and I must admit, it has an appeal.”

Elara turned to Asher with warm, understanding eyes. “Why wouldn’t she? A young lord taking her on to be a love slave. It is enticing to think about. It may be fun to actually endure such a demanding duty.”

“Because she’s a demon, she may try to take up much of my time,” Asher said plainly.

“Is that your concern?” Elara smiled as she stepped closer to him. “You are the lord of Blackwood. Do you believe I would be jealous?”

Asher’s demons whispered to him as he gave the mature elf a wicked look. “No, I don’t believe you would become jealous, but it would be welcomed if you pretended to be.”

Elara’s eyes gleamed in the lantern light as she understood his meaning. “A new adventure? I see. This is titillating, my young morsel being bad. Katriss would be your slave, but I would be your mistress. Would I become Lady Blackwood for a time, jealous of her young lord’s straying eye?”

Asher blinked as he hadn't thought that far and deep into the fantasy. Not long ago, everyone on the farm agreed to withhold intimacy until the home warming, but they could not, Asher having his way with Amber, and Nyn pleasing Elara. Asher often would daydream of that time, enjoying the play between all of them. It was only a matter of time before their games and adventures would grow further into lewd realms.

"Yes," the younger man said.

"I accept," Elara said with a sultry tone.

Asher nodded. "We should tell the others, so they can play with us as well. Titles will have to be given to all.

"I will still have to get some things done on the farm. There is the outside dining area to build, and chopping down enough wood to start the barn and winery building."

Elara held the book at her side as she leaned closer and kissed Asher on the lips. Heat exploded between them as tongues danced. A fever took root as they both felt the same kinky tenderness that seemed to envelope their time together.

When Elara pulled back, she looked into Asher's eyes like she was trapped in a dream.

“Let’s purchase the books we came here for and return home. I believe the next few days and nights will be exhausting and I’m very much looking forward to it,” the elf said with a seductive whisper.

Chapter 5

Titles and Demands

The small group slowly made their way along the dirt road, a large farmhouse in the distance. The sun sank lower in the sky, slipping into late afternoon.

The group of four walked side by side, deep in conversation. Asher looked at the three women accompanying him, talking about titles and duties for their new, sensual adventure together. It had enflamed their imaginations as they made their way home.

“I wish to be an advisor to the lord, so Asher would consider my advice in all sorts of matters,” Nyn said.

“I be maid!” Blyss nearly shouted. “I will be there to help master and mistress.”

“A maid, truly?” Asher asked.

The goblin nodded. “Heard stories of lords fucking their maids.”

Asher couldn’t stop his chuckle.

“As Lady Blackwood, I would oversee all, including our lord of untamed urges,” Elara

smiled.

“Amber may want a title as well,” Nyn mentioned.

“We will bring her into it when we get home,” Asher said as a new excitement filled his spirit.

Nyn nodded. “This will provide grand material for my book.”

“Those were our thoughts as well,” Elara smiled at her friend.

Asher walked on as recent memory washed over his thoughts. Leaving the book store took longer than expected. Nyn and Blyss informed Asher they gathered a few books to help the goblin learn to read. Asher and Elara looked at the now shy goblin, not knowing she didn’t know how. They all pledged to help her learn.

Nadia had a small stack of books on the counter, ready for them. Asher inspected them, seeing that each one was very detailed on the subjects he wished to learn. One was dedicated to plans and instructions on how to build different barns.

There was a book about building a true winery. It was extremely detailed with which materials were needed and time spans for each

part of the project. Asher noticed it may take much longer than he anticipated because it wasn't just wood he needed to gather, but metals to smelt and shape special vats and containers.

There were two more books, one on cultivating grapes and another with recipes for making outstanding wine.

When Nadia saw the two books in Asher's hands from the back room, she blushed and lost her train of thought several times. Asher and the group simply watched as she seemed to also grow clumsier by dropping books and not able to gather her thoughts. When it was time to leave, she gave Asher an enthusiastic hug before waving goodbye to all of them.

Asher's thoughts shifted to Dina. She was going to try and become the new mayor of Star Fall. From what he knew of her, she seemed the best suited for the job. Dark thoughts lingered at the notion that Lady Windswell was also wishing to be mayor. Considering their last talk, Asher's life here in Mist Valley may become much more difficult because of it. Deep down, he knew he needed to do everything he could to ensure Lady Windswell didn't become the next mayor.

Asher woke from his thoughts as they reached the front gate to the farm.

“We will talk more over the next few days. I do have some projects to start and complete,” Asher said.

Everyone nodded in agreement as he opened the gate and they all stepped through. They approached the front door. Asher opened the front door and allowed the three women to enter first. When he stepped in and closed the door, he noticed Amber sitting the couch with a book in her hands.

The faun looked up from her book and smiled at everyone’s return.

“Good trip?” the faun asked.

“It was delightful,” Elara smiled. “We gathered many books for new projects.”

Amber’s gaze fell to the two black books in Elara’s hand.

“Are those, forbidden books?” she asked with bright eyes.

“Indeed, they are,” Elara said.

“I’ve read so many of them. Which ones did you buy?” Amber asked before a faint moan floated down from the stairs.

Asher looked over to the corridor leading

to the stairs.

Amber leaned back on the couch and closed her eyes. “She’s been like that for the last hour. I went to check on her, but she wouldn’t open the door. She said she would only open it for Lord Blackwood.”

Elara turned her attention to Asher at her side. “It would appear Lord Blackwood is being summoned.”

Asher gave the beautiful elf a small smile as heat touched his face.

The mature elf continued, “We’ll take care of things down here and inform Amber of our new game.”

She lifted a slender hand and ran a finger along Asher’s strong jaw line. “Save some energy for the rest of us.”

Asher nodded before stepping away and walking toward the main corridor of the house.

Emotions swirled as Asher tried to keep his thoughts straight. Toying with the idea of playing roles appealed to him, but he had little practice. Sex before coming to the farm was a small mixture of light adventure, and satisfying hungry urges. Now, it appeared things have gone beyond such simply trysts

and desires. Katriss wished for a fantasy, and Asher wanted to test just how kinky he could be, or explore.

Asher climbed the stairs and made his way into the second floor corridor. He walked, hearing another moan float through the peaceful air. When he reached Katriss's room door, he stood and listened.

A whimper and a moan touched the air like a ghost haunting a graveyard. But unlike a phantom in a cemetery, the demoness's moans were heated like a warm hearth. They called to him like a siren's song, and he very much wanted to walk into their waiting arms.

Purpose filled him as he took hold of the doorknob, twisted it and opened the door. He stepped in and closed the door as small moans sang.

The light from the window glowed past the sheer curtains. The bedchamber carried a sultry scent as Katriss laid on the bed. Her legs were spread as fingers massaged herself. Her skimpy clothes were ripped and torn. They hung on her in tatters, as if she was attacked by a beast instead of her own, overpowering urges.

Swollen breasts leaked rivulets of milk as

she writhed on her back. Her fingers worked at a fevered pace. Her hand had nearly become a blur when her mouth and eyes opened. She lifted her head a few inches as she gasped. Her leg trembled and hips moved to a flood of pleasure swamping her reason. She continued to gasp for air when her gaze shifted to Asher standing in front of her door.

“Lord Blackwood,” she said with surprise.

Asher stepped closer with a look of cool confidence. He glanced down to the side of the bed where two jars were filled with creamy white milk.

When he reached the side of the bed, he drank in Katriss as she continued to abuse herself and writhe on the bed. Sultry whimpers rose from parted lips. The black collar with the white gem graced her neck. The ripped dress barely covered her body as she rubbed her clit with deep circles.

“What...have you...done to me,” Katriss moaned and her eyes fluttered.

Asher knew this was part of their game, and he quickly fell into the role.

“I freed you. I gave you what you needed,” he said with a warm whisper.

“I...can’t...stop,” she moaned, Asher

unsure if she was playing the game or truly could not stop herself.

Asher stayed by the side of the bed, watching her writhe without shame before his eyes.

Katriss gasped again before her eyes rolled into her head. Her hips bucked before wetness dripped from her tender, pink slit. Asher admired her fit, but soft body. Her valley was hairless with smooth pale purple skin dividing each side by her dripping pink slit. Creamy lavender-colored thighs trembled as her fingers didn't slow down despite her orgasm.

A connection blazed between them. It was so sudden, Asher could hardly believe what he was feeling for a tiny moment. When his gaze fell once again on the collar, he knew it was the spoken, mystical contract that signified their bond.

"Calm yourself," Asher said, his voice dripping with relaxed confidence.

Katriss's eyes slid back into place as she let out a long exhale. Her entire body relaxed as her finger made slow, intimate circles. The tension in the chamber bled away and the demon woman sighed.

Asher watched her as his words forced her

to relax.

“Isn’t that better,” Asher said warmly.

Katriss gave a small, single nod. She continued to rub her clit as she breathed slowly.

Asher lifted his hand and ran it along her stomach. Katriss gasped at his touch, his fingers tracing her flesh and reaching her thigh. She parted her thighs a little more, silently wishing he would do more than simply touch her.

“I have never taken a demon as a prisoner,” Asher said as his fingers lingered on her thigh.

“Lord Blackwood, show me mercy,” Katriss whispered like she was in a dream.

“This is a mercy. You belong to me now, to do as I wish.”

“I...will never submit,” the demoness said with a breathy whisper.

“It’s much too late for that,” the young man said as his own urges began to whisper to him.

Fascination touched his mind as he looked at her. Seeing milk leak from her dark purple nipples flared his own desires. She moved like

a defeated snake on its back. Her pale crimson eyes looked at him in resigned defeat, no matter what words of protests she may have muttered.

The breeding kink filled his thoughts, and inspiration struck like lightning.

“You are mine to do with as I please. That is why you have been chosen. Lady Blackwood has discovered she cannot bear a child. My lineage must continue, and I have heard such legends of demon fertility.

“The elixir is to aid in the process. You will do what my lady cannot.”

Katriss’s eyes fluttered to Asher’s voice and tone. The confidence and declaration caused wetness to surge once again, dripping between creamy purple thighs. She rubbed her engorged clit with pleasure spiking along every nerve in her body.

“You...cannot do this,” she said with faint protest.

“It is already decided, but I want to inspect my demon concubine before I use you for what I desire.”

The demons within Asher whispered, but strangely, they did not overpower his reason. They acted like advisors as he touched the

prone demoness. Her vile beauty had infected him and he could not turn away. She was pleasantly plump and fit at the same time. Her breasts were already large and swelled a little more due to the elixir. All of it sang to Asher as his manhood thickened.

“I can...taste your arousal in the air,” Katriss whispered.

Asher’s fingers moved up her thigh and touched her wet line. “I can feel yours.”

Katriss moved her hips to his touch. When his finger grazed her clit, she let out a heated exhale.

“Am I to become your cow?” Katriss asked.

Asher nodded. “Yes, you are.”

The young man let his fingers explore. They moved and brushed along her clit and pink folds. A whimper rose from the demoness as Asher inspected his play thing. Touching her caused blood to pump. Leggings grew tighter as his member fought to be free. His other hand gently grabbed at a breast, her nipple between two fingers. When he squeezed, milk surged and dripped over her smooth flesh.

Katriss bit her lip as she moved her hips to

his touch. The heat in the bedchamber grew thicker as she couldn't control herself.

Asher continued to explore her body. Fingers pushed at her tight valley entrance and sank deeper. Two fingers curled within her, moving along an inner wall. The young lord watched the demoness as she writhed to his touch. He searched, looking for a secret. His fingers were surrounded by wet heat, when he touched a small set of fleshy ridges withing the demon woman. Katriss let out a long, sultry hiss. He rubbed her from within, and her eyes opened wide.

“My...lord,” Katriss moaned.

Asher smiled in triumph. “Calm yourself,” he whispered his command.

Katriss melted like a puddle as bliss sang louder. Nerves tightened to the breaking point as she was powerless to her new master. He continued to rub her intimate world, when a spark flashed.

Katriss weakly cried out as nerves were blasted to glass. She seethed as wetness spilled from her and dripped onto the wet sheets. She did not dare clamp her thighs, not wanting to break or shift Asher's deep touch.

After a long moment, Asher pulled his

fingers from her, lifted them to his nose and took a deep inhale. Heated lust filled his nose and his cock vibrated with need.

“You’ll do,” he said as he looked at her. “Sit up,” he commanded.

Katriss felt her willpower submerge deeper into her spirit. She sat up, following his command. She looked up at him with dreamy eyes as he looked down on her like a predator before a kill.

“Undo my belt,” he commanded.

Katriss lifted her hands and took hold of his belt. She undid it, her hand brushing against his bulge.

Asher took hold of his shirt and lifted it over his head. He tossed it aside before looking down on her again. Milk leaked from her engorged breasts as she stared at his bulge. She licked her lips in anticipation.

Asher took hold of his leggings and pulled them down. His member sprang to freedom as he stepped out of his leggings and pushed them aside with his foot. His throbbing member bounced before Katriss’s unblinking gaze. She shifted her gaze upwards to his nearly demonic eyes.

“Lord Blackwood, I’m so hungry,” Katriss

whined.

“You’re allowed a taste,” he said as he took hold of one of her curved horns.

Katriss didn’t need his guidance as she parted her lips. Fangs sank back into her gums as her plump lips closed on his throbbing head. She moaned her delight, gently sucking on the tip. His musk flowed into her nose as her tongue tasted his flesh. It sang to her as she slid her lips down another inch, enjoying his scepter.

“If you please me, you will be treated well,” Asher said in a low tone.

Katriss’s head bobbed slowly, the first few inches wet and between tight lips. Her tongue whipped the slit at the end of his head, while her lips moved on the sensitive flesh along his shaft. Milk dripped from hanging breasts as she moaned with her mouth full. Deeper his member penetrated her mouth. It touched the back of her throat, yet she did not gag. Her tongue pressed under the shaft and kept her mouth tight. She slowly moved her head, enjoying the deepening taste of his impressive manhood.

“There will be no time where you may deny me,” Asher said as pleasure ran along his

member. "I must ensure an heir, and if that means fucking you when I wish, so be it."

Katriss made a long, slow backwards stroke of his cock before her lips let go. She looked up to Asher as she took hold of his member and slowly stroked it.

"Yes, my lord," she said submissively.

Asher's eyes grew darker as he looked at her. "And if you displease me, I will find creative ways to punish you."

"How may I please you?" Katriss asked and licked the head of his cock.

"Suck on my cock until I tell you to stop," Asher ordered.

Katriss once again took the tip between firm lips. She stroked as she sucked, obeying her new master.

All inner thoughts fell to the background of Asher's mind. He admired Katriss's eagerness as she began sucking on his cock like her life depended on it. Muffled moans rose up as she bobbed her head. Milk continued to drip onto her thighs as she rocked her body to sucking his member.

Katriss used her free hand to squeeze her own breast. Milk splattered against her palm.

She let go of stroking his member with one hand, and replaced it with the hand covered in her milk. The moment it touched Asher's member, he let out his own sigh as she stroked him with a milk covered hand. It added to the sultry sensations. It was enough for Asher to let go of her horn and place his hand on her shoulder.

"Temptress," he growled as she continued to suck on him.

The demon woman moaned louder as her tongue undulated against his member.

Asher let his fingers move along her shoulder. He searched as she continued to suck on his member, wet inches appeared and disappeared between her plump lips. When he reached her neck, he ran them up the side of the collar until he touched flesh again.

It was small sigh, but noticeable. Katriss's eyes fluttered when he touched a specific place. Never having been intimate with a demon before, he didn't know if pressure points and erogenous zones would be similar to other women. He was pleased to see that she indeed shared them.

Asher leaned his upper body forward as his cock touched the back of her throat. She

moved with eager intent as his hand glided down her spin a little. Heat and energy exploded from the demon woman, breathing through her nose as she followed her lord's commands. It was enough for Asher's control to weaken, wishing to bless her throat with his seed.

"You may stop," Asher whispered.

Katriss didn't stop. She sucked harder and clamped her lips on his shaft.

Asher gritted his teeth as she tried to suck his soul out of his cock. Her enthusiasm grew as she whimpered with a full mouth.

"S...stop!" Asher growled.

Katriss pulled away and leaned back on her hands. She huffed as she stared Asher's rock-hard member.

"You said I may stop, but I didn't want to stop. Please my lord, let me keep sucking on your cock."

Asher stood with small surprise in his eyes.

Katriss slid off the edge of the bed and fell to her knees. She rubbed her cheek against the side of his cock like a feral animal in heat. The smoothness of her black horn touched his flesh

and she took tender licks along the side of his shaft.

“I want more. Please, give me more,” she asked with heavy, sultry breath.

Asher stared as she her hand moved between her thighs. She massaged herself as she gently licked along his shaft.

“Lord Blackwood, I need your mighty mace to beat my desire into submission. I cannot fight your taste, and your giving kindness. I feel it in your loins and I want to drink from it. I want it to slid down my throat so it will warm my belly.

“Please, allow me more. Afterwards, you can fill my cunt with your weapon. Let me be a sheath for you. Please.”

Asher’s eyes half-closed as he looked upon the begging demoness. There was no shame from her, and it further enflamed his own desires. She begged for more, and all he wanted to do was feed her his member.

“Stand up,” Asher commanded.

Katriss stood up. Milk leaked from her full breasts as wetness dripped down her inner thighs. Asher put his hand on her shoulder and pushed.

Katriss fell back onto the bed and bounced. In blink, Asher was on her. He pinned her down with his body as his hand grabbed at her neck. Katriss let out a sultry exhale as he gently squeezed her smooth neck. Her eyes glowed as he moved his hips and the tip of his cock touched her flooded valley entrance.

“I will fuck you so hard, you will get wet every time I walk into a room,” Asher growled before squeezing her throat a little more.

Katriss’s head bent back into the bed. She grinned as her eyes slid into her head. The moment Asher’s cock pushed against her tight slit, she let out an animalistic moan. Thick inches spread her thin inner world. Strong hips pushed, his cock invading her a little at a time.

“My...lord,” Katriss whispered as he parted her inner world.

“My tight demon,” Asher said sternly as he couldn’t fight how good she felt.

When Asher reached the hilt, Katriss squeezed him like a vice. The connection was firm as Asher struggled to move. The urges grew louder across his soul as she held his cock prisoner.

“I have you, my lord,” Katriss said with a faraway voice.

Asher's other hand grabbed at a sensitive breast and squeezed it and her neck at the same time. Her hold on him didn't falter as she gasped for air. Milk surged from her nipple, painting Asher's chest with her own in creamy liquid.

“Do you?” Asher asked as his hips moved against her iron grip.

The demon woman let out an elated moan as Asher moved. His grip on her neck sang to her black soul. She grabbed at his forearm, but didn't pull it away. She writhed and undulated under him as he thrust and pulled back his hips. The intimate dance between them only grew, as did the heat in the room.

Asher could not deny her tight hold on him. It kept him close with wet firmness. After a time, her inner world undulated, coaxing his already diamond hard cock, teasing him to spurt his soul into her waiting womb.

Katriss struggled to breath as pure ecstasy swamped every part of her body. She moved to his movements, her body betraying her as he fucked her hard and deep. The strength in his hips as they slammed down ignited her

demonic soul. Wetness surged along their connection, but didn't ease his repeated thrusts. Mentally, she cried out for more, but outwardly, she barely could form any coherent words.

"This is your place, on your back and pleasing me," Asher growled.

Katriss could do nothing but drown in pleasure as she gasped for air.

"Remember every inch as I fuck you. Know that for a time, my manhood will be the only cock you shall worship."

"Yes...my lord," Katriss managed as she bounced to every hard thrust.

Any hesitation Asher had with a demon under his roof fell away like a dying leaf in autumn. She moved to him, even if she pretended, she didn't like it. The primal thrusts carried on. The sound of skin on skin played to their ears.

"Master...fuck...me," Katriss managed with Asher's hand tight around her neck.

Time slowed down as a pressure began to build between the pair of lovers. Asher's body moved with urgency, unable to stem the tide of release. Katriss moaned with ragged breath as the younger man pushed himself deep into

her.

Asher's cock thickened and he grew quiet. The demon woman let out a louder moan as her inner world was stretched to his desires.

"Fuck..." was all Katriss could say as bliss coiled along every nerve along her body.

"Fuck!" Asher growled as he thrust deep and his world was blinded with heavenly bliss.

Thick spurts quickly filled the demon's tight, inner world. Magical explosions cascaded along Katriss's body. She lifted her legs and clamped them down on the small of Asher's back as his hips thrust with all of his might. Another surge of seed painted her inner world as she moaned loudly. Their bodies moved beyond their control, pushing and squeezing.

For a time, the pair were lost to primal urges. They stared at nothing as a small drop of come spilled from their connection.

When the bliss receded a hair, Asher collapsed onto the demon woman, his face firmly between her swollen breasts.

Katriss held him close, moving her hips a little and milking his cock. Asher let go of her throat, but she did not gasp for air. Instead, she moaned her delight as she held him close.

“Lord Blackwood,” Katriss said with affection as she held him close.

Urges remained as Asher shifted his head. He turned it to the side and a nipple was pushed to his mouth. Without thinking, he closed his lips on her dark purple nipple and began sucking down her milk.

Heat blazed hotter as he sucked on her standing nipple and drinking her creamy milk.

A haze fell over Asher as he drank. The demons were quiet, but the urge to keep fucking remained. After a longer moment, the urges grew, but beyond the whispers of his inner demons.

Asher’s eyes took a faraway look as parts of his soul grew calm. He then noticed, he never wilted. Despite coming, he remained just as hard as when they first began.

“I enjoyed that very much,” Katriss whispered with a loving tone.

Asher continued to drink her milk, unwilling to break away.

“Take as much as you desire,” the demoness said as she stroked his hair.

Faint questions tried to rise, but they were quickly drowned out by the taste of her milk.

To Asher, a feeling of peace fell over him. Stress bled away to nothing. All there was, was a need to drink and to fuck. His hips began to move as the hunger grew. He managed to let go of her leaking nipple and raised his upper body.

Katriss held onto his shoulders as the younger man began pushing and drawing back with long strokes.

“Lord Blackwood, please keep fucking me,” Katriss begged.

Asher nodded. “I will...but...your milk.”

Katriss’s eyes gleamed in the afternoon light. “We are not evil, nor is our milk. Let it speak to you and drink whenever you wish. I am yours, my lord.”

Asher tried to think, but the urge to drink from her overpowered his reason. He clamped his lips on her leaking breast and sucked. Teeth pinched her nipple and she gasped in delight. She held him close as milk splashed on his tongue and he drank it down.

Why...does she taste so good?

The thoughts were drowned away as Asher continued to thrust into the moaning demoness holding him.

Chapter 6

Dinner and Games

The sun vanished beyond the horizon. A flash of light filled the skies before it faded away to an approaching darkness. Stars blinked into view along the cosmic void. Lights glowed along some of the windows of a single farmhouse as a breeze washed across the lands of the valley.

A door on the second floor opened. Asher stepped out with a haunted expression. Just behind him, Katriss followed with a warm smile and half-closed eyes. She wrapped her arm around his and stayed close as they walked side by side down the corridor and toward the stairs.

Asher tried to think, but the last few hours filled every part of his mind. Countless orgasms came in quick flashes. The heat of coiled intimate bodies painted his thoughts. Muscles burned for they didn't have a chance to rest and recuperate. The urges pushed on, testing the limits of his body and spirit.

When Asher glanced over to the demoness

at his side, he could hardly believe her happy, pink cheeks and blissful demeanor. He surely expected her to be just as drained as he was, but she instead seemed to be energized.

“You were magnificent, but we should feed you so you don’t suffer from exhaustion,” Katriss said with a loving tone.

Asher wanted to ask her how she could be so cheery considering how much they remained together, but the words never came. He assumed it was simply part of her people, but the questions lingered in the back of his mind, even if he couldn’t speak them.

I must be careful in the future or I will pass out from exhaustion.

The pair made it to the stairs and took them down together. They reached the bottom floor and the scent of cooked food touched Asher’s senses. His stomach growled its contempt as they made their way into the kitchen.

The kitchen was empty as the pair stepped in. Asher sniffed at the air, the aroma of cooked food pulling him in a different direction. He and Katriss walked into the back corridor and made their way to the dining room.

The sliding double doors were open as scent of cooked meat drifted out. Asher's gaze fell on the long table and everyone seated at it. His stomach growled as he stepped in with the demoness to happy, but cautious gazes.

The table itself had several dishes of vegetables, cheeses, breads, and a big plate of cooked meat in the center. At one end of the table, Elara stood up and looked at Asher with concerned eyes. In the middle of the table, across from each other, Nyn and Blyss also stood up, the goblin standing on her chair. Toward the other end of the table, and from a seat next to an empty chair, Amber was up on her hooves as she looked over to Asher.

Katriss stayed at Asher's side, her arm still entwined around his. She smiled happily as they looked at everyone gathered.

"Asher?" Elara asked as she saw the darkness under his eyes and slight sunken in features.

Asher untangled his arm from the demoness and picked up an empty plate. He made his way over to the food in the middle of the table and began piling on a lot of everything onto his plate.

"He's okay. We were a little vigorous in

getting to know each other,” Katriss stated.

“I want to hear it from him,” Elara said with slight annoyance in her tone.

“I’m alright,” Asher said darkly as he finished filling his plate.

Everyone watched as he moved to the head of the table, opposite of Elara. He sat down and began eating like he hadn’t eaten in weeks.

Most eyes turned to the tall demoness with hard brows.

Katriss ignored them as she moved to an empty seat on the left side of Asher. Amber was standing to his left. The faun reached over and touched Asher’s shoulder. He continued to eat, scarfing down cooked wolf meat and bread.

Elara stared at Katriss with hard eyes.

The demoness sat back in her chair and rested her arm on the back of it. She closed her eyes as she spoke.

“I know you’re all worried, but he really is okay. My people can be a little demanding, but there is no lasting damage. A meal and rest will help him recover.”

Asher sat back as he chewed. He gulped

down the meat and let out sigh.

“Katriss is right. A little food and rest will help. Please, everyone take a seat.”

Amber took hold of a wine bottle and poured dark red liquid into his cup. Asher picked it up and took a few gulps, the taste a symphony to his tastebuds.

Elara, Nyn, and Blyss sat down with worried expressions. They glanced at each other.

Katriss opened her eyes, but kept her warm smile. “I know you all are concerned that I may be up to nefarious designs, but that is not why I’m here.”

The demoness tapped the collar around her neck. “Asher has complete control over me, unless I speak the protection word. Which, I have no desire to utter it. I’ve come for the experience, just as all of you have.”

She turned and looked upon Asher with adoring eyes. “I am enslaved to Lord Blackwood for thirty days. During that time, it is he who has dominion over me and my body. I will not resist him, nor anyone he chooses to have control over me.”

Katriss let out a soothing exhale through her nose. “The connection to the Divine

Mother is brighter than I ever could imagine. I have dwelled in darkness for so long, to feel her bond has opened my eyes and soul in many ways.”

“Demons no have souls,” Blyss muttered and looked away.

Katriss looked over at the beautiful goblin and smiled. “A common misconception. Like all living beings and creatures, we have souls as well. If I didn’t have one, then how would I have empathy for everyone here? How would I know how protective everyone here is for our Lord Blackwood?”

“Enough,” Asher said darkly.

All eyes turned to the young man at the end of the table. His hands were fists on the table as he lifted his head. He looked upon the beautiful women at the table with a thin sternness.

Asher turned his attention to the demoness. “Katriss, you are behaving like you’re at court. All of us here are very close. I want you to behave a little kinder.”

Katriss bowed her head. “Yes, Lord Blackwood.”

Asher turned to everyone else and his stern expression eased. “It takes time to get

used to change. I'll admit, all of us here have had little, to no contact with demons. It will take some time to get used to it, but I believe we can do it.

"We should be honest, with ourselves and each other, or the next month will be very difficult."

Elara's eyes narrowed as she looked at the beautiful demoness. "May I ask a question and receive an honest answer."

Katriss gave a slow nod. "Yes, you may. And if my answer is not satisfactory, Lord Blackwood can compel me to speak the truth."

The mood in the dining room shifted. A curious cloud filled the chamber as everyone eyed Katriss and Asher at the head of the table.

"I have one, simple question," Elara began. "Are you here to harm Asher, or any of us?"

"Speak the truth," Asher added.

Katriss's head tilted forward as her eyes took on a faraway gaze. "No, I am not here to harm Asher, or anyone else for that matter. I seek to learn and have Lord Blackwood indulge with having me as a slave."

Elara's hard gaze softened a little.

Blyss jumped onto her seat once again and slammed her little green hands on the table.

"Are you gonna eat me?" the goblin nearly shouted like it took every drop of courage to ask.

Katriss lifted her pale crimson eyes and grinned at the goblin. "I will not, nor have any desire to eat such a pretty little goblin."

Blyss's green cheeks flushed with pink heat. She slowly sat down, not expecting a compliment from a demon.

"Are you going to play in our game?" Nyn asked without emotion.

"Game?" Katriss said as she looked at the beautiful elf.

Asher sipped his wine before he spoke. "On the way back home from our trip into town, we decided to play a game, of sorts. Everyone here would take on a role as royalty. Depending on the mood, our titles would be used to aid us in sensual and lewd play."

Katriss's eyes glowed for a moment. "A game you say? This is intriguing. We have such games in my lands. They can become very complicated, but the rewards are blissful.

“I would adore being part of your game, if I may.”

Elara’s demeanor relaxed as she leaned forward and pressed her elbows onto the table. She eyed the demon woman with a gleam in her green eyes.

“We were discussing it before you both arrived. It was agreed upon, Asher would be the lord of these lands and we would be part of his court. We each would have a title and role, aside from our normal duties here on the farm.”

Amber nodded as she looked at Katriss. “They would be simply roles, but add to the story we were crafting.”

Asher continued to eat as the discussion carried on.

Elara nodded. “I would be Lady Blackwood, wife to our lord. I would also dislike his wandering eyes, hands, or any other body part. In truth, I adore his enthusiasm, but for this part, I would scold him for his trysts.”

“I servant! Serve Lord Blackwood,” Blyss said with her own enthusiasm.

Nyn nodded as she held her glass of wine before her. “I would be a royal advisor to our lord, in all matters from politics to

bedchamber politics.”

Amber smiled as she looked down. “I would be a royal Alchemist, who works closely with Lord Blackwood.”

Katriss turned her attention to Asher. A wicked grin bloomed as she eyed him like a piece of meat.

“I do adore this game. I would very much like to continue as your captured slave, to do as you wish.”

Asher swallowed his food as he sat up straighter, the food helping him feel better.

“Am I to simply be a lord of the land, doing as I wish? Surely there can be a slight deviation from a simple lord and his harem?”

“What would you like to change?” Amber asked with attentive eyes.

Asher rubbed his jaw for a moment. An idea struck him and he smiled to himself. He then lifted his gaze and looked at each woman in turn before reaching Elara’s emerald green gaze.

“Since trust as have been a subject of late, let’s take it in a new direction. If I am to be a lord over a royal court, then it stands to be that I have made some enemies. To entice us

to explore our game and our own limits, one of you shall be a hidden assassin.”

A hush fell across the table as eyes widened. Bodies leaned a little closer as pointed ears listened a little more intensely.

Asher smirked as he picked up his wine and took a deep sip. He then held it up as he looked upon the beautiful women scattered along the long table meant for twenty.

“How would we determine who is the assassin?” Amber asked.

Asher’s smirk turned into a knowing grin. “I would determine it. During our adventure, I would have to decide who was the assassin. When I choose who is trying to slay me, they will have to be interrogated thoroughly.

“Of course, there is no real assassin and no actual attempt on my life, but it will add intrigue to the game. Everyone here can decide to lean toward wanting to become the assassin, or finds ways to prove their innocence. But in the end, I will choose who is the hidden assassin among us.”

Elara looked across the long table with a heat in her eyes. She picked up her wineglass and took a long sip. It did nothing to dimmish her internal flame, but it eased her excitement

a dash.

“I adore this sensual game,” Katriss said. “I wish to remain your prisoner. The possibility that any of us could be an assassin without knowing it gives us a choice to pursue such a role, or do anything we could avoid it.”

“It will have to be understood that no one here actually harms another,” Nyn mentioned.

Heads nodded in agreement.

“I love master! Me no assassin!” Blyss laughed.

“That’s what an assassin would say,” Nyn said with a small smile.

Blyss blinked a few times before she laughed again.

Asher smiled. “We will still have to tend to the farm as we must, but in between our duties, we can explore the plot, and each other.”

“How long will we play the game?” Nyn asked.

Asher looked over to Katriss. She looked at him with pale crimson eyes.

“For the month, or until the assassin has been found. It may take many investigations to discover who wants me dead.”

“Or taken prisoner and kept as a love slave,” Elara said with a dark, amused tone.

“I’m excited,” Amber smiled wide.

“We can start tomorrow morning,” Asher said before returning to his meal.

Elara lifted her chin a little and looked over to Katriss. “Welcome to the farm and our little game.”

Katriss looked at the beautiful elf and bowed her head. “Thank you. I look forward to playing with the lord and my new sisters of the Divine Mother.”

Everyone nodded before resuming enjoying their meal.

Asher looked up and admired their individual beauty. The ice wasn’t completely broken, but it was cracked. He wondered, perhaps with time, they would all get along without a need of serious accusations, or mistrust.

Asher’s mind shifted to the game, and even he himself was looking forward to it.

The door to the master bedroom opened. Elara and Asher stepped in, the young man’s arm over her shoulders and leaning on the

beautiful elf. Elara smiled as she led him toward the bed.

Asher tried to keep his thought together. The drained feeling he had after his time with Katriss was replaced by wine going straight to his head. Dinner didn't do much to soak it up because he was starving. It was as if a small part his very life force was pulled from him. He wondered if demons could drain souls, but the thought was soon lost to drunken walking and trying to remaining upright.

"She truly exhausted you," Elara said as she helped him to the bed.

The mature elf turned and eased down the drunken Asher onto the edge of the bed. He swayed a little as he eyed the shapely elf.

Elara stood before him with her hands on her hips and an amused smile across her lips.

"The game seems exciting. I'm looking forward to it, my little morsel."

Asher gave a single nod before his eyes rolled back into his head and he flopped onto the bed.

Elara let out a giggle. She stepped closer and took hold of his belt, undoing it.

"I know we offered our bed to Blyss, but I

asked her to stay in Nyn's room if she still felt scared of Katriss," she said as she grabbed his leggings and pulled.

The younger man wasn't wearing his boots, and his leggings slid right off his legs. Elara stood up with Asher's leggings in one hand and looked at his half-hard manhood.

"Even passed out, you're still horny," the elf whispered before dropping the leggings and leaning over him.

She took hold of his shirt and attempted to pull it over his head. Asher was dead weight for a moment before he stirred. He shifted and helped her slightly by lifting his upper body to her tugging. The shirt came free and was tossed to the floor.

Asher mumbled something before turning onto his stomach. Pushing up onto his hands and knees, he crawled to the center of the large bed and collapsed onto his stomach again.

Elara stared at him, amused, and drawn to his strong, fit body. Taking hold of her clothes, she began to undress. Pieces of clothing fell to the floor until she too was naked. She crawled onto the bed as her nipples tingled. She fought her reaction as she laid beside the younger

man and snuggled closer.

Fingers slipped through his short hair as she looked over him in the dim lantern light.

“I don’t know if you can hear me, but I’m worried about you and Katriss. She may not intentionally try to hurt you, but the way you looked when you stepped into the dining room was like you just had come back from a war.

“I don’t say this playfully, but you must limit your time with her. After a few hours, she drained you. What if you spend a night with her? You may wake up unable to move, or worse.”

Asher’s eyes slowly blinked. He turned onto his side and his gaze slid up to Elara’s worried oval eyes. He lifted his hand and curled it around her, touching the small of her back. His arm muscles bulged as he drew the elf to him, his face snuggled between her large, full breasts.

Elara’s hand smoothed through his hair and cupped the back of his head to her warm cleavage. They held each other close, Elara feeling his warm breath against her smooth skin.

The tingling continued. Elara shifted a little, and tried to not think about it. Having

Asher so close and with their bodies touching was becoming too much. She looked down him as he was snuggled close.

“It would break my heart if anything happened to you,” Elara said softly as her pulse quickened.

Asher’s arm remained around her, keeping her close. The heat from their bodies caused a comforting haze to fall over the pair.

Elara sighed as her body relaxed. A small smile appeared as something hardened against her leg. She sighed again, moving her body slightly against the younger man. A small moan escaped her lips, and the tingling along her nipples could no longer be ignored.

“I know you’re tired, but you do this to me every time you touch me,” she whispered.

Asher’s hand moved along her hip and took a firm hold of one of her ass cheeks. He gave her a squeeze as he didn’t pull his head from between her breasts.

“I don’t want to exhaust you,” Elara protested.

Asher shifted his face and his tongue slid out. He licked at her now standing nipple and the elf shuddered to the sudden touch.

“Asher, I...” she trailed off as milk began to leak from her breasts.

Asher quickly clamped his lips around a nipple and began to drink. He suckled as Elara cradled his head to her breast.

The sensations rolled through her as her breathing quickened. She held him close as his tongue and lips massaged her nipple. Milk splashed onto his tongue and he quickly drank it down, followed by more.

“Oh...you feel so good,” she said with a sultry whisper.

Hips began to move as an emptiness filled her. Soft exhales spilled from parted lips as Asher sucked on her, drinking her milk. Wetness flowed and Elara rubbed her thighs together. The warm pulse of Asher’s throbbing cock made her weak and wanting more.

Asher’s mind fell on instinct as he drank her creamy milk. The more he drank, the more vitality seemed to fill him. The exhaustion began to fade away as new strength slowly returned. His mind felt sharper and his body cried out for more.

Soreness had vanished from his member as it throbbed with need.

“Asher...I...need you,” Elara said with a

dreamy whisper.

Time slowed as Asher sat up and pushed at her shoulder. Elara fell onto her back as the younger man was over her. She looked up into his feral eyes. He looked down on her like a meal.

“Does my milk, help you feel better?”
Elara asked.

Asher was silent as he grabbed his member and pushed the tip to her wet slit. Elara’s legs parted a little more. She gasped as Asher’s head struck down like a cobra, lips clamping down on her other breast and drinking from her nipple.

The sensations overpowered Elara’s reasoning. When Asher’s cock pushed against her, she let out a strangled exhale as thick inches parted her inner world.

“Oooooo,” Elara said as Asher slowly penetrated her.

Asher could not get enough as he sucked on her nipple. The milk energized him and gave him enough clarity to push away his sometimes-feral nature. Hips moved he drove his urges into the elf.

Elara’s eyes slowly slid into her head, lost to the ecstasy of his mouth and manhood. She

curled her legs over the small of his back, giving him anything he needed.

Asher's teeth gently took hold of her nipple and squeezed. A thin river of milk splashed on his tongue as he drank every drop. The couple were lost to each other, drifting into further intimacy.

The sound of skin on skin played on like a familiar song.

"Asher...if you ever lose your way...I will be here to guide you back," Elara said in the throes of heated ecstasy.

Asher let go of the elf's nipple from between his teeth and lifted his head. He looked into Elara's eyes as his hips thrust with short power. Elara's eyes slid back into place, and the couple locked gazes.

"And I am here to guide you back," he said with warm confidence.

Elara's eyes fluttered before her mouth made a perfect oval. Asher felt her squeeze him. He looked down at her chest as rivulets of milk spilled from her. Beauty and heat swamped his reason and broke his willpower. His cock thickened and Elara whimpered her approval. She pulled him close and their bodies were tight with needful urges. Asher

pushed to the hilt when his own willpower was destroyed.

Elara let out a long, deep moan, her body shuddering hard under the strong, younger man. She clutched to him as his cock moved, spurting his seed within. Groans and moans floated up as pleasure spiked from their shared climax.

For a small time, the couple swam in dreamy waters.

When bliss began to ebb, despite how much energy he gained from Elara's milk, it all drained away.

Asher's eyes slowly blinked as his hips worked. Then, his entire body relaxed as he collapsed on the voluptuous elf.

Elara fought to control her breathing when Asher's weight pinned her down. She lowered her gaze to see the top of Asher's head. When a light snoring touched her pointed ears, she grinned.

"Sleep well, my morsel," Elara whispered as she held him close, her legs still curled around him.

Asher fell into warm, wet dreams, as every drop of tension drained away from his body and spirit.

Chapter 7

Bathing in Plots

The morning mist began to part. A tree shuddered before a crackling and snapping sound stabbed through the air. The tree began to tip, and then fell onto the grassy ground. The thundering fall quickly fell silent as Asher stood with an axe in hand and sweat dripping from his brow.

Shirtless, Asher heaved as he wiped at his sweaty brow with his forearm. Muscles ached, but it was a good ache. The young man looked over his handy work, seeing three downed trees. It had barely been two hours, but the trees were thick and old. Asher paid the proper respect to each tree, whispering a fae prayer to each one, thanking them for their sacrifice.

Asher turned and stepped to his pack. He pulled out a waterskin and began drinking from it. He then splashed some water on his face as he looked around the surrounding mists beginning to break up from the morning sun.

Despite felling several trees, energy coursed through him. If he was simply alone, he could easily spend the day cutting down another twenty trees. Instead, his mind wandered to the women at the farmhouse and joy leaked into a smile.

The morning events drifted along his thoughts. He remembered waking up before dawn to Elara snuggled close to him. He watched her as she slept, drinking in her beauty and not wanting to leave her side. It was nearly too much for him, but he knew he had a lot to do for the morning. Slipping out of bed, he quickly dressed and silently left the master bedroom.

The entire house was still asleep as he made his way downstairs. He broke his fast with some bread with butter. He then grabbed a small pack, filled a waterskin, and headed to the tool shed out back. There he grabbed an axe and a leather harness. The sky was still dark, but it didn't bother him in the least. It was a welcomed pleasure to rise before the sun, when the world was quiet, calm, and peaceful.

The young man began his trek, walking past the edge of the farm property and making his way to the dark forest. He traveled along

the outskirts of it for a time, before finding a nice alcove and strong trees. Dropping his pack, he brandished his axe and set to work.

The labor of chopping at trees kept his mind focused, but every time he took a break, his thoughts fell back to five women back home. Thoughts connected the dots with Katriss. The demoness, either knowing or not knowing, was draining his strength and stamina. Spending a few hours with her hallowed him out, and he quickly decided that he would have to limit his time with her, or keep it reasonable. Too much time, and he would be exhausted for the rest of the day, and there was still much to do.

The game they planned glowed along his mind. It added a layer of excitement and excuses for welcomed intimacy. It did speak to him in such a way. He greatly looked forward to what could, or may happen.

Asher made his way to a fallen tree and sat on it. He took another long sip from the waterskin and then held it while he contemplated the future. Creating an outdoor dining area, a barn, and a winery were massive projects, much too big for him to do it alone. There was the added need of a workshop to refine lumber. He would also

need a forge to create anything that had to do with metal. Asher liked a challenge, but even if he did it all himself, it would take a better part of a year or longer to build everything he wanted. No, he had to admit, he would need assistance to build everything in a timely manner.

An image of Dina floated into his mind's eye and he kept his smile. He knew his love life was only getting more and more complicated, but considering his old life, it was a welcomed change of pace. The town was on the brink of being abandoned, but now that he was here, and the farm was open again, it was like a new hope shined on the residents once again. And with that, Asher knew he would have to make an arrangement with Dina to aid with the new projects for the farm.

The thought of coins filled his mind. Asher had made some good coin from his first milk pickup, but he knew he would need a lot more to pay for everything planned. The next pickup was nearly four weeks away. He and Amber were going to have to put in the work in the alchemy lab. Despite the work load, Asher was confident they could all work together to make the farm an amazing place.

Asher's thoughts drifted back to Elara. Her milk helped revitalize him from the pit of exhaustion. Remembering what he read and what Amber had informed him, elf milk had an abundance of mana, and all mana was the magical energy in all living things. If there was a time where he was drained from his times with Katriss, he could go to Elara and Nyn to help him overcome his exhaustion.

The demoness crawled along his thoughts. She spent her time saying she was simply here for the experience, and not her for any nefarious plans, but something didn't add up to Asher's instincts. He felt she was still hiding something. Despite his instincts, he knew it was rude to pry about things she didn't want to talk about. Any mystery around her would have to reveal itself with time, but for now, the farm needed his attention and he was ready to truly start his new life.

Asher took another sip from the waterskin before standing up. He stepped over to his pack and put the waterskin within it. He then pulled a leather harness with rope and hooks connected to it. He put his shirt back on and then put his arms through the harness. Once the harness was ready, he moved over to the first tree he felled. Hands grabbed at

connected ropes and hooks. He then began tying and hooking the ropes to the tree. After a few long moments and after the trees were secured, Asher moved to the end and took a deep breath.

“Here we go,” he whispered to himself right before he stepped forward.

Asher’s body tilted forward as the rope went taut. With a small grunt, he began pulling the fallen tree. The weight slowed him down, but he centered his mind and body to pull the tree behind him. In the distance, he saw the edges of the fence to his property as he pulled the tree onto the road and toward the farmhouse.

Elara sat at the foot of the bed, a jar in one hand and holding her breast with her other hand. The jar was over her nipple and she gently squeezed. The annoying fullness began to ebb as milk streamed into the waiting jar. The tingling along her nipple subsided and she relaxed as she continued with her morning routine.

The elf’s eyes blanked out as her mind wandered. A yearning for Asher filled her thoughts. She wished he was behind her, his

hands touching her full breasts and helping to ease into her morning ritual.

“I’m Lady Blackwood,” she whispered to herself as thoughts shifted to the sensual game they all agreed to.

Oval eyes softened as relief glowed. Last night’s moment she shared with him burned along her mind. Feeling and seeing his desire and need for her, overpowering his reason, was enough to ignite a flame along her soul.

Asher was unlike any man she had met before. Years of social events and interactions often flowed into predictable patterns. Elara remembered how she could discern when a man, mostly elven men, simply wanted a bride for status. They would play the part of interested suitor, but the façade would fall away a bit at a time as their true intentions were laid bare. As long as she worshipped them, and didn’t embarrass them, they would treat her like a work of art, to be seen, but not touched.

It was maddening to her, knowing what she felt and what elven society deemed appropriate. To behave like the supposed lesser races was beneath the first peoples of Valoria. They held themselves to higher

standard, and not like the mongrel peoples across the world.

It was enough for Elara to stave off suitors. They would eventually stop trying to woo her from her lack of interest. They would never take bold steps to win her affections. And if she took bold steps, they would quickly vanish, uncomfortable with her speaking her desires or needs.

Elara thought back to first meeting Asher, and the spark was there the moment he opened the front door. After talking for a time and going up to his room, he didn't hesitate when she said they should share a bed for the night. And that was simply one of many things she adored about him. He was honest, handsome, and was not afraid of getting his hands dirty. At the time, he became the very person she didn't know she was searching for.

A knock at the door woke the elf from her thoughts.

"Come in," she said loud enough to be heard.

The door opened and Nyn stepped in. She closed the door and walked over to the sitting elf spilling milk into a jar.

"I wanted to check on you. Morning meal

has already been prepared. Blyss, Amber, and myself had already eaten. Amber went down to the lab and I spent a little time showing Blyss the basics of reading.”

“I’m doing well. Come, sit with me,” Elara said.

Nyn moved to the foot of the bed, turned, and sat down next to her friend.

“I was thinking about Asher,” Elara said with a warm tone.

“We have all have grown very fond of him,” Nyn said with a small smile. “But is there something else on your mind?”

Elara gave a small nod as she pulled the quarter-filled jar away from one breast and pressed it to her other breast.

“The future,” Elara said plainly.

“His future, or yours?”

“All of our futures,” Elara smiled. “I used to see the ending to every relationship, even before they began. The signs were plain as day, draining all color from romantic prospects.

“But now, here, I don’t see a gray ending. I see a bright one, and it unsettles me to know I prefer it.”

Nyn looked at her friend with knowing eyes. “I covered my tracks enough that I could spend a long time here at the farm. The people I know back home understand that I am on a sabbatical and may be gone for a few years, but we know your employer will seek you out with time.”

Elara looked away with worry in her eyes. “I know. After a few months, he will begin to inquire about my whereabouts. He’s too virtuous to simply forget about me. If he doesn’t begin searching for me, he will send others to do it.

“Mist Valley is a hidden gem, but I’m not sure for how long. I...” she trailed off.

Nyn slowly blinked. “You don’t want to go back.”

Elara gave a small, single nod. “I do not. I want this adventure to never end. I want to explore this new life for as long as I can, with Asher and our new family. Am I being silly? Am I simply infatuated with a human man who will pass onto the great beyond in seventy to eighty years?”

“I don’t believe any of us want this to end. Blyss is in love with him. Amber is quiet, but I catch her stealing glances at Asher every time

he walks into a room. Even Katriss shows signs that she is falling for him, but we must ask ourselves, how much is too much?

“There will be other guests to the farm. Others who will want his affections. Are we prepared to spend close to a hundred years here, living this life?”

Elara looked at her friend and smiled. “This is the dream you and I talked about, many times over wine or written correspondence. You know I want this, all of it.”

Nyn kept her smile. “Then you have your answer. We can live this life and play as many games as we want for our time here. I have already been inspired to write, and yet, I feel only a drop of time has passed since my arrival. I want more, as do you. We don’t have judgmental eyes on us, and we are free to live as we wish.”

Elara’s eyes watered. “Nyn, my true friend, you have always helped me to see the truth. I treasure your counsel.”

The dark-blue-haired elf nodded as her eyes gleamed in the morning light filtering into the room.

“I treasure our friendship. As for counsel,

that is why I'm here. Our little game has set my mind into motion. We have spoken before about an alliance between us, but now, we may truly act on it in a playful way."

"Speak your mind. I'm here to listen," Elara grinned.

"I believe, since Asher will have to decide which one of us will be the assassin, he will plan a sensual torture for anyone he chooses. I propose, we work in tandem, forming our secret alliance. You, as Lady Blackwood, would carry on with subtle annoyance to his wandering eyes. Myself as his royal advisor, can steer him in a certain direction over time. I will attempt to have him rely on me for advice with all his subjects."

Elara's eyes gleamed in the morning light. "You propose to try and become the hidden assassin and I was the one who commanded you to attempt on his life."

Nyn nodded once. "When the climax of our play comes to fruition, it will be revealed that we were working together. He will have no choice but to take us prisoner and do what he will to us."

"Devious," Elara grinned. "I do adore this plan, but we will have to be convincing

enough for him to choose you, or us.”

“We have nearly a month to try. I have already started writing my notes for my first book. I believe we can do it, together.”

“Then, my friend, we have a secret alliance,” Elara said with excitement in her eyes.

“Yes, we do,” Nyn said.

The pair began talking out details as the mists parted beyond the window and shafts of sunlight stabbed into the bedchamber.

Asher let out a triumphant roar to the sky. The final tree was pulled onto his property and laid next to the two other trees he chopped down, and a stack of cut wood he collected before. The sitting pond was close by, dragonflies hovering over it and trying to catch insects.

The sun bathed Mist Valley in brilliance as Asher unhooked the harness and let it drop to the ground. Sore muscles ached as he finished roaring and tilted his head forward in relief.

The journey to pull three trees back to his home was not an easy task. The struggle was difficult, but welcomed. Finishing the task, he

glanced down at himself to see he was covered in grime and dirt. Sweat seeped into his clothes, and he was not nose-blind to his own scent.

The kitchen door to the farmhouse opened and a short goblin stepped out, barefoot. Blyss looked across the medium distance to see Asher standing beyond the pond. Large oval yellow eyes glowed with affection as she started walking toward him.

Asher's gaze shifted to the approaching goblin. She wore a simple, black dress that adhered to her body and hugged her chest. Despite her short frame, she had a woman's form and the former ranger could not hide his smile or affections for her.

"Master," Blyss said as she walked around the pond and toward him.

"Good morning," Asher said with enthusiastic flair.

She approached him and looked him up and down.

"You're dirty. I must clean you," she stated.

"Erm," Asher said and scratched the back of his head.

“Must clean. I servant for Lord Blackwood. Come with me,” the goblin said with a no-nonsense attitude.

“Ah yes, today is the day we start our game,” Asher said with mild amusement.

Blyss took his hand and pulled him with her.

Asher was always surprised by how strong the goblin was. He nearly stumbled before finding his gait and being pulled along.

The pair entered the home through the side kitchen door. When they stepped into the main corridor, it was Asher who spoke up.

“Where is everyone else?”

“Amber in lab. Katriss is still in her room. Lady Blackwood and Advisor Nyn were in library. They said, they drink tea and talk about books,” Blyss said in broken common.

“I see,” Asher said as they made their way to the stairs and began climbing them.

The young man looked down on the goblin in the simple black dress. “Where did you get the dress?”

“In closet. No servant uniform. This is now my uniform,” she said matter of fact.

Asher nodded as they walked down the

corridor of the second floor. His gaze shifted to Katriss's bedchamber door before being pulled along by the goblin. They entered his bedchamber and made their way to the back door, leading to the private washroom.

Blyss let go, took a few steps forward, turned around, and put her green hands on hips.

“Undress,” she ordered.

“I can bathe myself,” Asher grinned.

Blyss shook her head. “I serve Lord Blackwood. I help clean you, always.”

Not used to being treated like one of a royal family, Asher fought the uncomfortable feeling pervading over him. With a shrug, he mentally pushed it all aside and grabbed at his shirt.

Blyss stared with hungry eyes as Asher undressed. Her yellow eyes moved across his chest and neck before lowering to his defined, muscular stomach. When he pulled down his leggings, the goblin licked her lips as his hanging, half-hard member.

Asher stood in his naked glory, the goblin drinking in his appearance. There was no water running, so he stepped over and touched the crystal over the large, metal tub.

Hot water began to flow when Blyss stepped to him and smacked his hand away.

“I serve! You bathe and rest!” she commanded.

Asher couldn't hide his amusement.
“Forgive me, Blyss.”

The goblin nodded before she grabbed the hem of her simple dress and pulled it up over her head.

It was now Asher's turn to visually drink in the goblin. Thick thighs were revealed with a small forest of curly green hair between them. Smooth skin continued to be revealed as the dress was caught under her breasts. She pulled a little harder, spinning once until the fabric cleared and the dress came off. Heavy, firm breasts defied gravity as dark green nipples stood erect. They bounced as she threw her dress to the side.

The goblin had no shame, standing naked like it was the most normal thing in the world. She then lifted her hands and clutched on her own breasts, letting out a small sigh.

“They tingle,” she growled, as if to say she was distracted.

“It's okay. I can,” Asher was cut off.

“I clean you, Lord Blackwood. Get in tub,” she barked.

Not wanting to suffer the goblin’s ire, Asher nodded and stepped into the tub filling with hot water.

Dirt and sweat clung to his body as he turned around. He was about to sit down, when he turned his gaze to see Blyss climb the tall tub like a bear cub climbing a tree. She slid over the side and splashed into the rising water.

“Sit,” she ordered.

Asher lowered his body into the rising, steamy water. He rested his back against the inner side of the tub and placed his arms along the rim edge. He watched as the water rose to Blyss’s thighs. The goblin moved to the edge and picked up a bar of soap and a cloth from a small table adjacent to the metal tub. She then moved between Asher’s parted legs as the water continued to rise.

The goblin didn’t hesitate to sit in his lap, facing Asher. She made herself comfortable by wiggling herself onto him. The sudden contact caused Asher’s member to harden and rise, stopping its sudden rise between her more than ample ass.

Blyss began using the soap to rub it along Asher's chest, ignoring his throbbing manhood. She used one hand to pass the bar of soap along his skin and using the wet cloth to scrub the grim, dirt, and sweat away.

Asher eyed the goblin as she worked. She didn't make eye contact, scrubbing at his skin. She kept focused as she moved her ass slightly, rubbing it with his cock caught between her ass cheeks.

"Blyss," Asher said her name with a relaxed tone.

The goblin turned her yellow gaze up to his as steam flowed up around them.

"Do you care for your master?" he asked.

The goblin nodded. "I do."

"Enough to never betray me?"

The goblin's hands moved slower as she washed away the grime.

"I never betray."

Asher fell deeper into the role. "Would you tell me, if anyone was out to get me?"

Blyss's eyes widened a little, before they half closed. "I tell you, I promise. Even in game, never betray. You saved my life. I will do anything, for you."

Asher relaxed a little more as hot water soothed aching muscles. "It's good to hear."

The goblin slipped back a little, Asher's cock sliding under her and popping up before her. The hand with the cloth dove under the water and took hold of his member, stroking it clean. She looked down with hungry yellow eyes.

"Blyss, if you hear or notice anything strange with anyone in our home, come to me with it."

The goblin nodded as she licked her lips, her gaze never leaving his impressive member.

"I will tell you," Blyss said in a low tone.

"Good. Now, master needs you to give him some extra attention."

The goblin lifted her body up and moved closer. She took hold of his standing member and pressed it to her slit. Gently, she lowered herself, when Asher's cock pushed against her sensitive flesh. Resistance could not deter the goblin as she forced herself on her master's manhood. A small moan dripped as she slowly impaled herself on him, sliding down until she reached the hilt. There she stayed, adjusting to his size and breathing heavy.

"You take good care of me," Asher said as

one hand slid into the water and took hold of her hip.

Blyss moaned as Asher's hand gripped her ass and gave it a hard squeeze.

"Master...feels so good," the goblin whimpered before she began moving.

Water slightly sloshed as she moved barely an inch, up and down. The connection they shared was snug. Asher looked down with warm eyes as the short goblin bounced on him, her breasts dipping in the water and coming out. Milky liquid dripped from her dark green nipples as she continued to hump his member.

Asher let go of her rump and began moving his hand along her green skin. When he reached a breast, he took hold and gave it a squeeze. Milk spilled out and into the bathwater, but it was her gasp that caused his cock to stiffen into granite within her. Blyss's mouth hung open as she leaned into his grasp. Her hips moved faster, riding his cock and causing the water to slosh along the tub like a small storm.

"Master...if I tell secrets...will you fuck me?" Blyss said without a drop of shame or guilt.

Asher smiled with devilish eyes. "I will keep you in my bed and fuck your tight pussy at every turn. You will never know a night where my cock hasn't pushed into you, if you remain loyal and tell me secrets. Would you like that?"

"Yes...master," Blyss said as she upped the tempo.

Water sloshed over the sides of the tub as the goblin continued to please her master. Her moans grew louder as she continued to impale herself on him. Dizziness surged as she couldn't keep her wits about her. Eyes slid into her head as pleasure grew. Heat blasted her tight nerves. The tension coiled along every muscle in her body.

"Master..." was all Blyss could say.

Blyss's entire body shuddered, causing a small wave of water to splash out of the tub and onto the floor. Asher watched her as she moved slowly. The goblin let out a long moan as a string of orgasms blasted every piece of her into glass. Toes curled under water as thighs trembled. Soap and cloth had fallen from her hands as she pressed her palms to Asher's strong chest and rode the orgasmic wave. Her mouth hung open, heavy breath

touching Asher's chest as cascading orgasms ripped her spirit into shreds.

When she slowed a little more, Asher's hand clamped on her curvy hip. Taking control, he controlled the tempo as he kept her moving. Blyss cried out in heavenly pleasure as she kept to his implied tempo. She moved on his rigid member as clouds of bliss filled her mind and body.

Asher's other hand gently grabbed at her other breast and squeezed. Milk leaked in a small stream before his thumb moved across it. Blyss gasped and writhed to her master's controlling touch. For Asher, he enjoyed watching and feeling her love for him. The couple fell into a rhythm.

"Master and his cock needs plenty of care," Asher said as his wall of self-control began to crack.

"I take care...of you, your heart, and your cock," the goblin moaned as she felt another wave of orgasms approaching her soul.

The word "Heart" caught Asher by surprise. It came out genuine, like she thought about it all the time. It took him so off guard, the wall of control shattered. His cock thickened and Blyss let out a maddening moan

for more. Thoughts fell into heated desire. He grabbed the goblin and held her close. She pressed her open mouth and the tips of her teeth against his chest. Her tongue slid out to lick and nibble at him as he took hold of her hips and used her to get off.

Asher grunted as a wave of loving ecstasy slammed into him. He threw his head back and let out a long groan as spurts of seed painted the goblin's tight, inner world. She gently bit his chest and sucked at his flesh as she let him move her hips up and down on his manhood. She squeezed him, milking his cock of more spurts of seed. For a span of seconds, a lifetime slipped by between them.

When the bliss ebbed, the goblin noticed her master's grip weakened. She sat up and looked at him as he let his head remain back and enjoying the powerful release. She continued to move on him, keeping his cock hard. She gave him a loving grin as she worked to make sure he stayed inside her.

"Must clean master," Blyss whispered as she continued to enjoy the deepening connection between them.

Asher fell into a dreamy haze, his thoughts drifting to the women he cared for and curious

what schemes they would create for their little game.

Chapter 8

Sympathy for the Demon

Asher emerged from his bedchamber. He glanced back to the room, seeing Blyss curl up on the bed for a nap. After their time in the tub, the goblin could barely keep her eyes open. When she slumped in heavenly bliss on Asher, he picked her up in his arms and dried her with a towel. He then walked into the bedroom and placed the goblin on the immense bed. When he covered her up, she snuggled into the blanket and passed out.

Getting dressed, Asher felt light as a feather as he prepared for the rest of the day. Despite sore muscles, the bath did help. The morning had come and gone, but the day was still packed with chores.

Asher made his way along the corridor, ready to go downstairs for a snack before continuing with his day, when he stooped in front of Katriss's door. He stood silent as he listened intently. The house was quiet as a tomb. When he heard a small sigh from within her room, he lifted his hand and gave it a

quick knock.

“Come in,” came back from the other side of the door.

Asher opened the door and stepped in. Katriss was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at nothing for a moment. She was dressed in a simple, dark black robe. She turned her horned head to the lord of Blackwood and a smile bloomed.

“Greetings, Lord Blackwood,” she said with ease.

Asher smiled as he drank in her expression. Despite her apparent warm greeting, he could not deny the look of sorrow in her pale crimson eyes. They spoke more than any words could say. If Asher were to hazard a guess, the demoness was in deep contemplation and didn’t like the thoughts circling her mind.

“Are you well?” Asher asked as he stepped into the room after closing the door.

Katriss moved her head in a way that it looked like she was going to nod. Instead, she lowered her gaze to the floor.

“In the scheme of the world, no, I suppose I’m not okay,” she said with a low tone.

“I can be an ear, if there is anything not to your liking?” Asher offered.

The demoness lifted her gaze to him and a wicked smirk formed. “On this farm, many things are to my liking, Lord Blackwood. In a few short days, I’ve quiet enjoyed myself, but it is not the farm that has brought on my melancholy.”

Katriss touched the bed beside her.

Asher sat down beside the demoness. “What troubles you?”

A moment of silence filled the space between them. She looked to the side as she parted her lips.

“When I first arrived here, I knew there would be some mistrust. The secret farms have always been open to new guests, as long as there is no violence, at least from what I’ve read. But you have shown me that trust should be both ways.”

Asher mentally braced himself as he gave her his full attention.

Katriss turned her gaze to the handsome man beside her. Heat crawled up her neck as she inhaled in his musky scent.

“What I will speak is not part of our game.

It is a truth I've decided to share with you. I understand if you take offence, or ask me to leave. You have opened your farm to me, and I've reached an age where such kindness should not be seen as a weakness."

Rays of sunlight streamed in from the window, painting the floor by the bed in golden light.

The demoness took in a soothing inhale and began to speak again. "In my lands, I am known as a Brood Mother. Demons have difficulty bearing young, but some of us are fertile enough to birth many clutches of eggs. Brood Mothers are revered for raising generations of demons, often creating our own kingdoms, second only to demon kings.

"I have been a brood mother for most of my life. It has benefited me with status and power. Demons often presented many gifts and curry favors so they may mate with me, and chance having offspring that may be loyal to them in the future. It is a long, and detailed process, but that is not why I am filled with sorrow. No, for my time as a brood mother, I was incredibly happy. It was my purpose, my destiny.

"But there in lies the rub. Once a brood

mother grows beyond a certain age, she produces less eggs. To better understand what is at stake, in our society, your worth is in only what you can provide. If you cannot provide or do as much as you used to, it is a sign of weakness. Allies become enemies. Friends vanish. Even your children may desert you.”

Katriss looked away as memories filled her oval eyes. “My sisters sniffed out the hints of my weakness. In turn, they banded together to remove me so powerful demons would go to them.

“You noticed I came here with nothing. I could not chance you treating me as my sisters would have. I had to be sure I could trust you, as lord of the Blackwood. When I offered my amulet, my sole possession in exchange for your trust, you turned my offer away. You allowed me to stay, even with such dark reputations haunting my people. We demons understand kindness, but don’t practice it. It is seen as a tool to manipulate others for our own ends.

“But age plays such tricks on us. Your first instincts were correct, I was not to be trusted. You should have turned me away.”

Asher's heart beat harder in his chest. The safety of everyone under his roof came crashing down on him and he couldn't hide it with kind words.

"Katriss, are you here to hurt us?" he asked.

The demoness looked him in the eyes with heartfelt sorrow. "No, I am not here to hurt you, or anyone else on the farm, town, or valley. I came here to gain answers from the Divine Mother...and she answered me."

Asher's eyes widened a hair.

Katriss bowed her head to Asher. "I didn't expect her to speak to me so quickly, but speak to me she did. She told me to trust you. To trust all who dwell under this roof. I begged her to tell me why, but she simply smiled and held me close to her bosom. It was the first time in my entire existence where I understood the divine, holy and unholy."

Asher was silent, unsure what else to say.

The demoness placed her hand over his and curled her fingers to hold him. Asher could not turn away from her hypnotic gaze, as if her very soul was pouring onto his. The connection between them glowed as she stared into his spirit.

“My preference, or kink, is no mere wish fulfillment. I take great pleasure in being bred like a slave demon.

“When the Divine Mother spoke to me, I knew I was on the right path. I have nothing left. Demons loyal to me have been slain. Hexnia has not answered my prayers. My sisters sought my death. I am empty, save the kindness of a handsome man who has seen too much.”

Asher lifted an eyebrow.

Katriss continued, “The kiss speaks more than words can say. The night I arrived and kissed your forehead, it was not simply meant as a form of tradition. The lips of a brood mother can taste the soul when they kiss another’s forehead. It is a way to determine if a lover has any deficiencies in their body, mind, and spirit. I tasted your past, one of grim fear and sorrow. I tasted the pain of regret, loyalty, family, and duty.”

Katriss’s eyes glimmered. “I tasted your strength, and your heart. That is why I wish for you to truly breed with me.”

Asher eyed the demoness as she took her other hand and touched her covered, lower abdomen. She gave it a gentle pat as she

smiled with fanged teeth.

“Brood Mothers have a organ to collect a male’s seed. During our mating orgies, enough seed is collected to birth eggs for several years. All children are loyal to their birth mother, therefore, as Brood Mothers, we have some sway in demon politics.

“Witnessing the Divine Mother has re-awakened my place in the world. I have you to thank as well. My purpose is laid bare before me, but if I return to my people’s lands, I will be slain at first chance.

“I wish to rebuild my armies, with our children. They would grow very quickly, and will aid in returning to my lands with enough power to stay the hands of my sisters and enemies.”

Asher slowly blinked as her words settled on his mind.

“I understand if this is too much to ask. I questioned bringing it to your attention, and thought to simply steal enough of your seed to do as I pleased, but it did not sit well with me. I trust the Divine Mother to guide me, and I am trusting you, Lord Blackwood.”

“I don’t know what to say. I need some time to think this over,” Asher said plainly.

Katriss gave a single nod. "As you wish, Lord Blackwood. I will not rush your decision. I know you may wish to speak upon it with the ladies of your court, as is your right.

"I can control when I can take the seed of a lover. Until you come to a decision, I will not keep your seed until I have your answer."

Asher's thoughts spun into a whirlwind. Katriss's words cut at him, deeper than they should have. Demons often had a reputation of deceit, lies, and manipulation, but he could not deny the truth dripping from her words.

But like all things, Asher knew the truth must be tested.

"Hear me," Asher's words filled with soft power.

The gem on the collar glowed. Katriss's entire demeanor fell into submission. She lowered her gaze and tilted her horned head to the younger man beside her.

"Everything you said, were you speaking the truth?" Asher asked.

Katriss nodded. "Every word, my lord."

Asher knew she could break the collar's influence if she wanted to, but she didn't. It muddled his thoughts further, the demoness

asking him to breed her so she could build an army of demons to return home.

“You have no desire to invade the valley, or nearby lands?”

Katriss shook her head. “No. I only wish to return home and reclaim what was originally mine.”

Asher’s heart beat with a strong rhythm. “If I were to entertain such a notion, would our offspring know of me? Would I be denied seeing them if I choose it?”

Katriss lifted her gaze to meet Asher’s eyes. Her demeanor remained submissive, but her eyes glowed with truth.

“You will always have a choice. Such a thing is a rarity to give, but I will give it to you because I know how important it would be to you. But hear me, demons care not for the those who sire them except for their brood mothers. All children we will have will have no desire to know you or care for you. They will only be concerned with violence, schemes, and the will of their mother.”

“And what will you tell them of me?”

“Nothing or everything. It would be your decision, Lord Blackwood. For the time I am here, I would be your breeding slave.”

Asher's gaze fell to her hand still holding his. Something deep whispered to his wits, fogging his thoughts. It curled like monstrous talons around his heart. Remembering his time in the guild and exploring dungeons, he never dreamed of having any kind of family of his own, not unless he was finished with the adventurer's life. That chapter and book had come to a close, and a new book opened before him when he took over the farm. The thought of offspring sang to him, but not in a way he ever imagined before.

"I will need time to think on this," Asher said.

Katriss nodded.

Asher pulled his hand away and stood up. The power of the collar faded and Katriss blinked. She looked up at him, the truth remaining in her demonic eyes.

Without another word, Asher turned and left the bedroom.

He didn't look back as he closed the door and made his way down the corridor. Thoughts floated as he made his way downstairs to the first floor. He followed the corridor, not to the kitchen, but to the east side of the large home. He made his way down

the corridor and looked at the doorway to the library. He remembered there was a book on demons he purchased, and a thought whispered to him to learn more.

When Asher reached the door, he pushed it open. To his surprise, Elara and Nyn were sitting within the library. The pair sat in chairs opposite each other. A small table was between them, with a tea kettle and two teacups on saucers.

It was apparent the two elves were speaking and stopped the moment he stepped in. The pair smiled as he approached. Asher returned their smiles with his own, but part of him wondered if they were scheming in their little game. Much to his regret, he needed to speak with them about matters beyond their little lewd play.

“I need to step out of our private game and talk about something serious,” Asher informed them.

Elara and Nyn glanced at each other before returning their gazes to him.

“Of course,” Elara said with a hint of concern in her tone.

Asher grabbed another chair and slid it over. He sat down with them.

The library was devoid of books, with most of the shelves bare. One shelf had a small stack of books. It had a few books that were already there when he first took possession of the house, and a few more from their recent trip to book store. Thick, dark curtains covered the only two windows to the medium sized room, but a lantern glowed above them, giving a comfortable radiance.

“Katriss just spoke to me...” Asher began before telling them everything.

The pair of elves listened as Asher spoke. They kept calm demeanors as he gave finer details of the conversation. When he finished, he sat back like a terrible weight was lifted from his shoulders.

Elara reached over and touched his hand, curling her fingers around his.

Nyn’s gaze took on an understanding gleam. “She is not what I thought demons to be. While true that younger demons do act like their reputations, everything else she said speaks to her age and wisdom. It resembles our people’s time, when we reach the season of our soul autumn.”

“Soul Autumn?” Asher said.

The two elves slowly nodded.

“There is a time in our lives where we have a greater understanding of ourselves and our place with destiny. It may also bring about changes we are not comfortable with. It is a time of new firsts, and seeing the future differently,” Elara said and squeezed his hand.

“Elara and I are approaching such a time, but not for another fifty to two hundred years.

“I looked over the book of demons, and saw that demons can live about as long as elves, or slightly longer. They can reach ages of over a thousand to close to two thousand years. But most do not live that long, unless they are skilled, cunning, and strong,” Nyn added.

“The time of the soul autumn has been spoken and discussed since the beginning of most elven civilizations and societies. It has been said that many women from all race’s transverse such a time, questioning everything and trying to understand their fate.

“For some, it may be a time for self-reflection. For others, it awakens a time for bearing offspring, possibly for the last time,” Elara said with understanding eyes.

“It is an honor that she has come to you with such a request, even if her circumstances

are dire,” Nyn said.

Asher nodded before he looked away.

Elara squeezed his hand again. Asher turned his head and looked into her green eyes. Affection dripped from her gaze as she kept her small smile.

“Does her request trouble you?”

Asher parted his lips to speak, but no words came out.

“Are you concerned what we would think?” Nyn asked.

“Truth?”

The two elves nodded.

“I have dreamed of having my own family, one day. I would right all the wrongs I endured. I’m not sure if now is the time.”

“Sometimes, fate chooses us for greater purpose. If the Divine Mother came to her, perhaps it is her way of guiding you to where you need to be?” Nyn said softly.

“Whatever you choose, we will support you,” Elara said.

Asher let his thoughts simmer as he considered Katriss’s request.

Elara glanced at Nyn. The pair stood up,

Elara's hand sliding away from Asher's hand.

"Take your time and consider it," Elara smiled. "Nyn is correct. It is a great honor to fulfill such a need during this time.

"But don't take too long. Our game has just begun," Elara said with a sultry edge.

Asher looked up at the pair of elves with warmth in his gaze.

"We can't have that, now can we," Asher chuckled as a decision filled his mind and heart.

Chapter 9

The Wild Gate

Cold air washed over Asher as he slipped out of bed. The room was dark except for shafts of moonlight glowing from the windows. The chill seeped a little deeper into him as he glanced at Elara and Blyss still sleeping. The goblin was curled into a ball. Elara was on the other side of her, sleeping on her side. The pair remained under thick blankets as gentle breathing touched the near silent early morning.

Asher took a moment to appreciate their beauty. His heart beat with a strong, steady rhythm, wishing we could remain with them, but he had a necessary task to complete, and a place he wanted to explore.

In the near dark, the young man began to dress. When he finished, he silently grabbed his sheathed short sword and belt. He put it around his waist and buckled it into place. Finished, he stepped like a ghost to the bedchamber door and slipped out.

Recent memories flowed as he made his

way down the corridor. Yesterday afternoon and evening colored his mind. After Elara and Nyn had left the library, and with Katriss's proposal still fresh in his mind, he moved to the bookshelf and pulled out his new book on demon history. He sat down and began to read, wondering if anything the book contained would aid him with his decision.

Asher didn't get far into the book to understand it was filled with all kinds of odd information. Even in the short time he knew Katriss, he could tell the author of the book in his hands was biased, or simply wrote down what they heard, without any actual evidence. Many things stood out such as demons attacking on sight, or the great lengths of corruption they perform before they actually murdered and consumed those who interacted with them. Asher's eyebrow went up several times, knowing that the collar prevented Katriss was telling him a lie. Despite the glaring misconceptions, he did find some kernels of truth within the pages. The book did have some details similar to what Katriss said, especially with brood mothers. It did explain the organ within brood mothers. It was meant to collect male seed to birth demonic offspring. It also detailed correctly

that brood mothers can birth offspring for years once they have sufficient seed. When Asher was through most of the book, afternoon turned to evening.

Asher remembered putting the book back and pulling out a book on grape and wine cultivation. Blyss had arrived with a plate of food as Asher continued to read. She offered to feed him while he read, but he declined, knowing he had to concentrate and the goblin would never let him focus.

The thought of a winery filled his mind as he ate and read. Small alarm bells rang as he saw that grape seeds or vines were supposed to be planted in early spring. The valley was already transitioning into mid spring, and he wondered if he would have to wait a whole year before planting the crop. It was a problem he was going to address soon.

After a few more hours, and a tiredness seeping into his eyes, Asher closed the book and made his way to bed. The house was dark and silent. When he made it to his room and slipped into bed with Elara and Blyss already fast asleep.

Asher woke from his thoughts as he stood before Amber's bedroom door. He lifted his

hand and gave the door a few raps of his knuckles.

Only silence answered him.

Asher knocked again, a little harder.

“...Come in,” came back a tired voice.

Asher opened the door and stepped into a dark room. A lantern began to glow as Amber was in a long night shirt. The faun was yawning as she finished lighting the lantern.

Asher smiled as he looked upon her.

“Is something amiss?” Amber asked as she stretched her arms up.

“No. I have a pair of tasks this morning, and could use some company, if you’re willing? I would also like to hear your thoughts on a few subjects.”

The faun gave him a sleepy smile. “I’m willing to go. I just have to milk myself before we leave. Give me a moment and I’ll be right out.”

“I could help you with your morning duty,” Asher said with a wicked smirk.

Amber blinked and grinned. “You and your warm hands are welcomed,” she said with a waking light in her eyes.

The forest air was cold. Amber huddled in her thick jacket as she walked alongside Asher. The faun watched her step, her hooves clearing thick tree roots and brushing past vibrant green ferns. Asher was careful as well, not wanting to trip in the dark.

Asher glanced up to the sky to see the stars beginning to vanish, one by one. Dawn was approaching, its light pushing away the celestial skies for another day. He shifted his gaze through the leafy trees to the mountains surrounding the valley. He had witnessed it nearly every morning since he arrived here in Mist Valley. The early sun would touch the snow-capped mountains and a thick mist would cascade down to the valley, like pale, smoky waterfalls. It took his breath away every time and he very much looked forward to experiencing it again this morning.

Amber glanced down at the pair of buckets, one within the other, in Asher's hand. She shifted her gaze up to him as she walked along.

"How do you know there is a large body of water on the other side of the forest? Did anyone in town tell you?"

“I spent yesterday morning chopping down trees. When the morning mist cleared, I could still catch the scent of water on the wind. When I was on adventures, water can be hard to come by sometimes. Finding it is a skill most rangers have.”

Asher smiled, “Besides, if mists come down from the mountains, it’s safe to assume that rivers of water flow down as well. Most likely, a large body of water will have fish. The sitting pond on the farm is already beginning to grow algae, and if we want to keep it clean, we will need some small fish for that. Our pond is pretty big, considering. A few dozen fish should be enough to naturally keep it clean.”

Amber nodded. “What happens when the fish multiply? Won’t we have a pond filled with fish? I must admit, I don’t think anyone is going to sit in it if it is filled with hundreds, or thousands of little fish.”

Asher let out a small chuckle. “Nature will ensure their numbers are kept in check. Birds and some smaller animals will take some fish from the pond. With time, snails, frogs, and salamanders will make their homes within it. It’s all part of the nature’s beautiful dance.”

The faun smiled with rosy cheeks. “You are truly a man of nature.”

“She provides, and we must honor her,” Asher said.

The pair continued to walk as morning lights glowed brighter along the horizon. The chill deepened a little more. The first rays of sunlight touched the mountain peaks around the valley and a small moment later, wisps of mists began to curl and slip down the rocky edges of those very mountains.

“Amber, I did want to speak to you in private,” Asher said.

The faun turned her attention to him as they walked.

“As you know, I am unfamiliar with many aspects of the Opal Society and running this kind of farm. Considering the nature of our work, is it common to have unusual guests that may affect regions in unusual ways?

“To be more specific, Katriss is a demon brood mother...” Asher said before telling her the finer details of his and the demoness’s conversation yesterday.

Amber listened as they walked through the cold morning forest. When Asher finished, the faun nodded as she looked away in

thought.

“The Opal Society has a rule against affecting the regional or political power across Valoria, but from what I’ve seen, it is more of a guideline. Part of my training was visiting a few different farms to see how they are run. If you don’t remember when we first met, I told you about some of the members of the society running those farms, can be a little to free with their intentions, and their hands.

“The reason I say this is because, some of those members had many wives, and even more children. It’s not unheard of to have guests choose to stay on a farm, but there have been instances of those with royal blood leaving their kingdoms to live a simple life. It has caused some problems, especially if those in power do not want them to leave. Gold was often used to persuade some to return to their lands, while others...” Amber trailed off.

“How bad has it gotten?” Asher asked, understanding Amber’s deeper meaning.

The faun let out a low exhale as they continued to walk together.

“Bad. The society has had to send agents, warriors, and mercenaries to protect some farms. Other times, bribes are required from

local kingdoms to aid in protecting those farms. There was a story I read, where a farm was wiped out and everyone slain because an orc chieftain was insulted because his mate decided to leave him to stay on a farm. She had fallen in love with the farm owner, and their love got them killed. It happened over two hundred years ago, but the story stays with me.”

Asher looked ahead as his eyes took on a grim edge.

Amber’s eyes widened and she looked at him. “That is not to say it will happen here! It’s a rare occurrence, but I do understand why you asked such a question. Katriss wants you to help her restore her power, but from what I observed, she does have a deepening affection for you.”

“How do you know?”

“I’ve sat and talked with her a little,” Amber said with concerned eyes. “Nothing nefarious. I was worried that she would be uncomfortable here, considering how the others behaved when she first arrived. I wanted her to feel at home.

“As for her affection for you, I saw it in her eyes when your name was mentioned. I

understand it well,” Amber said as she closed her hand around her other arm and looked away with embarrassed eyes, “Because I feel the same when I hear your name, or think about you.”

The ranger looked upon the faun. Kind affection filled his eyes, seeing her unsettled by speaking her feelings.

“I feel the same, for everyone,” Asher smiled.

She looked up to him. “Even Katriss?”

Asher nodded without thinking. When he caught himself, he stopped nodding and looked forward.

Is it that simple? Am I overthinking all of this? I trust my gut when traveling, searching dungeons, and speaking with those who may wish to slice my head from my neck, but this is new territory for me.

Asher decided to change the subject a little, “Does the Divine Mother only visit women?”

Amber looked ahead as she walked. “The Divine Mother visits with those who bear children. Some races on Valoria have males who bear children, and they have records of the Divine Mother visiting their dreams. It is

rare, but she does visit those who cannot bear children, from what I've read."

"That explains why the Divine Mother visited Katriss, but not me. Katriss believes I am the one to help her with having children. The Divine Mother spoke to her, but I am not sure if I should get involved in demon politics."

Amber gave a solemn nod. "You have a year before you decide to become a full member of the Opal Society, but that doesn't mean the society won't protect you and your farm before that time. Even now, the society will help you, even if they don't tell you all of their secrets."

Mist flowed into the dark forest as the pair walked.

"My father often hammered into me that I shouldn't ask for advice or opinions from others before following your gut. I thought he was being too closed off, too independent. It's something I've always wanted to change because when you share your life with others, they are already involved. You, Elara, Nyn, and Blyss, are important to me. If we are sharing our lives together, it's important to share other aspects as well, for healthy

relationships.”

“If you’re going to ask me if you should be with her and let her have copious amounts of your seed, I think you already know my answer,” the faun said as she gave Asher a wide grin. “But I’ll say it anyway, I think you should follow where your cock is leading you.”

Asher’s eyes widened before he let out a deep laugh. He slowed his pace as he tried to control himself. Hand on stomach, he could barely stifle his laughter as it broke the silence of the misty forest.

Amber eyed him as he tried to control his laughter, her cheeks pink, and not from the cold.

Asher collected himself and was about to speak, when an odd vibration touched his senses. He turned his head and looked deeper into the forest ahead of them. The vibration, or pulse, washed over him like a fine drizzle. His eyes narrowed as he caught the sight of some gray stone standing among the thick trees.

“The Wild Gate,” Amber informed.

The pair continued to walk in a southwest direction, when the trees parted into a small

clearing.

Fallen leaves and small twigs filled most of the clearing, but in the middle were three, knee high standing stones in a triangular pattern. Each stone was weathered, and were devoid of any kind of markings. They stood like silent sentinels in the deep forest, but the pulse was not coming from them.

Asher focused as he let his senses take in every drop of information. The pulse washed over his skin like trickling water. The hair on his head felt the tingling invisible wave pass over and through him. His heart felt the magic in the air as he and Amber stood at the edge of the clearing.

Amber stepped forward with wide eyes.

“It’s here. I can feel it,” the faun said as she passed between two standing stones and lifted her hand.

“Amber,” Asher cautioned.

“It’s okay. The wild gates simply exist. They don’t pull you in.”

Asher followed the faun, ready to grab her and pull her back. He stopped in his tracks as she stretched out her hand and it slowly vanished in midair. A rippling pulse stretched out from the spot her hand disappeared.

Amber turned her arm to the left and right, ripples distorting the air as the magical pulse grew.

“Put your hand in,” Amber said.

Asher moved to her side, lifted his hand, and stretched it out to the invisible gate. When it touched some unseen force, his hand also faded from view. Odd sensations cascaded along the skin of his hand, like he was dipping it in cool water. Reality continued to ripple as the pair remained, feeling the primal magical energy caress their hands.

“No one knows how they came to be, how many, or why they are here. Some have said an ancient race created them. Others say a secret cabal of mages created them to grow their power. Others have said that the very gods placed them for all to use. In truth, no one knows.

“There are rumors that the society knows where most of them are, but I couldn’t say if that is true or not. All I know is, they are incredible and ancient. If your farm joins the society, they will teach us the secret knowledge of divining how to travel them across this world, and many others.”

Asher looked over to see the raw

fascination in the faun's eyes. "Don't you mean, our farm?"

Amber looked away with pink cheeks.

Asher reached over from within the portal and closed his fingers around her hand. He eased their hands out of the portal, and the ripples slowly faded away. Amber turned and faced Asher as he held her hand between them.

"I look forward to a long life of working, and playing together," Asher said with a warm tone.

Amber's body trembled as she looked up at him with dreamy eyes. "I...I follow your will, Lord Blackwood."

The private game flowed into the couple as they stood between the gray standing stones.

"Do you now?" Asher asked with a gleam in his eyes.

Amber bowed her head. "I'm yours to command."

"I do reward those who follow me, but there is a matter of trust. Can I trust you?"

Amber gave an enthusiastic nod. "You can trust me, my lord."

“Would you tell me if there is plot against me?”

“I would, if only to taste your cock in my mouth again,” the faun said with playfully submissive eyes.

Asher nodded once. “It is good to hear, my beautiful faun. I fear others may be jealous of my affections.”

“Not I, my lord. I would submit to what you wish, alone, or with others.”

“Good. We will speak again on this. For now, let’s finish our task for the day.”

“Yes, Lord Blackwood,” Amber said with a deep bow of her head.

Asher let go of the faun’s hand and brought it up. He cupped her cheek and lifted her face up. The pair stared into each other’s eyes, drinking in the warm moment. When Asher pressed his lips to hers, Amber’s legs trembled. Her eyes half-closed and she stared at nothing, feeling his warm lips against hers.

Just as Amber’s internal flame was lit, Asher pulled his head away and began walking.

“Let’s keep going. We don’t want lose the rest of the morning,” the young man said as he

walked into clouds of mists.

Amber fanned her neck as she turned and followed. She reached his side and the pair walked on into the misty forest. Pink cheeks remained as she glanced up at him with loving eyes. The chill she felt before was gone, her core temperature rising to a litany of lewd thoughts.

Time grew as hazy as the surrounding mists. To the couple, it seemed like they were walking for an hour. The sun was obscured by the morning mists, making it difficult to track time. The forest was silent. Asher sniffed at the air, the scent of water leading him on. The mist began to part slightly as the sounds of trickling water touched the couple's ears.

Cloudy mists hung in the air as the trees parted to a water's edge. A thin line of sand rang along the nearly still water. The sounds of trickling water grew from deep within the hovering clouds a few feet above the surface.

Asher and Amber walked to the water's edge and he placed down the buckets. Amber watched as Asher dug into his belt pouch and pulled out a wrapped cloth. He opened each fold until a small patch of mossy green plant was visible. He then knelt and pulled out a

thin string. He tied the string around the mossy ball and then tied it to the bottom of one of the buckets.

“The fish we want are little black mollies and guppies. If there are any gold fish, they would be a great addition because they eat algae and small insects. The moss I’m putting in the bucket is called Fish Dream. It grows on some trees, but if any of it falls into fresh water, fish will be drawn to it and tear it apart,” Asher said as he finished tying the moss ball to the bottom of the bucket.

Asher reached into another pouch and pulled out a thin rope. He began tying it to the bucket handle.

Amber shifted her gaze to the water. Even with a mist hanging over it, she could clearly see the ground underneath, clear as day. The water was incredibly pristine like smooth glass. Small fish lazily swam along and Amber noticed it looked like they were flying or hovering as they moved through the water.

Asher stepped to the water’s edge. He hoisted up the bucket and swung it out. Fingers let go as the bucket flew through the air with a rope attached. It made a muted splash within the cloudy mists.

“Some bigger fish like the moss as well. With a little luck, we might be bringing home dinner,” Asher said as he held the thin rope.

“The water is so clear,” Amber mentioned.

“It’s because of the mountains. The water is filtered all the way down until it is practically pure. You could drink right from it and shouldn’t have any stomach problems.”

Amber nodded as the mist above the water began to part a little more.

“We shouldn’t be here too long. We can...” Asher was cut off by a blood-curdling scream.

Asher and Amber became perfectly still as the odd scream echoed off the mountain. Asher listened intently, trying to figure out where it came from. When another scream pierced the air, Asher handed the rope to Amber.

The faun looked at Asher with wide eyes as he grabbed his short sword and drew it.

“Stay here! If you hear me shout, run as fast as you can back to the house. Don’t look back!” Asher ordered as he darted along the sandy water’s edge and into the cloudy mists.

Amber watched as Asher was swallowed up by the mists and was gone from sight.

Chapter 10

Golden Horn

Katriss laid in bed, staring at the ceiling of her room. The demoness barely blinked as her pointed tail swished a little back and forth beside her. Despite her relaxed demeanor, her heart ached. A sigh drifted up from parted lips as her thoughts focused on the young man whom she opened to the first time in her entire life.

“I feel uneasy,” the demon woman said, unfamiliar with the feeling of not being in control.

Thoughts churned like a storm along her dark soul. Memories played of running away as her castle, her home, was invaded by her sister’s forces. Hearing the screams and shouts of her own grown children, being cut down for simply loving and guarding her. There was no instinct to protect them. They served her, as it has always been. Self preservation was key to their survival as a race, but jealousy and weakness made life much harder to endure.

Katriss felt no guilt for fleeing. The only

guilt she felt was lacking the strength to punish her siblings for taking advantage of her time of weakness. It was a hypocritical notion, for Katriss knew in her heart, if any of her sister's showed a sliver of weakness, she would have conquered them and kept their children as slaves to work her mines. It would be cruel and dismal, but they would have their lives. But her sisters showed no sense of mercy as they didn't take prisoners. The feeling remained, knowing that her sisters wanted her bloodline wiped out, and for that, Katriss knew there was no forgiveness for such an insult.

A knock at the door woke the demoness from her thoughts. She sat up and looked at the door with intrigued eyes. She sniffed at the air, catching the creamy scent of an elf standing on the other side of the door.

"Come in," Katriss said.

The door opened and Elara stepped in. The elf had a serious expression as she closed the door behind her. She then walked over to the large bed as Katriss remained sitting up and her hands behind her.

"I wanted to see you," Elara said with a warm, friendly smile.

Katriss gave the voluptuous elf a wicked smile. "To interrogate my intentions?"

Elara's eyes narrowed, but only for a moment. She smoothed her expression as she eyed the demon woman.

"No," she said flatly. "I came to discuss our little game."

Katriss eyed the elf for a moment, before a sadness slipped into her pale crimson eyes.

"Forgive me. Old habits are difficult to change. I have to remind myself I am not in court in my lands. I fear, I have been out of sorts since my arrival."

Elara nodded as she walked to the edge of the bed and sat down on it. She turned her upper body slightly to see the demon woman eye to eye.

"I think, at times, we are all running from something, or wish to change our destiny. As for your stay here, I will not deny that there is no love between our peoples, but being here changes things. We are not in our territories, or fighting on front lines. No, we came here for the same thing, to taste something different, and maybe change our fates."

Elara's expression grew softer. "Asher told us what you asked of him. He also told us

what you endured to come here, and that you have reached the time of your soul autumn.”

Katriss sat akimbo as her tails snaked across the bed behind her. She gave Elara a measured look, before her shoulders wilted an inch.

“What elves call a soul autumn, my people would call death’s caress. It is a time where a demoness understands that the monsters and other demons are coming to feast on our flesh. It is the moment of knowing, you don’t have as much time left in this realm, unless you fight.

“Despite my request and apparent weakness, I am still prepared to fight for as long as I draw breath,” Katriss said firmly.

Elara gave a knowing nod. “That is not in question. I respect your courage and inner flame. What I wished to speak upon is our lewd game, and to tell you, you have nothing to fear, from us, or anyone else in Mist Valley.”

Katriss’s eyes darkened before she looked away. “I’m not afraid. I simply know my presence causes a gloom under this roof. I saw it when I arrived. My being here has cut at your homey peace, and that was never my

intention.”

“We know. I know,” Elara said softly. “We have all come to worship the Divine Mother, and she has touched all of us here. You’ve dreamed of her, as we have. She spoke to you, showing Asher to you, to us.”

Katriss continued to look away as sorrow colored her eyes. “To be a demon, one must always fight. It is a driving force and way of life for my people. To allow myself to become this weak, burns at me at times. But the Divine Mother showed me that I have earned my rest. She has shown me, Asher is my key to a new fate.”

Elara smiled slightly. “Asher has shown us that love and desire can be powerful at any stage of our lives. That is why I treasure him. To that, I am here because I think we are all allowed to be ourselves, without regret or shame.”

Katriss’s eyes trembled as a weight on her soul was lifted. “We are sisters to the Divine Mother?”

Elara kept her smile as she nodded. “We are. That is why, we should enjoy our time here, and any games we may play.”

Katriss let out a soft giggle as she eyed the

beautiful elf with wicked eyes. “You have a secret plot you wish to discuss?”

Elara nodded again. “I do. As you know, it is up to Asher to decide who is the secret assassin. When he announces who it is, he will unleash his desires on one, or several of us.

“I am Lady Blackwood for our play. He wants me to be jealous of you, and I think we should accommodate him, but not in a way he expects. I’ve talked with most of the others, but I wanted us to discuss our parts in the play, and what we want most out of it. Don’t you agree?”

Katriss kept her sharp grin. “I do. Please, speak your plan and perhaps we can come to some agreement where we all shall enjoy ourselves,” she said with a new light in her eyes.

Asher pumped his legs, careful to remain on the small sandy edge of the lake to not alert anyone or anything of his approach. The strange bleating scream filled the mists and echoed off the nearby mountain. Sand flew up as he charged along. He noticed the scream was not human, but it carried a thick edge of fear.

The ranger skidded to a halt in the sand and turned toward the mists and water. The sun began to break through the morning clouds, burning away the mists. Asher listened intently as something was moving and making odd, wet sounds. They were different from the screams and Asher lowered his center of gravity, short sword in hand.

Before his eyes, sunlight cut through the mists. The puffy clouds over the lake began to vanish and the scene unfolded before him.

Twenty feet from where he stood, the still river was between two large bodies of water. The mist valley mountains pointed high into the sky, but near the base was a small, black goat perched on the near sheer side of a mountain. It was screaming as it tried to climb up the near vertical surface. It looked over to Asher, a spiral golden horn stabbing up from the middle of its head. Just under it, a slick, salamander humanoid was attempting to climb the sheer surface with wet, webbed hands. Its wet head and snout was pointed upwards to the goat, a mere four feet above it. It reached up, trying to grab at the screaming goat's leg, ready to pull it down into the crystal clear lake waters.

Asher recognized the creature the moment

he saw it. The Osan are amphibious salamander humanoids that lurk within deep lakes and rivers. They were one of several different creatures Asher had to look out for when he and his party would refill their waterskins or camp by lakes. The osan have a terrible hunger for any living thing they can grab or fit in their mouth. They are a bane to most places for snatching unsuspecting prey from a water's edge.

The osan that was trying to grab the black goat had round, soulless yellow eyes. Its skin was a mottled black, brown, and gray. A thick tail with a fin was underwater. It had short arms and legs, but that didn't stop the creature from trying to grab at the goat. It opened its mouth, snapping at the scared goat with the unusual horn.

Asher bent down and snatched up a stone. When he stood up, he saw the goat bleating and pleading in fear. Asher's arm whipped out and he let go of the stone.

The osan's mouth gaped at the frightened goat, when a stone hit the back of its head. The creature closed its mouth and turned its head and soulless eyes to the man on the shore of the lake, twenty feet away.

“I’ve killed some of your cousins. Come for me if you seek revenge,” Asher growled.

The osan turned and dove into the water. Its thick tail pushed side to side, the creature moving like a snake through the water. Its pointed head and snout were partially submerged, its soulless eyes locked on the man on the shore.

Asher backed up a pace, his gaze never leaving the creature’s approach.

The black goat stopped screaming and eyed the man drawing the creature away, its golden horn gleaming in the sunlight.

The osan moved to the water’s edge and stared at the man fifteen feet away.

“What are you waiting for?” Asher said under breath.

A stalemate bloomed, the osan staying in the water as Asher waited for it to attack.

A twig snapped to Asher’s right. Time slowed as he glanced to the side, expecting another osan. Instead, he saw Amber’s confused gaze as she looked at him and then to the goat with the golden horn perched on a rocky sheer surface.

It was in that moment the osan pressed its

attack. Water spray burst into the air as the humanoid salamander launched from the water. Amber's eyes widened as she gasped. Asher glanced back to see the osan was airborne, its mouth open and ready to clamp on him. His sword sliced upwards and buried into the creature's side, but didn't finish passing through. The monster crashed into Asher, clamping its large mouth on his shoulder. Muted pain bloomed as Asher grunted. He pulled back his short sword and drove the sharp end into the creature. The osan was either too stupid, or too tough to die as it bit harder, tasting blood.

A shadow darted toward Asher as he grunted. A hoof slammed into the side of the creature so hard, its body was lifted off Asher, but it didn't let go of its bite. Amber drew back her hoof again and slammed it into the side of the creature's head, trying to dislodge it from Asher's shoulder.

Asher maneuvered the sword in his hand and with another grunt, stabbed the blade into the creature's neck. Foul blood pumped out of the monster as it stared with alien eyes, not wanting to let go of its prey. Asher twisted the blade, hoping it would help release the creature's hold, but did nothing more than

cause it to bleed like a flowing river.

The light in the creature's eyes dimmed and died. Blood slowed from the wounds. The bite remained steadfast, even though the creature was quite dead.

Asher pulled out the blade from the creature and held it up into the air.

"Amber, stick the blade in it's mouth," Asher said in visible pain.

The faun snatched the sword and saw the opening between the creature's bite on Asher's shoulder. She carefully slid it into the gap and turned the blade. It was enough to open the mouth and Asher let out a relieved sigh. He then grabbed the dead monster and curled up to his feet. With a heave, he threw the remains aside before falling to his hands and knees.

Asher huffed as blood trickled from his shoulder wound. Amber was next to him, reaching into her belt pouch and pulling out a piece of cloth. She wrapped it around his shoulder and tied it tight to stem the bleeding.

"I'm sorry! The screaming stopped and I thought you found what was making that noise. You didn't shout, so I thought everything was okay," the faun said with worried eyes.

Asher sat down and flinched from the pain in his shoulder.

“It’s alright,” he said with a grimace.

Amber’s gaze shifted to the dead monster. “What is that?”

“An osan. They like to hide and hunt in lakes and rivers. A place like this may have more of them, but thankfully, they are solitary creatures.”

Asher stood up and moved his arm, pins and needles of pain stabbing into him.

“Why does everything that attacks me goes for the shoulder?” Asher lamented as he remembered the three dire wolves chasing Blyss.

He lifted his gaze to see the goat still perched on the stone wall above the shallow water. It stared at him with dark eyes.

Without a second thought, he walked to the water’s edge and into the water. He sank down a little at a time, until he was waist deep. Amber stayed on the sandy shore, her heart nearly in her throat.

“You just said there could be more of them in the water!” she shouted.

“I’m not leaving her to be food,” Asher

said over his shoulder as he waded up to the mountain edge and the goat.

The young man lifted his hands up to the goat and gave her a kind smile.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I’m just going to bring you to the shore so you can be free,” he said with a comforting tone.

The goat stared at him with unblinking eyes. A tiny moment later, the goat launched off the mountain wall and fell into his waiting arms. Asher caught the goat and grunted as his shoulder flared in pain. The black goat bleated softly as it fidgeted in his arms.

“Stop squirming. I’m trying to help you,” Asher said as he turned in the water.

The goat let out a bleat as she moved in Asher’s arms.

Amber waited with wide eyes as Asher crossed the cold lake water and reached the shore. He gently put the goat down on the sand and stood up, his shoulder radiating with pain.

“She’s a uni-goat,” Amber said in astonishment.

“A what?” Asher said as he grunted in pain. “Never heard of it, and I’ve heard of a lot

of things.”

Amber pressed her hand to the uni-goat’s furry neck. It leaned into her touch and closed its eyes.

“They are rare, like unicorns. They are believed to be good luck if you see one,” Amber explained.

“Doesn’t seem like she is very lucky, trapped by a osan,” Asher grimaced again as the pain glowed along his shoulder.

The goat opened its eyes and trotted over to Asher. It lowered its head and aimed its golden horn at his leg.

Asher glared at the goat. “I don’t know about uni-goats, but I know all about regular goats. Don’t you even think about ramming me. We just saved your life!” Asher said sternly.

The goat let out an angry bleat before charging the small distance. Asher tried to move away, but the goat was faster than he thought. The end of its golden horn poked his thigh, but didn’t penetrate his leggings or his flesh. There was flash of golden white light.

The force of the poke caused Asher to stumble back. When he regained his balance, he glared at the goat, ready to start yelling at

it, when he noticed the pain in his shoulder was completely gone.

Glancing to his shoulder, Asher lifted a hand and touched his bite wound. When there was no sign of pain, he began unwrapping the makeshift bandage. To his surprise, the wound was completely gone. His skin was untouched by violence and looked perfectly normal.

Asher shifted his gaze downward to the black goat as she flipped her ears.

“Maybe you are good luck,” he said with a small smile.

Amber stepped closer and knelt beside the uni-goat. She scratched at her neck and the goat with the golden horn closed their eyes and leaned into it.

“We should bring her home,” the faun said in a cute voice.

“I thought that was already decided,” he sighed while keeping his gaze on the relaxed goat. “Don’t give us any trouble. I have known many goats that love ramming anyone on a bad day.”

The goat stuck out her tongue and wiggled it at him for a moment before pulling it back into her mouth.

“Are uni-goats intelligent?” Asher asked Amber.

“No one truly knows,” the faun said.

“Let’s get back to the buckets and head home. Hopefully, the moss will not be completely gone and we can haul back some fish.”

Asher picked up his short sword and wiped the blade on his thigh. He then sheathed it and began walking along the sandy shore. The uni-goat bleated and hopped after him. Amber stood up with a wide, toothy smile and followed.



The three arrived at the rope on the sand. Asher reached down and grabbed it. He gently pulled on the rope, hauling back the submerged bucket. When he saw the edge break the surface, he gave it a strong yank and it was out of the water. With a slow turn, he placed the bucket on the sandy shore and peered down into it. To his satisfaction, small fish were swimming in the bucket, crowding around what was left of the moss ball. He spotted six guppies, several more different small fish, and three gold fish.

“Good news?” Amber asked as she

scratched at the uni-goat's neck.

Asher nodded. "Great haul. Plenty of fish for the pond. Let's head back and bring them to their new home."

Asher slid the full bucket into the second bucket. He picked them up as one, coiled the rope around it, and they set off.

The mornings mists further dissipated, leaving a dark, shady forest. Shafts of sunlight stabbed down through the canopy, lighting their way. The shadows remained, most of the sun's light blocked by leafy trees.

Asher tried to relax as he walked. The moment of violence cut at his inner peace he was trying to establish. Farm life can have some perils, but he found his previous experiences of dungeon diving had slightly soured his former need to fight for his life. For a brief moment, memories crashed onto the shores of his mind of shouting, fighting, chasing, and running from monsters. Yet, despite his desire to push away part of his past, the osan proved that despite his new life, there could still be dangers nearby.

Asher woke from his thoughts as the black uni-goat leapt ahead of them and moved to a thick fern beside the small path. She grabbed

at leaves with her mouth and pulled. When a stem broke away, she began chewing, the fern slowly disappearing into her mouth.

“It’s good, isn’t it,” Asher said, knowing that goats loved to eat ferns.

The uni-goat gave a small bob of her head before pulling away another leafy stem away.

“It’s not a bad name, for a uni-goat,” Amber smiled as she couldn’t take her bright gaze away from the mystical creature.

Asher grinned. “Can we call you Fern?”

The goat stared at Asher with cold, unfeeling eyes. Then she hopped around and bobbed her head.

“Fern it is,” Asher smiled as they continued to walk home.

After a time, the trio emerged from the dark forest and onto the main dirt road. Long moment’s later, they saw the fence and farm. When they opened and entered the main gate, Fern darted off and began hopping and jumping in joy.

Asher and Amber slowed down to watch the uni-goat run around and explore the area, her golden horn shining in the morning sunlight.

The couple made their way to the sitting pond. Asher knelt at the pond's edge with the bucket filled with small fish swimming around. He dunked the whole bucket in and the fish came out and scattered.

The young man watched as the fish swam to dark spots and hid, unsure where they were now.

"You'll get used to it, and may see more of us later," Asher smiled before standing up again.

Asher and Amber made their way to the tool shed and dropped off the buckets. When he closed the door, he turned to see Fern running around for no apparent reason.

"She's having fun," Amber said with a whimsical tone.

"We'll see how long it lasts," Asher said in a grumpy tone.

Amber looked over to his stern expression. "Bad experiences with goats?"

Asher nodded. "My family had a farm and I took care of the livestock. Every animal on our farm had good and bad days, but the few goats we had chose violence on some days. It's eye opening when you're a skinny kid, simply putting down hay and putting food in troughs,

when you get a surprise headbutt from the side or back for no apparent reason.”

Asher pointed at the happy uni-goat prancing and jumping around in the green field, past the sitting pond.

“She has a magical horn that may, or may not be a problem. Normal goats are stubborn. I have no idea what to expect from a uni-goat.”

Amber touched Asher’s arm and let out a soft giggle. “We are the same age, and yet you act like a grizzled older man.”

Asher nodded in agreement. “Adventure life ages you in some ways. I feel young, but I’ve seen and dealt with some stuff.”

Amber’s small smile faded. “I didn’t mean to...”

Asher looked at the concerned faun and shook his head. “You didn’t offend me. I’m still adjusting to this new life.”

He then turned his gaze to the second-floor windows and his expression softened. “I still have to decide if I am going to help a demon raise an army by breeding her.”

Amber gave the handsome man a knowing smile. She lifted her hand and ran a finger along the edge of his strong chin. Asher turned

his head and looked down on the beautiful faun as she looked at him with bright, brown eyes.

“If it’s not you, it will be someone else. Just know, if your future offspring are anything like you, they will have honor and strength within them, even if they are half demon.”

A small breeze passed over the couple as they stared into each other’s eyes. Asher’s heart beat with a steady rhythm, knowing Amber’s words spoke true. Some of the gloom among his thoughts faded away and he felt lighter along his spirit.

Amber’s eyes took on a heated edge as she glanced at Asher’s strong neck. “If you desire practice with breeding the demon, you can use me.”

Asher’s eyes half-closed and a wicked smile stabbed into his cheeks. “It could take all day and all night to ensure it is done correctly. Would you give up your time for me and what must be done?”

The faun gave Asher a shy, sultry look. “Without question, my lord.”

Asher parted his lips to continue with their little game, when the kitchen door on the

side of the house opened. Asher and Amber turned to see Nyn stepping out and looking over at them.

“My Lord Blackwood, Lady Blackwood has asked to see you,” the elf said with a deep bow.

Chapter 11

Duty and Desire

Asher walked down the long corridor, his bedchamber door at the end. The door was slightly ajar, a shaft of light spilling out. The doors along the corridor were closed and small shadows filled the corners of the second floor.

A flutter touched his stomach as he recalled how Nyn quickly said Lady Blackwood was in a dark mood, and wished to see him. The elf walked with him to the stairs, explaining that she had never seen her so upset. For a blink, Asher forgot about their little game. When Nyn gave him a slight wink, it set his heart at ease, but it didn't subdue the growing excitement and trepidation along his spirit.

When he climbed the stairs, Nyn was talking loudly to Blyss and Amber, telling them to not disturb the lord and lady.

Asher reached the door and caught a shadow pacing back and forth just beyond. He placed his hand on the door and gave it a gentle push. The door opened and he saw

Elara pacing back and forth before the large bed.

The elf stopped her pacing and stood straighter, facing him.

Asher stepped in and closed the door behind him. A sheer, white dress clung to Elara's body. Slits ran up the sides of her legs. A small crown made of twigs graced her head. Her blonde hair was down as pointed ears stabbed out from golden yellow locks. Green eyes shined with excitement at seeing Asher, but her expression remained hard, like she was filled with contained fury.

Asher glanced away to see a high-backed chair from another room was beside the right side of the bed. The secret chest was out, and the lid partially opened. The curtains were partially drawn, giving the room a dark, subdued atmosphere while allowing some sunlight in. The bed was made and the room neat and organized.

"You've come," Elara said as she lifted her chin up an inch. "I feared you would not return home this day."

"I always come back home to you," Asher said as he stepped in and glanced around with caution.

“Pretty words with no deeper meaning,” Elara scoffed.

“You know this not to be true,” Asher said with an easy-going tone.

“I know nothing to be true any longer,” Elara said with dramatic flair. “You leave me with no word of where you are going. Am I to simply haunt these halls, a forgotten memory in your life?”

Asher stood before the beautiful elf. He took her hand into his, lifted it up and kissed the back of it.

“You are always in my memory, and my heart,” Asher said with smooth ease.

Elara’s gaze wanted to melt to his words, but she stood firm as the play continued.

“Do not try to win my affections with half-truths. I know what you do when I am not around.”

“What do I do?” Asher asked with curious eyes.

Elara looked away and lifted her hand to hide her smile. The mood of their game had taken hold, and she could not fight the excitement in her heart and body.

Asher’s gaze was drawn down to her more

than ample cleavage and erect nipples. The dress was sheer enough to see her brown nipples. When a small wetness bloomed along the fabric, he instantly could see she was excited.

“You know what you’ve done,” Elara said as she tried to be serious, but her lip trembled from holding back her excitement. “It’s terrible enough that I must endure whispers of the servants cleaning your sword. Or how you tried to keep a secret from me.”

“I would have you clean my sword, if you wished it,” Asher said with an amused look.

Elara fought her smile, and failed. “If I were the only one cleaning it, I would do so at every chance, but your wandering eyes know no limitations. I know the whispers in our own kingdom. I know your lecherous needs for any woman who shows you a passing interest.

“You used to only have eyes for me. We would spend hours with our bodies entwined, sometimes days. But since you learned I could not produce an heir, you moved on to sticking that thick cock in anyone who would have you.”

“You are my lady. They mean nothing to me,” Asher said with faux sincerity.

Elara's eyes widened before they cooled in pretend contempt. "Mean nothing to you? I find that difficult to believe. The entire kingdom knows you wish an heir, and will do anything to achieve it."

The mature elf turned and stepped away. Asher watched her as she walked to the closet door and placed her hand on the doorknob.

"I discovered your secret," Elara said before turning the knob and wrenching open the door.

Closet open, Katriss spilled out and fell onto the floor. The demoness was barely clothed as leather binds held her wrists behind the small of her back. Her ankles were in similar leather cuffs. She laid on her stomach, looking up at Asher with indifferent eyes.

For a tiny moment, Asher and Elara looked down on the demoness, worried that she may have hurt herself from the fall. But their concern was quickly alleviated when she gave them a fanged smile.

Ripped clothes barely covered her body as she stayed on her stomach.

"What is the meaning of this?" Asher said in pretend shock.

"My lord, I denied all accusations," Katriss

said weakly.

Elara fell deeper into her role as she stared at the handsome younger man. “How can you deny that you want this creature to birth your future heir? Don’t deny it, for it looks poorly on you.”

Asher’s hands curled into loose fists. He kept his demeanor cool as a raging excitement filled his member.

“What of it? She, like you, are mine to do as I wish. You will always be my lady. She is nothing more than a vessel to carry my child, if I so choose.”

Elara let out a giggle, instead of an evil laugh like she practiced.

“When it comes to the future of our kingdom, I have a say in it. I won’t allow you to sneak around and create a lineage of bastards,” Elara said and placed her dainty bare foot gently on Katriss’s back. “If you are going to make this cow yours, you will do it under my watchful eye.”

Asher’s heart thudded in his chest as it became clear what was to happen.

Elara gave him a smarmy smile. “The servants will bring us anything we need, but for a time, you cannot leave our bedchamber.

I will oversee the conception, and give my blessing when I have felt you, and this cow, have earned it.”

The elf’s gaze slid to the bound demon on the floor. “And you will accept this honor of having his royal seed dripping from your cunt.”

Katriss could not hide her devilish smirk before a small moan dripped from parted lips.

Asher looked down on the bound demon. She writhed and moaned, like a snake in the sun. It captured the moment and Asher was lost to it. Thoughts barely formed as he watched the two of them play out the game in lurid fashion. It was enough for his entire body to heat up and tense. The coil of his desires was tight and every thought, every urge, pushed at him for release.

“My lord...” The demoness’s voice dripped with sultry desire.

Elara picked her barefoot off Katriss’s back and stood with legs slightly parted, and an angry look in her eyes.

“Pick her up and put her on the bed,” Elara instructed.

Asher stepped closer to the moaning bound demoness. He knelt to her side and

curled his strong arms under her. Despite her seven-foot-tall size, she wasn't as heavy as he thought she would be. He lifted her up and turned his back to Elara. Katriss snuggled to his neck as she was carried over to the bed. There, she was gently laid down.

Asher's gaze glided over her torn clothes and bare skin. She continued with low moans as she laid on her side. The rags barely covered her breasts as they bloomed with wet spots. She rubbed her thighs against each other as she looked up at him with pleading eyes.

Elara stepped past them and around the bed. She made her way to the high-backed, comfortable chair and sat down. She crossed a leg over the other, eyeing Asher and Katriss. Heat crawled up her neck, seeing the primal look of desire in Asher's eyes. Wetness bloomed between her tender, inner thighs as she held back a shudder. The heated moments tantalized her senses, like a fine wine on a cold winter's night.

Asher stared at Katriss, enjoying her small torment. He could see and practically taste her dripping desire. She moaned, trapped by the lord and lady. Her arms and legs struggled slightly against her bonds, unable to break

them.

“What’s the matter, my husband? Can’t do what needs to be done under my watchful eyes?” Elara said with a wicked and sultry tone.

Asher lifted his gaze to Elara as she sat like royalty in the chair. She eyed him with excited eyes, and made no attempt to cover up the wetness blooming along the sheer fabric over her nipples. She kept her composure as heat radiated up her neck.

Lord Blackwood lifted his hands and took hold of his own clothes.

The two women watched as he undressed before their eyes. Elara licked her lips as Katriss moaned her delight. Clothes fell away and strong muscles appeared. When his leggings were pulled down, his meaty cocky sprang free from its imprisonment.

It was Elara who gasped in delight, barely able to contain herself.

Katriss’s eyes half-closed as he moved closer to the edge of the bed. When he took hold and began stroking it to her, the demoness let out a small whimper.

“Lord Blackwood...please...” the demon begged.

Asher looked down with warm eyes. He moved onto his knees on the bed, stroking his cock before the demoness's face. She watched as veins stood out along his throbbing member.

“Lady Blackwood has the right to oversee the conception. As lord of Blackwood, I decree, you may be blessed with my seed.”

Katriss's eyes trembled in delight. “Yes, my lord.”

Asher lifted his gaze to meet Elara's heated stare. “And you, Lady Blackwood, are mine to command. When I finish fucking this cow, I will be fucking you until you learn your proper place.”

Wetness surged between Elara's thighs as a pink glow filled her chest, neck, and face. The elf had to fan herself as Asher's words struck deep. The inner flame grew into a roaring blaze.

“We will see, my lord,” Elara said with seductive eyes.

It was Asher's turn to feel his own, rising temperature. His cock vibrated from her words, taking it as a challenge. He wanted to go to her, force her onto her knees and suck on his cock, when lips touched the shaft of his

member. Looking down, he watched in lewd astonishment as Katriss lifted her head and ran her lips along the veiny shaft of his manhood. She looked up with confidence as her tongue slathered along the sensitive skin. Wetness dripped from the cloth barely covering her breasts. Goosebumps ran along Katriss's smooth skin as she kissed and licked his cock while still on her side.

"Fuck her like you fuck everyone who resides here," Elara said as she shifted in her seat, wetness touching her dress.

Asher pulled his body away, his cock slipping from the demon woman's mouth. She let out a whimper as he moved around her. He looked down on her unguarded slit. It glistened with spilling wetness.

"My lord...I..." Katriss began before her eyes widened.

Asher took hold of his member and pressed the tip to her tight slit. He didn't push in, letting her wetness coat the head. Instead, he grabbed at her like she was a possession. Strong hands ran along her body while the tip of his cock tasted her honey. When one of his hands touched her breast, she quivered. She let out a moan as he grabbed and gently

squeezed her. A fabric of her torn clothes moved, exposing a dark purple nipple. It began leaking creamy milk as Katriss shuddered from his touch. She moved her hips, trying to entice him to plunge his thick spear into her. She cried out as he didn't move, letting her rub herself on his cock head.

"Enjoy my gift to you," Asher said before he pushed.

Katriss's eyes fluttered as her inner world spread to his slow invasion. With each throbbing inch, her moans grew louder. Staying on her side, she couldn't move as Lord Blackwood pushed his desire into her. The chains clinked tight between leather cuffs. The words Asher uttered caused the white gem on her collar to glow.

Katriss's entire body relaxed as Asher pushed to the hilt. Pale red eyes rolled into her head. His command, telling her to enjoy it, took possession of her senses. Wetness spilled from their snug connection. Asher stayed over her, feeling her adjust to his size. She began moving her hips and squeezing him.

"Yes...my lord," Katriss whispered like she was in a trance.

Asher remained over her, pulling, and

pushing his cock in her unholy valley. Wet inches appeared and disappeared as pale purple folds slid over throbbing veins along the shaft. The tempo slowly increased, Asher looking down on her as she was helpless against his power and control.

Elara let out a trembling sigh. She lifted her leg and put it down, her legs slightly parted. The elf took hold of her dress and pulled it aside enough for her hand to slid between creamy thighs. Fingers slid to her own elfhood, touching wetness and grazing her own clit. The tips of two fingers made slow, deliberate circles as she watched Asher push his way into the beautiful demon. Heated breath slipped down from parted lips. Hips moved slightly to her own selfish touch. The inner blaze grew hotter as she watched Asher take what he wanted.

Asher's hips moved with power and ease. He continued to caress and grab at the prone demoness, enjoying every touch. Hand cupping a large breast, a finger and a thumb squeezed at a dripping nipple. Milk squirted from his grip and pinch. It was enough for a demonic moan to fill the air.

The tempo grew and soon, the sound of skin on skin played on like a private

symphony. Katriss bounced to his thrusts, unwilling to stop the lord's demanding nature. She moaned louder and licked her lips as he used her, making her his cow.

The sounds of their primal desires played on. Elara was caught in the moment of intimate pleasure. Nerves coiled as she was getting closer to her own climax. It burned and whipped at her sense of self. Her fingers moved at a near frenetic pace, waves of bliss bubbling close to the surface. The dam of control was weakening and she rubbed her clit like she was casting an intimate spell.

"We have just begun," Asher whispered into Katriss's ear.

Eyes remained firmly in the demoness's head as pleasure spiked. Ecstasy jolted every nerve in her body as magical explosions cascaded along her senses. Reality was pushed away as she drowned in dripping climax. Katriss gasped as she was unable to control it. She cried out for more, squeezing Lord Blackwood as he rammed his urges into her.

It was too much for the younger man as he too, lost control. Hips pushed to the hilt before his cock thickened. Inner walls were forced to accommodate him before thick spurts of seed

painted her tight, inner world. Urges pushed at Asher as he couldn't control himself with slow, hard thrusts. Honey and come spilled from their union as Asher let out his own satisfied grunt.

When the moment of ecstasy ebbed, Lord Blackwood pulled his wet cock from her and raised himself onto his knees.

Elara let out a shudder as she stared at the handsome younger man. His cock dripped with forbidden lust, and it further woke her own perverted desires. Fingers rubbing harder, heat flashed along her body. A defeated moan spilled from her lips as her eyes rolled into her head. She gasped for air as her body shuddered hard.

Dreamy heat filled the bedchamber. Asher reached for the leather cuffs behind the demon woman and unlocked them. He then moved to her ankles and undid them. With a toss from his hand, the leather cuffs landed on the floor. Katriss brought her arms around and turned onto her back. She huffed for air as nerves tingled in delight. Her tail snaked up and touched Asher's hip.

Elara writhed in her chair. She looked down at herself, dress and her seat were

soaked in her own desires.

“Look at what you’ve done to me,” Elara said with a breathy whisper.

Asher ignored her for the moment. He reached for Katriss’s rags and began tearing them off with his hands. Katriss moaned her delight to his forceful grabs and pulling. The rags tore away easily, each piece tossed from the bed until the tall demon was completely naked. He looked down between her parted legs, seeing his seed dripping from her slit.

Pale red eyes rolled back into place, Katriss looking up at Asher’s face now over hers. Her hand moved to between her thighs. Fingers touched his leaking seed and she smeared it over her clit, making slow, lazy circles.

“You now belong to this family, my family,” Asher said with a soft tone.

“I live to serve,” Katriss whispered as she rubbed her clit.

“Yes, you will,” Asher smiled.

Lifting his upper body up, he looked over to Elara in her chair. The elf was lost to her own touch once again, massaging herself closer to another orgasm.

“You rutting animal,” Elara whispered before she moaned.

Asher slipped out of bed and stepped to her. Elara looked up as she didn’t slow her self-love. Her eyes widened as he grabbed her arm and pulled her to her feet.

“Unhand me!” Elara said in pretend outrage.

Asher pulled her to the bed and shoved her onto it. Elara landed on the bed and crawled back a little, her white dress wet from milk and honey. Her eyes trembled as she looked up at Asher, seeing his demonic urges wanting more.

“I’m keeping my word, my lady,” he said as she grabbed at her dress and lifted it up.

“You would dare touch me after...” Elara trailed off as Asher’s hands moved along her legs and up her sides.

She relaxed as he touched her in a loving way. Strong hands moved along her until he reached her top. He hooked his fingers and pulled, her large breasts now free. Milk leaked from standing nipples, and she cooed to his touch.

Elara struggled to sit up, when another hand reached over and touched her. The elf

turned her head to see Katriss moving closer and caressing the elf's skin. The demon woman pressed her body to Elara's side. A wicked gleam filled her eyes as she touched Elara's other breast and gave it a small squeeze. A thumb rubbed over Elara's nipple and she gasped in bliss.

Asher grabbed at Elara's dress and pulled it down. When it slipped past her hips, he pulled it off and tossed it aside. He looked down on both women, caught in pleasure's grasp. Katriss nibbled on Elara's pointed ear. The elf closed her eyes and took heavy breaths. Her heart beat strong and fast. Wetness continued to spill from her slit and hips moved of their own accord.

"This...is foul...trickery," Elara said as she couldn't fight her own desires.

Asher watched as Katriss licked and nibbled at the elf, milk dripping from her own engorged breasts.

"Katriss," Asher whispered to get her attention.

"Yes, my lord," the demoness said with a seductive tone.

"Have our dear lady drink from you," Asher said with a polite command.

Elara couldn't control her breathing as her nerves were at the breaking point. She gasped for air as the demon woman cupped her own breast and pushed her nipple to Elara's mouth. The mature elf whined before lips closed on the purple nipple. Milk streamed onto her tongue and she drank deeply.

The moment the demon milk slipped down her throat, her pupils dilated. New lurid energy spread out along her body. It was enough for her to suckle harder, trying to drink more.

The sudden trickle of pain along her nipple caused Katriss to laugh in delight. The sweet pain caused her to writhe against the elf, wanting her to drink more.

Asher crawled over Elara and lowered his head to Katriss's chest. When Elara pulled away and gulped air, it was Asher's turn to clamp his lips around her standing nipple and drink.

The demon milk surged into his entire body and his internal demons sang their praises. Asher's cock stiffened once again as he drank. After a short time, he pulled away and wiped his mouth. A hand grabbed at his cock and stroked it. He looked down to see Elara's

hands lovingly stroking his cock between her parted legs.

No words were said as Asher moved closer. His throbbing member touched her quivering elfhood. Hips pushed as Elara let out a loving sigh. Thick inches spread her inner world and she lifted her hands to his back. Nails dug into flesh, but didn't penetrate skin. She turned her head to the side as his hips spread her legs aside. When he reached the hilt, he moved slowly. Elara moaned as their connection blazed bright. The demon milk curled along their bodies and spirits, pushing their urges beyond their limits.

Katriss ran her hands along their bodies, feeling their skin and intimate bonds. She snuggled closer as Asher made long, slow thrusts. Elara cried out when a string of orgasms blasted her nerves to shattering glass. She whimpered as ecstasy curled her toes. Feeling Asher on her, in her, made her whimper with love. The play between them had fallen away to the background. Only the heat of their joined bodies became her true religion.

"You feel so good," Elara whispered in the throes of passion.

“I can’t stop myself. You’re my treasure, my desire,” Asher said in a moment of loving truth.

Katriss rubbed her clit as she moaned beside them. The demoness felt the bond between them, and it roared with her desires. Her tail coiled around and ran down Asher’s strong back.

“I want this...” Elara whimpered as pleasure clouded her every thought.

“I want you...all of you,” Asher said as he increased the tempo.

“You have me,” Elara said in the barest whisper before her eyes fluttered.

Wetness surged and squirted from their union. Elara let out a soul draining moan from Asher’s slow, but steady pace. Legs lifted and clamped around the small of his back. Her hands stayed on his back, holding him close as he stabbed at her soul with his meaty dagger. She snuggled to his neck, feeling his raw power as he fucked her through her orgasm. A string of magical explosions rippled along her nerves.

Asher let out a grunt as he took in Elara’s scent. Her body writhing and holding him close inched him closer to his own orgasm.

Her hold on him was intoxicating, like she was afraid to let go. She whimpered and shuddered to his repeated thrusts. He could feel her drift along their bond, and he held her close to guide her through blissful waters. His cock thickened and he added his own strong grunt to their song. Thick spurts painted her inner world. She squeezed him, milking his cock as he continued to push his soul into her.

When the moment of bliss ebbed, the pair remained connected. Desire and demon milk kept his member hard as iron. It also kept the mature elf relaxed, wet, and wanting more.

Katriss stayed close as she watched them. She felt the glow of the two lovers lost to each other's gravity.

"I...didn't know," the demoness whispered.

Asher and Elara turned their confused eyes to the demon woman.

"I didn't know you were both in love with each other," Katriss said plainly.

"We..." Elara trailed off.

"It's..." Asher trailed off.

Katriss gave them a fanged smile. "It's okay. I understand and I'm not here to judge.

It only added to the moment, and it was delicious.

“You don’t have to say anything more, but I want to be here, with you both.”

Asher and Elara blinked as their bodies betrayed them and continued to move along their snug connection.

“We can talk about it more, after I’ve been fucked a few more times. I need more and this play has been a deeply pleasurable experience.”

Katriss’s gaze slid down to Elara’s leaking nipple.

“And I want to taste elf milk,” she said before clamping her lips around Elara’s nipple and suckling.

Elara gasped before she moaned in delight. Asher continued with short, loving thrusts as he looked down on Katriss suckling on Elara’s tit.

Asher and Elara were soon lost to pleasure’s song once again as sunlight poured into the bedchamber and moans touched the air.

Chapter 12

Dream Time

Night filled the sky. The last glow of the setting sun vanished behind the horizon. Stars glowed beyond a bed chamber window as moans touched the air.

Asher was on his back with Elara snuggled close to him. The pair watched as Katriss impaled herself on Asher's member, riding him and moaning her pleasure. The demon's eyes were closed, as if she was lost to a private song. Thick wet inches appeared and disappeared between their connection, the demoness moaning with heavy breath.

Asher had his arm curled around Elara, keeping her close. She rested her hand on his chest, feeling his strong heart beat against it. Warmth crawled along their skin as the sounds of love making was music to their ears.

Elara sighed before kissing Asher's neck. Asher's hand moved to her large breast, giving it a slight squeeze and milk dripping on him. The comfortable closeness had consumed them, where words meant little, and touch

meant everything.

Most of the day was spent in bed, the trio locked in various forms of intimacy. Urges overwhelmed them as little was said. Asher could barely control himself, finishing with one lover and moving to the other. Elf and demon milk spurred on his urges to new heights, ensuring he spilled his seed in the pair many times. The younger man lost count as it didn't matter anymore. They continued with their play, breeding the demoness and enjoying their storyline. Katriss continued to beg throughout their tryst, needing Asher like her life depended on it. For Asher, there were moments that it truly felt like he was needed for her future, but even those notions bled away with each orgasm.

"She's beautiful," Elara said as she looked upon Katriss again.

Asher nodded as he felt himself approaching climax again.

Katriss moaned louder as she felt the young man's cock thicken. Her leaking breasts bounced as she picked up the tempo. Heat and lust curled her clawed toes as she squeezed him, her body wanting more.

Asher let out a subdued grunt as Katriss

threw her head back in orgasmic bliss. The pair carried on, milking pleasure and ecstasy as white seed dripped from their union. Katriss slowed and continued to squeeze the virile young man. She ran her hands through her own hair as she lazily milked his member.

Elara turned her attention to Asher and looked at him with adoring eyes. “I love seeing you enjoying yourself.”

Asher looked down at the beautiful mature elf with loving eyes. “I love seeing you enjoying yourself, more so. All of this may feel like its centered around me, but I tend to think it’s centered around us.”

The elf slowly blinked as pink touched her cheeks. “I feel the same. I feared saying it out loud because I didn’t want to spoil the dream time.”

“Dream time?” Asher said as he held her close.

Elara gave a slight nod. “It’s understandable since you haven’t read any of the books yet. It is often written about how there is a moment, a cloud over all hearts and minds in such places like your farm, where it becomes nothing more than a dream. Where all those who dwell within such places, are

lost to desires, urges, and freedom. There is no judgement or ridicule. Only a peace with living a life most can only dream of.”

“It’s a cherished time to be a part of,” Katriss whispered as she ground against Asher, his half-hard member still within her.

“I still feel I have a lot to learn about this life,” Asher said as he enjoyed the small moment of rest.

“We all do,” Elara said with a sultry smile.

“You are both adorable,” Katriss seethed.

The pair looked at each other before turning their amused gazes to the demoness.

“Silence cow!” Asher and Elara laughed.

Katriss couldn’t hide her fanged grin as she moved slowly up and down on Asher’s manhood.

“Forgive me, Lord and Lady Blackwood.”

Elara snuggled into Asher and let out a breathy sigh.

Asher shifted his gaze to the top of Elara’s head. His pulse quickened as he could feel her soul drip and mingle with his. What started out as a lewd adventure, grew deeper with each passing day and night. Inspiration filled his mind of future adventures, but his heart

glowed at the thought of Elara with him. There was a deep affection for everyone on the farm, but Elara held center stage. It was enough that the mere thought of her caused his manhood to harden once again.

“My lord,” Katriss gasped as she felt him thicken once more.

Asher grimaced, not because he was getting harder, but because his stomach cried out for sustenance. He couldn’t remember when he last ate, and the day’s activities had kept him busy enough to forget that he was still mortal, with mortal needs.

Damn this living shell.

Asher grinned at his own, internal joke before he sat up. He placed his hands on Katriss’s waist and lifted her up. The demoness let out a whimper before he turned and gently placed her down next to Elara.

“I need something to eat,” Asher said as she looked at the two beautiful women, side by side.

“We can have something brought to us,” Elara said, but her eyes saying she didn’t want him to leave.

Asher stretched his arms up before bringing them down. He slid out of bed and

stood up in his naked glory.

“No, it’s fine. I need to stretch my legs. I’ll get something from the kitchen. Does anyone want anything?”

Elara was about to say something when Katriss’s hands touched the elf and glided over her skin. Elara turned her gaze to the demoness, seeing the hunger in her pale crimson eyes. She moved closer, letting her hands touch the elf’s naked skin until her pale purple fingers moved between Elara’s inner thighs.

“Mistress is hungry for another orgasm,” Katriss said just as her finger touched the elf’s throbbing clit.

Elara let out a soft exhale as heated bliss filled her.

Asher smiled. “I’ll bring a plate and water. Katriss, ensure Lady Blackwood is well fed.”

“Yes, my lord,” Katriss said as she played Elara like a violin.

Asher turned and walked to the bedroom door, Elara’s moans growing with each step.

The young man exited the bed chamber and into the corridor. He walked, enjoying the moment of respite. The thought of Elara and

Katriss tantalized him as he made his way to the stairs and took them down.

Asher had no idea where everyone else was in the house. He was so wrapped up with his time with Elara and Katriss, he didn't check on anyone else. When he reached the bottom of the stairs and made his way into the living room, he was surprised to see a sleeping black goat on the couch.

"Sure, make yourself at home," he said under his breath as the uni-goat slept peacefully on the couch like she owned it.

Asher made his way into the kitchen and stopped short when he spotted Nyn and Blyss at the kitchen table. A pair of open books were on the table as the two of them turned their heads and looked at Asher. Gazes dropped to his hanging member and Blyss smiled wide.

"I didn't know if anyone else was still up," Asher said without a lick of shame.

"It's still early," Nyn said plainly. "Amber did go to bed early. Blyss and I were simply going through her reading lesson."

Blyss hopped off the chair and looked up at Asher with bright, yellow eyes. "I serve!"

"No need," Asher said as he walked further into the kitchen. "You both can keep

on what you were doing. I can get some food and water.”

The goblin nearly darted to him and grabbed his hand. The goblin pulled him to her chair next to Nyn.

“You sit! I will bring you food and water!” Blyss ordered as she pushed at him.

Asher let her push him as he sat down in the chair. The goblin rushed to a cabinet and pulled out a plate. She then rushed to the kitchen pantry.

“Enjoying your evening?” Nyn asked casually to the naked Lord Blackwood.

“Very much so. Katriss seems to be fitting in,” Asher said.

“Indeed,” Nyn said with a small, knowing smile.

Asher saw that Nyn was dressed in a thin, black robe. Her naked cleavage was uncovered and he couldn’t resist glancing at her pale skin.

Even after hours of sex and love making, I still cannot tame my urges.

Nyn looked down to Asher’s thickening member before looking back up to him.

“Is there something I can help you with,

Lord Blackwood?" she asked.

Asher caught the intention in her words and smiled. "Yes, but I need help understanding something said upstairs."

"I am at your command."

"You've read many of the forbidden books. Is there a mention of something called the Dream Time?"

Nyn gave a knowing nod. "It is often mentioned and detailed in many of the books. It is a time of such deep bonds, there is no need to speak. There is a wild abandonment of selves, as lovers become entwined for hours, days, and sometimes weeks."

Asher scratched his head. "That is where I need more details. How does a farm run if everyone is in a dream time? I can understand the appeal, but surely, even in those stories, tending to everyday tasks is needed."

"It's part of the fantasy and what makes it so appealing. To be slaves to our desires, under the Divine Mother's light, is a path to spirituality."

"I do wish to find the time to read some of the forbidden books, but can you tell me some things about them? I'm very interested to know more."

Nyn nodded. "I have mentioned some things before, but there are different erotic stories on how these farms are run. They share a common theme of worship and milking for potions and elixirs, but most are run differently, depending on individual tastes.

"Some farms forbid clothing. Some require fulfilling certain needs of the guests, either with praise, or pain. There are farms that appear normal, but delve into debauchery after the sun sets. Others care not of schedules, taking what they want at any time. Each farm has their own style, fashion, or rules."

Asher mentally digested her words. "What was Blackwood farm known for?"

Nyn eyed him. "The Blackwood farm is far older than even your uncle's time. From what I've read, The Wood House, which is based on Blackwood, is known for lewd exploration and freedom. It is a happy medium when compared to other farms. It welcomed those who were exploring personal limits and horizons."

"You mean, even before my uncle's time here, Blackwood was meant to be a place of discovering one's self, sensually?"

Nyn nodded. "It is why you have fit in so

perfectly. The characters in Blackwood stories enjoyed breaking away from mundane lives and explore sides of themselves they never knew they could. But I must tell you, there is something else about Blackwood that has a very deep appeal.”

Asher leaned forward a little to hear more, when a plate was placed on the table between them.

Asher blinked as he looked at the plate filled with dried meat strips, bread, cheese, and several pieces of fruit. A tall glass of water was placed next to it.

Hunger growled its needs. Asher reached over and picked up a piece of cheese. The moment he bit into it, a small hand grabbed his nearly standing member. He looked down to see Blyss on her knees between his parted legs. She gently stroked his member while looking up with adoring eyes.

“Master’s cock needs to be cleaned,” the goblin said before licking at his throbbing head. “I happy to clean.”

Asher gulped down his food, ready to tell the goblin she didn’t have to, when she closed her lips around the tip and gently sucked. Pleasure bloomed as Asher relaxed in his

chair. The urge to stop her quickly fell away like dying leaves. Feeling her enthusiastic mouth and tongue on him drowned out any hint of stopping her.

Nyn continued like she didn't notice the goblin's head bobbing on Asher's manhood, "Blackwood was known as a monastery as well. Here, anyone could worship the Divine Mother, the owner often taking the role as the Divine Mother's priest."

Asher listened, despite the goblin's plump lips sliding down his rock-hard member. He touched a large, pointed green ear as he attempted to mull over what Nyn explained.

The dark-blue-haired elf tried to keep her attention on Asher's eyes, but occasionally looked down as the horny goblin sucked on Asher's member.

"There are many moments during the Blackwood books where guests refrained from intimacy for a day to a week. Their urges would blind them after a time, needing release and calling on the Divine Mother's priest to aid them during these times.

"Currently, we do not have a statue to the Divine Mother here on the farm, but it is something we should acquire, if you wish to

explore that side of it?”

Asher nodded as pleasure sang. “I very much want to read the Blackwood stories, if to get a better idea on what is expected.”

The elf nodded. “This is your farm and may be run as you wish, but I am more than happy to help you with your research.”

Blyss’s head and mouth upped the tempo. Wet sounds rose from Asher’s lap as she vigorously enjoyed cleaning her master.

“I would like that. I may have need of you to aid in further exploring activities, for all of us.”

“I’m enjoying our game of royalty, but yes, I want more,” Nyn said with sultry eyes.

Asher nodded when he felt his soul being pulled through his cock. He looked down to Blyss’s head bobbing furiously. He felt her tongue sliding against his cock, pressing it to the roof of her mouth. It had become too much and in a flash of heat, spurts of come painted her throat.

Blyss hummed her approval as seed pooled in her throat, and she quickly drank it down. She slowed as she kept her mouth tight, milking her master and drinking pieces of his soul. When the last drop of seed slipped down

her throat, she pulled away and playfully licked at his half-hard member.

“Master clean for now,” the goblin grinned as she stroked him.

Asher gave the goblin a relaxed smile.

“Blyss, may I speak further with Lord Blackwood?” Nyn asked politely.

The goblin nodded as she stood up. She gave her master a few more strokes before letting go. She turned and left the kitchen, swinging her hips and making sure Asher saw her as she left.

Asher did indeed watch the goblin leave the room, her rump filling his thoughts and the fire of his urges still burning. Nyn’s voice brought him back to reality.

“Lord Blackwood, I do not wish to keep you from your duties much longer, but I wanted to tell you, I have heard some rumors.”

Asher eyed the elf and feeling the game wash over them. Despite being naked, and getting hard again at the sight of the beautiful elf, he tried to concentrate.

Nyn continued, “There is one rumor that stands above all others. There are whispers

that the Lady of Blackwood will not be able to provide an heir. We know the truth, but I haven't discovered how the rumor left the castle. I fear, if an heir is not provided, many more will try to win your affections to provide one for you, and the kingdom."

Asher leaned forward and looked deeply into Nyn's blue eyes. "And if I refuse them?"

"The people of the kingdom may flee to other kingdoms," Nyn said before slowly blinking at Asher. "If I may, I can help you and Lady Blackwood to achieve bringing an heir to the kingdom."

Asher caught the gleam in Nyn's azure eyes and his manhood stiffened in agreement.

Standing up, he reached down and took Nyn's hand into his. He walked out of the kitchen, gently pulling the elf advisor with him. The pair made their way up the stairs and down the long corridor. When they were close to the master bedchamber, moans radiated from the other side.

Asher opened the door and stepped in with Nyn. The pair looked upon the bed, seeing Elara on her back. Her legs were spread as Katriss's horned head was buried between them. Elara's eyes were closed as she writhed.

The demoness licked and slathered at the elf's valley and along her clit. Her tongue undulated as she broke down Elara to her baser needs.

Asher pulled Nyn with him and snapped his arm forward. Nyn went with the pull, turning and flopping onto the bed. She began to undress as Asher looked at all three of them. His gaze fell on Katriss's up and unguarded valley as he listened to Elara's moans. He glanced over to Nyn as she pulled her thin robe open and exposed her full, gravity defying breasts. They leaked creamy milk as she shrugged off her robe.

Madness once again consumed him. Asher's demons cried out for more as he crawled onto the bed. Nyn crawled back until Asher grabbed her legs. The elf fell onto her back, next to Elara. She gasped as Asher's head dove between her thighs and licked at her.

Elara opened her eyes to see her friend next to her. The pair moaned in unison as a man and a demon licked them into submission.

Asher stayed to task as his senses absorbed the dreamy bliss and heat of their bodies.

Thoughts of taking all of them danced as he licked and sipped on the elf's honey, listening to happy moans.

Katriss was on all fours, her arms and legs trembling. She stared at nothing, caught in bliss's embrace as Asher slammed into her from behind. Elara and Nyn were side by side on the bed, watching Lord Blackwood fuck the demon woman from behind. The sound of his hips on her ass further added to the dreamy moment, the time well past midnight.

"It would seem even a demoness has her limits," Elara said with a weary grin.

"I...live to serve," Katriss moaned as orgasms shattered most coherent thought.

Asher continued punishing her from behind. When the numb urges broke him down, he let out a soft grunt. Pleasure and soreness rocked his body as he showered the demon's thin valley in his seed. When he gulped down air, his entire body wilted.

Katriss let out a long moan before she collapsed onto her stomach and breathing heavy.

Asher's cock slipped out of the fallen demon. Weakness pulled at him, knowing

Katriss had drained more than just his seed. Close to passing out, he crawled over to the two elves and fell into their waiting arms. He barely had the energy to close his lips on one of Elara's nipples. He sucked down her milk, needing her magical cream to help replace some of his energy he parted to the demoness.

Nyn was against his back and holding the weary younger man as Elara cradled his head in her arm, keeping him to her breast. The blonde mature elf looked down with loving eyes as he drank from her.

"Drink my morsel," Elara whispered with a loving tone.

Katriss slowly rose and sat back. A dazed look filled her pale crimson eyes. She turned her attention to Asher between the two elves, sucking on Elara's breast.

"I may have drained him a little more than expected," she said with a tired voice.

"He'll be fine, after he drinks from me," Elara said as she ran her fingers through his hair. She then turned her attention to the sitting naked demoness. "Are you enjoying your time here?"

Katriss nodded. "I am, very much so."

Asher pulled away from Elara's nipple and

simply looked up at her. “Are we all having a good time?”

Elara looked down with a happy smile. “Truly.”

“I’m having fun,” Nyn said as she took Asher’s member and began to stroke it.

Asher sucked in air, his cock sensitive to Nyn’s grasp, but not telling her to stop.

“I did enjoy being chained up in the closet,” Katriss said.

“I was happy to be included,” Nyn said as she slowly stroked Lord Blackwood.

Elara and Asher looked into each other’s eyes, the couple caught in a deep, warm bond.

“I feel the dream time,” Elara whispered.

“Me too,” Asher whispered as well.

Thoughts swirled through the younger man’s mind, wondering if he could stay to his duties and not fall into an endless dream time. His heart beat with happiness as he was surrounded by three beautiful women, causing the soreness he felt before to slowly vanish from his abused member.

“Did you enjoy watching Katriss and I?” Asher asked Elara.

The elf grinned as she nodded. "Seeing you both enjoying yourselves turned me on. I couldn't stop the flood between my legs."

Katriss moved her legs under her and sat on her ankles. The demoness slid her hand down her stomach and fingers touched the top of her valley, massaging her clit. She lifted her other hand and ran it through her long, pale purple hair as she enjoyed her own touch.

"To see a prized lover unable to control their urges is a fine wine at best. I too would enjoy seeing Asher take a lover before my eyes, and degrading me as he did it," Katriss half said, half moaned.

"I see we are not short on ideas," Nyn said as she continued to stroke Asher.

Asher gave a small nod as he was lost to Nyn's skillful touch.

Elara kept her gaze on Asher's happy expression and her heart swelled. "We'll keep our plans and plots as we continue with our play, but if you need rest, please tell us. We wouldn't want to wear you out before the month is finished," she said with loving care.

Asher only saw the beautiful blonde elf's smile. His eyes fluttered, despite his demonic urges welling up once again.

“Anything...for the women I love,” he said with a whisper before passing out.

Elara’s eyes widened before they cooled. She glanced to Nyn and Katriss, the pair looking at her, knowing that they heard what was said. There was no shock in their eyes, only a deep understanding.

“He said it,” Nyn said as she slowed her stroking.

“Was there any doubt,” Elara said as she held him closer to her naked bosom.

“Even in my short time here, I could taste his love for everyone here,” Katriss said as she continued to massage her own clit. “His affections are still growing for me, but I could feel his love for everyone who dwells here.”

The demoness lifted her gaze to the pair of elves with understanding eyes. “I cannot stay here for longer than thirty days, but if I may, I wish to echo what you both already know.

“He will tear down the world to ensure your happiness. His life may be short, but it will burn bright. It brings a tear to my eye that I cannot stay, but know this, I will return to ensure you both love him as much as he loves you.”

Elara ran her fingers through Asher’s hair

as he slept peacefully next to her.

“That is a threat I can live with,” the beautiful blonde elf said before kissing Asher on his forehead.

Chapter 13

Building Dreams

The front door opened and Asher stepped out with a cup of tea in hand. The young man smiled at the bright, misty morning. He took a sip of his steamy tea, feeling invigorated after last night's activities. A mental image floated into his thoughts of Elara, Katriss, and Nyn, laying in bed and sleeping the early morning away. As much as he wanted to wake them to continue their fun, he decided against it, knowing there would be plenty of time to explore their play and intimate adventures.

The morning mist clouded the world. Faint dark images of trees stood in the distance. It brought a gentle calm to the young man as he dwelled in high spirits.

A hazy memory tried to crawl into his mind, but it continued to slip away. Asher felt something more happened last night during their trysts, but couldn't bring himself to remember every detail. Thoughts soon crowded of skin-on-skin contact, intimate touching, holding and licking. It played on

with his thoughts, excited to see what they will explore in the coming days to weeks.

A fluttering sound touched Asher's ear. He listened as he the fluttering continued in the small breeze. Turning around, his eyes widened a little as he discovered what was making the fluttering sound.

Around Asher's front door were parchments and scrolls tacked to the front of the farm house. Edges fluttered in the small breeze as black words were plain to see. Asher walked up to the dozens of parchments scattered around his door, reading the same text on each one with annoyed eyes.

Vote Lady Sandra Windswell for Mayor!

*She is the only choice to bring Star Fall and
Mist Valley into light once again!*

"She's trying to warn me, and the town," Asher muttered to himself.

Thoughts lingered on the strangeness Asher felt when he first arrived at Mist Valley. The eagerness of the former mayor was apparent in hindsight, as was the night the former mayor tried to steal the secrets of the farm. He hurt Elara, and tried to hurt everyone else, forcing Asher to take the

mayor's life in self-defense. Even though what was done was done, it left a void in the town, and valley that needed to be filled. Dina Hammer put out her bid to become Star Fall's new mayor, but Lady Windswell was not going to let that happen without a fight.

Asher looked away, thinking about the night of the home warming, and Lady Windswell offering herself to him so they would solidify an alliance. She hoped their alliance would aid in getting herself, her husband, and their farm considered to be a member of the Opal Society. Asher was having none of it, respectfully declining such an alliance because Lady Windswell tried to become friends through deception. Her jealousy of his uncle's influence didn't help their discussions, the lady speaking her scorn of not being considered by the society, or having an alliance with his uncle. Asher hated that she tried shortcuts to attain her goals, when simple friendship would have had a greater impact.

Asher's heart sagged in his chest, knowing that if Lady Windswell became the new mayor of Star Fall, she would take every opportunity to make his life difficult for rebuffing her advances of friendship and more. He nodded

to himself, knowing that he had to do what he could to help the town, and himself for the time he will remain here.

With one hand, he began grabbing at parchments and ripping them down. He sipped his tea as he bunched up ripped up pamphlets in his other hand.

“This will make great kindling for the stove as I prepare to break the night’s fast,” Asher smiled to himself as the sound of ripping paper brought him a sliver of joy.

Time marched on. A week transpired as life on Blackwood Farm continued. For Asher, it became a time to create the place he, and the women of Blackwood, wanted it to become.

Asher began with building a patio beside the sitting pond. Working with his hands and an assortment of tools, he started the arduous task of building what he envisioned. Mornings were spent cutting and shaping wood. He then painted the larger pieces with a varnish. As they dried, he hunted for large flat stones and mixed liquid stone. The project took up most of the early parts of his days.

After three days, he had everything he

needed to start building. He dug out the section where the patio would stand. He then placed flat stones within it and followed with pouring liquid stone between them. He smoothed out the liquid with a shaping tool. He also added the wood supports to the four corners and secured them into place. The liquid stone hardened overnight and Asher continued with the second half of the project.

The young man worked diligently to tie support branches over the stone floor. He used a strong rope to tie the overhead support to the thicker support beams. He created a slightly pointed roof. When he finished, he added branches and flat boards to the roof of the patio. By the end of the week, he looked over his handy work.

The patio was a blend of primal nature and a modern structure. The roof was high, but just under it were branches reaching out like a forest canopy. Vines were entwined with the branches, giving them life once again. The supports were made of knobby wood beams. The vines curled around them to add to its beauty. A long table was placed on stone patio floor, along with six, comfortable wood chairs. With summer on the distant horizon, Asher knew this will be a favorite place to dine on

warm days and evenings.

Asher did spend part of his time inspecting the sitting pond. The fish and pond were thriving. The water was clear of algae, and the fish often slipped down into dark private areas at times. To ease his sore muscles, he would slip into the waters and enjoy the pond before climbing back out to return to work.

The entire week was not spent simply on building the new patio. Asher spent part of his days working in the alchemy lab with Amber. The pair used alchemy to process the gathered milk from all who resided under the roof. They also spent their time researching and discussing what potions to craft with demon milk.

It was the first time Asher really focused on building his alchemy skill. He and Amber often read and referenced the Lac Codex. There was a section on demon milk, Amber helping with translation of the texts, strangely written in ancient common. It took some time, but the pair discovered that demon milk could be used for several different kinds of potions, ranging from a cure for curses, to elixirs of mind control, to potions to revitalize libidos.

Much to Asher's surprise, demon milk

looked to be the most versatile when it came to crafting potions. With the Lac Codex open, the pair set about creating dozens of new potions and aided in further teaching the ranger the roots of alchemy.

Aside from demon milk, elf, goblin, and faun milk were crafted and stored. By the end of the week, their storage area was nearly full, and they still had over two weeks before the shipment would be picked up.

When potions were not being crafted, Asher found himself making his way upstairs to Katriss's room. There was no more polite knocking, the young lord stepping into her bedchamber. Katriss was often caught in an act of self-love. She only stopped when Asher arrived. She begged and whimpered for him as he undressed. For a time out of each day, the pair fell to their baser urges. When they finished, Asher dressed as the demoness laid in the bed, breathing heavy and seed dripping between her thighs from their vigorous trysts. When he asked to stay and give her care, she would laugh, saying she didn't need it, but was thankful for him asking. She boldly told him that she enjoyed being used and aftercare was unnecessary. Seeing the truth in her eyes and words, Asher often treated her like his

toy, much to Katriss's delight.

Afterwards, he did seek out Elara or Nyn. Sometimes he continued following his urges for the beautiful elves. Sometimes they sought him out. Elara enjoyed the moments of punishing him with pleasure as Nyn praised his strength and mind as he punished her from behind.

Blyss sometimes followed Asher around. She would sit with him while he worked. Sometimes she brought things to him. And there were times she demanded to clean him in the bath. It turned into their favorite past time, the goblin dutifully washing him as she rode his member.

At other times, Amber would go to Asher and ask for private time with him. He was happy to oblige the shy faun, the pair vanishing into empty rooms, or the lab.

Fern made the house her home. The uni-goat wandered the farmhouse and the surrounding property. She ate tufts of grass and liked to scream at odd times. It was shocking at first, but soon, everyone on the farm grew used to it.

When night would fall, she would come into the home and climb onto the couch to

sleep. There was talk between everyone about building an area beside the farm for the uni-goat and livestock to live, but it seemed Asher was the only one truly wanting that because everyone else had fallen in love with the mystical goat, even when she screamed for no reason.

The last conversation Asher remembered was that the living area for the uni-goat would have to be decided at a latter date.

During the week, when chores and intimate private times was satisfied, Asher found himself making his way to the library and reading from the few books within. He mentally absorbed knowledge about planting grapes and making wine. He looked over plans for building a winery and barn. He also sketched out a plan for a work shop. A place to work with little distraction.

Despite learning so much, he still reached the conclusion that he would need a lot of coin to speed up the process. The spring was slipping away and he needed to plant the grape vines sooner, rather than later, for a grand harvest. It weighed on him enough that he often closed the books he was reading and switched to the forbidden books he and the beautiful ladies of Blackwood acquired.

It was during those times that Asher fell down a rabbit hole of lewd debauchery and dreamy ecstasy. The stories unfolded before his eyes, drinking in every detail from each book. He mentally stored moments of unbridled desire, unhindered by judgmental eyes and social norms. It all began to make sense why these kinds of books were treasured. They spared no detail of intimacy and freedom. The characters in the stories came to unburden themselves and be as they wished to be, some to unfettered extremes.

One chapter stood out to Asher, reading about a gorgon taking on the lord of the farm as a lover. She would undress him and turn him to stone. She then would mount his stone phallus with her lower snake half coiled around him. She rode his actual stone member until she was exhausted. She then turned him back to flesh and he would then take her. Pages were written of her verbally denying him, but internally loving his need to dominate her.

There were a few parts where the gorgon had to be punished, and she was brought into a secret room. Those parts lifted Asher's eyebrow as he continued to read.

The stories would shift in tone, from lurid

moments to wholesome care. Asher began to understand the dream time, everyone dwelling within the farm falling to their desires and urges.

During his readings, he began to see the hints of symbolism and secrets begin to emerge. Within the texts, some words were bold for no reason. In other parts, sentences were phrased in odd ways. Rereading many passages, he began to understand the secret code, but not all of it. When he brought it to Elara or Nyn, the elves informed him that with multiple reads, he would understand the secret language within. The secret language varied with each book, some easier than others to understand. Which meant they had to visit the book store again and buy more forbidden books.

Time on the farm fell into normalcy. The night the patio was finished, everyone on the farm, including Fern, ate together. They feasted as they enjoyed night's cool air. Asher couldn't hide his smile, seeing Elara and Katriss speaking to each other with excited eyes, the pair discussing the intricacies of their respective elven and demonic politics. Nyn continued to aid Blyss with practicing her reading and speaking complicated words.

Amber was often talking to Fern, and giving her random hugs.

Asher gazed upon all of them, and his heart swelled.

When the feast was over, Asher took Elara and Katriss to his bedchamber for further intimate discussions.

The next day, Asher woke early to eye the property and plan where to build. Fern was hopping around and screaming for fun. Nyn was in the sitting pond, enjoying the water. Amber, Elara, and Katriss were inside, going about their day.

The day wore on. Asher found himself reading in the living room as Katriss proclaimed she would make dinner this evening. The sun had nearly set as he read a black book in his hands. A knock at the front door woke him from a sensual scene playing out in his imagination. He closed the book, put it down on the couch and stood up. He made his way to the door and opened it. Much to his surprise, Dina stood with a smile and a bottle of wine in her hand. She was dressed in a loose tunic and black leggings. She had shin high boots and carried a relaxed demeanor.

Asher's gaze was drawn to her elated

smile. Her short black hair was neatly kept. Despite her loose shirt, it couldn't hide her toned body peaking out along her neck and collar.

Asher had seen his share of strong warrior women with muscles bigger than his, but there was a difference with Dina. She was toned and fit, without exaggeration. Her smile and bright eyes held a genuine glow. Her skin was smooth, but not toughened from battle, like he had seen on his former adventures.

A flame filled his spirit as Dina held up the bottle of wine.

"I hope I'm not intruding at a bad time, but I couldn't wait any longer," she smiled brightly. "If I am intruding, the wine is for you to enjoy. If I am not intruding, we can enjoy the wine, together."

Asher stood with a warm smile. "Dina, you're always welcomed to Blackwood."

"Careful what you say. An open invitation can lead to misunderstandings," she grinned as she stepped into the home.

Asher closed the door and turned to Dina. She handed him a bottle of wine. Asher took it and bowed to her.

"Thank you," he said as he read the label.

“I knew we had a date, but I thought we would sit down and talk about the future of Mist Valley and Star Fall. If it’s, okay?” Dina said.

“Of course,” Asher said with sudden enthusiasm. He wasn’t exactly sure where it was coming from.

From the corridor archway, Elara entered the room. The elf and human woman looked at each other. For a tiny moment, the pair eyed each other, then small smiles bloomed.

“We have a guest for the evening,” Elara said warmly as she approached Asher and Dina.

Dina nodded. “I wanted to talk to Asher about a few things, and get to know each other a little more,” she said truthfully.

Elara nodded as she gave Asher a mischievous glance. “I have been telling him he needs to get to know everyone in a town a little more. We know we’re a little separated from the people, but that doesn’t mean we should remain that way,” she winked.

Asher smiled at the beautiful elf.

“Yes, it would be in the name of better relations,” Dina grinned.

Asher felt the secret dialogue between the pair, and he liked how it felt. It was enough for him to look upon the mature elf with adoring eyes.

“We can enjoy the wine as we talk in the library,” Asher said as he hefted the bottle of wine.

Dina and Elara turned to him and nodded.

“I’ll have Blyss bring you some food, glasses, and a corkscrew. I’m sure there will be plenty to discuss,” Elara said to Asher before turning her gaze to Dina. “Never be a stranger.”

Dina smiled. “I would very much like to be a friend of the family.”

“Then we are starting on the right path,” Elara said with a warm gleam in her eyes.

The elf turned and walked back toward the main corridor.

Asher and Dina watched her go until she turned a corner and was gone. The young man held out his left hand toward the corridor before the pair made their way toward it.

Dina looked around as they walked and turned past the stairs. They continued until they reached a door and Asher opened it. Dina

stepped past him and into the library.

She glanced around, seeing the library was just as she remembered it. There were plenty of empty shelves, but the one shelf that had books from her previous visit, held a few more books. Comfortable chairs and love seats dotted the simple library. Lanterns glowed with subdued light. Dina's senses relaxed as it seemed even sound was muffled in the chamber.

"Have a seat," Asher said as he pointed to two high back chairs and a small table between them.

Dina made her way over, turned and sat down. Asher sat down in the chair opposite of her and placed the bottle of wine on the table.

Asher watched as Dina looked around. The few times they met, she showed a sense of quiet confidence, but now, there was a different demeanor. She visually scanned the room, and Asher could sense that she was avoiding eye contact.

"Is there anything I can get you?" Asher asked.

Dina pulled her gaze to him and a shy smile formed. "Thank you, but I'm okay. I was thinking about what happened here during the

home warming.”

Asher scratched the back of his head as an uncomfortable memory floated into his mind, playing out how Lady Windswell tried to seduce him.

“It was odd. But thank you for showing up when you did. It helped to stem Lady Windswell’s attitude.”

Dina’s hands were together on her lap, fingers entwined with each other. “Don’t mention it. We all know the kind of person she is. But that said, believe it or not, she does have a good side.

“During certain festivals and events, the Windswell’s have been very generous. They may be power hungry, but they have shown grand kindness to many of the townsfolk.

“Which is part of the reason I’m here.”

Asher leaned forward to listen, when the door to the library opened. Asher and Dina turned their heads and gazes to a short goblin in a long, black dress. She walked barefoot with a wine bottle under one arm, and a plate of fruit, cheese, bread, and two glasses on her other hand. The glasses were upside down and between fingers, with the plate flat on her hand. She sauntered over and placed the plate

and glasses on the table. She grabbed the wine bottle like club, spun it in her hand and placed it down. She dug into a pocket and pulled out a corkscrew.

“Lady Blackwood said to bring another bottle for you to enjoy,” Blyss said as she bowed and handed the corkscrew to Asher.

“Thank you, Blyss,” Asher said as he took the corkscrew from her.

Blyss smiled before standing up. She bowed to Dina before turning and making her way to the door. Once she was out of the room, she closed the door behind her.

Dina’s gaze slid to Asher. “Lady Blackwood?”

Asher chuckled. “Not officially. We thought it would be fun to have titles here,” he said as he quickly explained the basic roles of everyone in the home, leaving Katriss and the finer details out of the explanation.

Dina’s smile grew a little more upon hearing it. “You have your uncle’s sense of fun.”

Asher grinned as he took the corkscrew and stabbed into a tight cork. After a few twists, the cork popped from the wine bottle. Asher began pouring the ruby red liquid into

each glass, making sure they were full.

The pair took hold of their glasses, lifted them up and clinked them together. They took deep sips to help ease the mood. For Asher, the moment the wine hit his belly, he started to feel calmer.

“You still haven’t put up the bell I had made for you,” Dina said with a teasing edge.

“My apologies. I’ll have it up tomorrow.”

Dina laughed. “No need for apologies. I understand that your farm can be a very busy place.”

Asher took another sip, trying to sooth his nerves.

“I have been thinking about you, and your farm,” Dina began.

Asher sat comfortably in his chair as lantern light casted long dark shadows across the chamber.

Dina continued, “You’ve mentioned a number of projects you will be working on. I couldn’t stop thinking about them. Your uncle often hired my people to aid with renovations and repairs. We had a good agreement, but since you arrived, I could tell you have a lot more ambition than your uncle.”

Asher smiled as happy memories of his uncle came back to him. “He was always a free spirit, but liked to keep his home life as uncomplicated as he could. It was something my dad always complained about him, but I secretly admired him for it. My father was a bit stern, but Uncle Aric appeared to be the opposite of him.”

Asher took another sip before he continued, “But, I do have some of my father’s persistent diligence. I see a lot of land not being used, and I can’t simply let it go to waste.”

“Tell me again, what do you have planned for the Blackwood Estate?” Dina asked before taking a sip of wine.

Asher’s eyes lit up. “A barn, workshop, a field of grapes, and a full winery. My mother enjoyed wine, and would talk to me about it when I was younger. It eased her spirit, especially during trying times.

“Since this farm is about the simple pleasures, I thought a winery would help ease everyone who visits. I know the process for making wine is not easy. I’ve been reading up on it, but I do love a challenge.”

“Admirable, Lord...um, Asher,” Dina

corrected herself.

Asher smiled before he took another sip. The glow was there, plain as day, but the flirtation added a degree more to it.

Dina continued as she shifted on her seat. “Such an ambitious project could take better of a year to complete, even with, I can assume, are very skilled hands,” she said as a sudden heat touched her cheeks.

“It will take a lot of time,” Asher said with amused eyes.

“That is part of the reason why I’m here. I think we can become business partners for time.”

“Business partners?”

Dina nodded with rosy cheeks. “I did a rough estimate of the costs and time concerning your projects. While it would be cheaper to do it yourself, it will take time to complete each one, barring anything that may stall your timeframe.

“As you know, I have a team of artisans that work for me. I’m sure we can come to some agreement beneficial to both of us, and the town, if you’re interested?”

Asher felt the weight of such grand

projects. He knew full well it would take a lot of time to get the farm in a place where he wanted it to be. The thought of building it himself was appealing, but if more guests arrived, his timeframe would take much longer.

“I’m interested,” the young man smiled.

Dina took a long sip of wine before speaking. “Calculating costs for each structure and timeframe, I concluded it would cost close to forty thousand gold coins to complete your projects by the summer.”

Asher’s inner self jumped at the amount of gold. He had never witnessed so much gold in his life. Despite his dreams on adventures of finding even a fraction of that amount, it had never come to pass. He earned a few thousand from the last shipment picked up by the Opal Society, but he wasn’t sure how quickly he would earn to pay for the amount she quoted.

Dina sat back with wineglass in hand. “I know you only arrived over a month ago, and may not have that amount in your coffers, but I know a good and true heart when I see one.

“I can open a line of credit with the Blackwood estate. It will be enough to cover the costs for all the projects. My artisans can

come and start working a week from now, after the special election for the next mayor of Star Fall.”

“The election is next week?”

Dina nodded. “We will have a final town meeting at the Drunken Seahorse. The next day, ballots will be turned in and counted. Since the town isn’t very big, it should be a quick count.”

“Why after the election?”

Dina glanced away before looking into Asher’s eyes. “If anything happens before the election, it may be seen as a bribery or may be questioned. I don’t have a lot of confidence when it comes to politics, but many of the townsfolk feel I would be perfect for the job. They just want a good leader, and I think I can be that for them.

“After what happened with the previous mayor, anything would be better for the town as a whole. His absence has fractured the town, and there are deep concerns. We need to heal to carry on with Star Fall’s future.”

“You sound like mayor material to me,” Asher said with warm eyes.

Dina’s smile faded a touch. “Maybe, but I also know, you being here and opening the

farm once again will bring more gold and people to Star Fall. Blackwood and Windswell estates will be very helpful to the entire valley, and everyone knows it. Some families said they were going to leave, until you arrived. Your estate has created a balance again, instead of the Windswells taking full control.”

Asher nodded as he understood the deeper meaning she was trying to convey.

“You want me to endorse you as Mayor of Starfall,” Asher stated.

Dina shifted uncomfortably in her seat. “I hope my coming here has not ruined our budding friendship. I know Lady Windswell tried to create an alliance with you, and was rebuffed for her attempt. It is no secret that she once again carries disdain for you, as she did for your uncle. He saw through her, we all have, but now, she seems determined to ruin your name.”

“I knew what was to come when I rejected her alliance,” Asher said with thoughtful eyes.

Dina nodded and looked down. “I wanted to be honest with you and understand if you don’t wish to endorse me for mayor. I will still open the line of credit and aid you with your

farm, because I feel it is the right thing for both of us. Your uncle had always given me sage advice, on many subjects. He always had a kind word, and a way to cut through the gloom of self-doubt. I admired him, but now that he is gone, I feel I have a debt to the farm, and you.”

Asher’s eyes took on a shadowy edge. “Dina, you don’t owe me anything. There is no debt to be paid. Knowing my uncle, it doesn’t surprise me that he was helpful to good people. He did the same with me, giving me advice when I had dark moments growing up.”

The young man sat back with kind eyes. “Mist Valley is my home now. It would be rude if I didn’t help the town, or you.”

“It feels good to hear it,” Dina said with shy eyes.

“As for what was discussed, It may take months to pay back such a line of credit.”

Dina smiled. “We don’t have to have an end date. I know you’re an honorable man, and will pay when you can. It was more important to show, you do have friends. And I...” she trailed off.

Asher eyed Dina as her lip wrinkled and she looked away. To him, it appeared she was

having some internal battle within.

Dina put her wineglass down and stood up. She stepped over to the only shelf with books on them. Her fingers ran along spines with her back to Asher.

“He talked about you many times at the Drunken Seahorse. Everything he said was positive, and he was very proud of you, no matter what life choice you made. I must admit, he painted an attractive image of you, and I was intrigued. When you arrived, you were more than what I expected.

“I’m not here to win favor, at least, not in a Windswell way. I wanted to meet you, and get to know you. I...I know this farm creates potions from breast milk. It is a poor secret for the valley, but I don’t know the intricacies to it. No one does except for you.

“And your heart, may belong to the women who dwell here, for a short, or long time. I’m not here to steal your heart, nor am I prudish to dislike what happens here. It is the opposite. I grew up with a strict father. He wanted a son, and to his dismay, he had a daughter. It didn’t stop him from raising me a certain way. I saw over time, and with discussions with my mother, he regretted his

initial reaction of my birth. He grew to love me no matter who I was.

“When I left to be on my own, I brought my skills here. I carved out my business, and many people here in the valley became my family. I know I may be about ten years your senior, but I feel young at heart, and still desire to explore a different life. A more, intimate life I never experienced before.”

Asher put down his wineglass on the small table and stood up. He crossed the small distance and stood facing Dina’s back.

She turned her head slightly, but kept her back to him. “I know I’m being foolish. I said more than I ever intended. This was supposed to be a simple meeting over drinks, and instead, I spoke beyond what was meant to be said.”

“Dina, you have nothing to fear, or be ashamed of. It’s a lesson I’m still learning as well. My father was strict, and cruel. He planned out my life, a life I wasn’t sure I wanted to follow.

“It took his death for me to slowly realize, I wanted a different life. I believe my uncle saw that within me, before I did. He waited patiently, and wanted me to have something

more than simply trying to survive in some forgotten dungeon.”

Asher eyed the back of Dina’s head, unsure of her expression.

“If I may, I would very much like to see the real you,” Asher said with a deep whisper.

Dina turned around instantly. She cupped his jaw and drew him close. Asher’s hands landed on her hips. The two moved closer, until lips touched. Heat exploded between them and tongues slid into mouths. Tongues danced as the pair held each other in comforting warmth.

Time stood still as they didn’t break contact. The pair felt each other’s rapid heartbeat, but didn’t break the mystical kiss.

When time resumed, it was Dina who broke it off and stepped back. Her back touched the bookshelf as she tried to control her breathing.

“I want to be free,” Dina said with a sultry whisper.

“I can’t make you free,” Asher said with an understanding tone.

Dina shook her head, but never took her gaze off his. “No, you cannot, but together, I

want to explore a life I always wanted to explore.”

“I feel this may be a deeper conversation,” Asher smiled.

Dina gave a single nod. “It can be, but we don’t have to do that now,” she said and gently grabbed at his bulge.

Asher grinned as he made no move to remove her hand. He enjoyed the rhythmic motion of her fingers as his manhood began to grow.

Heavy breath fell from Dina’s parted lips. She continued to massage his growing member as she looked into his eyes with dripping desire.

“This isn’t about sealing an agreement. This is what I want,” Dina said as she gave him a squeeze.

Asher lifted a hand and placed it on the shelf. He leaned against it, enjoying Dina’s touch. The heat between them grew by a few degrees, the mood sinking deeper into their bodies. A cloud of bliss formed along Asher’s spirit, seeing Dina’s beauty, and eagerness. It spoke to him in a way he enjoyed, seeing he was important to others just as they were important to him.

A truth swirled in his heart, and he knew he had to speak it.

“Dina, my love life is complicated,” he said.

“I know,” she said and gave his hard member a squeeze through his leggings.

“Would it surprise you to know that it is part of the appeal? How a handsome, young man with many love interests, will have to endure another one.

“I’m not blind and my heart wants what it wants.”

Asher gave her a confident smile and leaned in to kiss her again, when his hand slipped on the edge of the shelf.

The movement was quick, his palm striking a several books and pushing them further onto the shelf. The edge of one book struck an odd peg standing out from the back of the shelf.

There was an audible click.

The shelf moved and Asher wrapped his other hand around to the small of Dina’s back and pulled her to him. Their bodies touched as they looked at the shelf part from the wall a few inches.

The pair let go of each other. Asher moved to the shelf and took hold. He pulled, the shelf swinging open silently. He and Dina stared as the shelf opened to a short, hidden corridor behind it. A thick door stood at the end of the corridor, four feet away.

Asher's heart thudded in his chest, knowing he discovered one of his uncle's secrets. Without a word, he stepped into the small corridor and reached for the door knob. With a firm grasp and twist, the door opened and swung inside.

A dim light glowed. Its light illuminated the secret chamber within. Asher stepped in a little more. He felt Dina's presence as she followed him in.

Dina moved to Asher's side, her eyes as wide as saucers. The pair looked around in amazement as they drank in the finer details of the secret chamber.

Chapter 14

Secrets and Moans

The chamber was medium-sized, but one could hardly tell with the number of items and furniture that laid within. A large, canopy bed stabbed out from the wall to the middle of the room. It had stylized wrought iron poles in the shape of flowers and vines. Black iron bars ran along the edges, and a thin one was across the headboard. The vines curled along the headboard with metal roses blooming along the top. The bed was covered with a crimson blanket and a single, folded parchment paper, standing in the middle of it like a tiny tent on a deep red field.

Asher stepped toward the bed, his gaze firmly on the folded note.

Dina looked around in mild shock. Chains of various sizes and lengths hung on walls. A standing dresser closet took up one side of the bed, next to the dark wood nightstand. On the other side of the bed, was two closed chests. Across from the foot of the bed were two regal looking chairs. They were upholstered with

black and red designs. A small table was between them, with a smooth surface and intricate carvings along the base and down the legs.

Dina's gaze shifted to the walls, seeing that there was some odd, off-white padding covering every inch. The floor was covered in a thick, gray rug. She stepped along into the middle of the room and spotted a small cabinet between the pair of chairs and table. She reached down and opened the cabinet door. To her delight, a rack of twelve bottles of wine were there and undisturbed.

Asher reached down for the folded note on the bed and picked it up. His hands trembled as he unfolded the note and read the writing on it.

Dearest Nephew, you have found yet another of my secrets.

The room you are standing in is one of the secret rooms all farms have. You may have guests with special needs, or desires. This room is for such occasions. It may be used for tender moments, or fulfilling desires of punishment. The walls have padding, to keep the sound from traveling into the house, and give you a little more freedom for demanding and vocal guests.

I trust you to ensure it is used for sensual fulfillment, and nothing truly sinister.

Everything in the secret chamber is new, a gift to you. May it aid in your relationships and private adventures.

Uncle Aric.

Asher re-read the note two more times before he let his hand with the note dropped to his side. Emotions bubbled as crystal understanding swirled along his thoughts.

I wished I was more shocked than I actually am. The more I peel back layers, the more I see Aric as a man who loved what he loved to do.

A click woke Asher from his private thoughts. He turned to see Dina close the door and gently sliding a bolt into place. She looked at him with hungry eyes as she stepped closer to him.

“I closed the shelf outside and bolted the door,” Dina said with a husky, sultry tone as she touched his collar.

Asher placed the note on a nightstand as Dina’s hands and fingers ran over his covered muscles.

“The others, don’t know about this room, do they?” Dina asked as she gazed at his

strong neck.

“No, not yet,” Asher said as tension filled the small space between them.

Dina bit her lip as she tugged at his shirt. Eyes shined with heated desire as the two were alone in the dim light.

“Would you think differently of me for wanting you all to myself?” Dina whispered.

Asher was silent. He lifted his hand and touched her hip, his hand sliding over it and grabbing her firm rear. He casually held her close, the heat building between them.

Dina pressed her body to his and looked up with innocent eyes. The silence was deafening, but Asher’s touch melted her spirit. His strong hand kept her close, and his heart pounded in his chest, against her hand.

“Show me your true self. I will not look away,” Asher said with a commanding tone.

Dina’s breathing increased as heat glowed along her cleavage, up her neck, and into her cheeks. She grabbed at her own clothes, stripping off a piece at a time.

Asher watched her like a hungry predator. The flame was lit as her shirt came off to reveal firm breasts with pink nipples. Strong

muscles worked as she slipped her fingers into the waist of her leggings and snaked her hips out of them. The last of her clothes fell away. She stood with a toned, but feminine body.

Asher admired her strength and beauty. His gaze slide over her as she stood unashamed. When his gaze reached her budding valley, wetness dripped from pink petals.

A sudden shyness filled the naked Dina, her arms coming up as if to hide her toned body.

“I know I’m not feminine like the others here,” she said as she looked away.

Asher touched her hip again and gave her a squeeze. “You are beautiful.”

Dina’s eyes trembled as she looked up at him.

Asher gave her a confident, genuine smile, before he grabbed his shirt and lifted it over his head. He tossed it to the side before pulling down his leggings and stepping out of them. His member bounced at its sudden freedom, thick and veiny.

The pair eyed each other with desire. Asher took Dina’s hand and pulled her to him. She let out a girlish giggle before she was

gently pushed onto the bed. She gasped as she crawled back a little, her legs spread before Asher's gaze. Heat glowed along her entire body as she tried to control her breathing.

"You must relax," Asher said like a dutiful caregiver.

The younger man crawled onto the bed with liquid ease. He looked over the beautiful woman as she made no further attempt to cover herself.

"I love a strong woman with a gentle side," Asher whispered before taking in her scent.

Dina didn't blink as she watched Asher crawl closer. When he was between her parted thighs, his head dipped and his tongue snaked out. Dina's gaze lifted, unsure she was ready for him to taste her, when bliss slid into her spirit like a serpent in a garden. Her eyes fluttered as his mouth clamped down on her sacred valley and his tongue continued to explore. Her breathing slowed as thighs flexed. She brought them closer, gently clamping his head between her strong thighs. Another gasp escaped her lips as Asher's arms circled her thighs and held them close as he licked at her dripping honey.

“No...man...has truly tasted me before,” Dina huffed as the tension began to build along every nerve across her body.

Muscles flexed as she moved her hips, grinding her valley to his mouth and tongue. Eyes fluttered and her face tilted upwards. The warm and wet sensations pulsed as a hungry emptiness yawned for more. Nipples stood erect as the sounds of the intimate kiss floated up.

Asher remained to his sensual task. Dina's taste thrilled him as his cock was hard as iron. He lapped and sucked at her honey while his tongue made arcane motions along her clit. When he heard her gasp, he knew he was on the right path. He continued to enjoy his stay between her thighs, putting her needs before his.

“It feels good...so good,” Dina whined as she let her guard down.

The pressure along the sides of Asher's head began to grow. Strong thighs kept him in place as he upped the tempo.

Moans grew into loud gasps. Dina stared upwards as every muscle began to coil, like a snake ready to bite.

Asher opened his eyes and looked up. He

looked past her more than ample breasts to see Dina lost to deep pleasure. Her lips parted as she gasped for breath. He could see the wild abandonment in her expression as moans grew.

“Have...you studied...black magic?” Dina huffed as the dam of control was cracking.

Asher ignored her as he continued to whip her clit into submission.

“Asher...Asher...it’s too much,” Dina huffed loudly.

Asher was about to pull his head up to ask if he should stop, but her thighs held fast. Despite his own strength, Dina held his head like a large fruit being crushed by her thighs. Unable to ask, or do anything beyond what he was currently doing, he remained and licked at her as wetness continued to coat his lips, cheeks, and chin.

“It’s...too...much,” Dina managed before she threw her head back and let out the loudest moan of her life.

Mystical explosions blinded Dina as her body and one thigh shuddered hard. She gasped for air before letting out another loud moan. Eyes rolled into her head as ecstasy wrapped around her entire body. Nerves were

blasted to glass as she let out primal moans.

The pressure along the sides of Asher's head abated. He pulled his head up to see Dina collapse onto the bed. With closed eyes, she huffed for air. Wetness surged from her budding slit. The tension in her muscles was washed away as she laid on the comfortable bed.

"Fuck me...Asher," Dina whispered.

Asher climbed over her, his cock defying gravity. When he pressed the tip to her valley entrance, she made a weak moan. Asher moved his hips, easing himself onto her sensitive flesh. Her eyes fluttered before opening them. She looked up to see a maddening hunger in his eyes. A gasp floated in the air before something thick pushed at her with slow, forceful power.

Dina moaned as Asher's manhood speared her. Thick inches sank into her valley, forcing her strong inner walls to accommodate him. When he was nearly to the hilt, Dina's valley squeezed him with power he never felt before.

The moment woke Asher from his hungry trance. He stared down with amused eyes as Dina squeezed him like a vice. She hummed her approval as she made his invasion that

much more difficult.

An intimate battle took place and Asher growled. He coiled his arms around Dina as his hips pushed with strong might. The invasion continued until he reached the hilt. For a moment, the pair were unmoving, allowing for each of them to enjoy the connection.

“I have you in my power,” Dina smiled playfully.

“For now,” Asher said before pulling back and pushing.

Dina could not stop a moan from rising. Feeling Asher thrust and pull back caused her body to tense again. Nerves tightened, as was her grip on his member. She deliberately slowed him down to enjoy his thickness in her tight inner world.

The sound of skin on skin began to grow. Asher growled again as he upped the tempo. Dina began to bounce to his thrusts, her entire body quivering. The pair felt the flash of heat as they drew closer to climax.

Time slowed as they looked at each other. An innocent sweetness glowed. It dripped of unfettered desire as they bathed in a private lust and tenderness. Pleasure bloomed as the

couple came together. Inner explosions joined with spurts of molten seed. Thrusts grew rougher as they stared into each other's eyes.

Tension bled away as heavenly pleasure curled toes. Asher collapsed onto Dina and she held him close. She ran her hand along his strong back, basking in their close connection.

"I needed that," Dina smiled with closed eyes.

Asher nodded as he felt her squeeze him.

The glow remained as they laid together.

"I know I'm not like your other lovers..." Dina began.

Asher shook his head as he lifted it. "Don't speak like that. If I didn't desire you, we would not be here."

Dina slowly blinked as she looked into Asher's serious eyes. "I'm...not used to being myself. Many in town look up to me as someone with strength. I know I'm strong, but I never get to show my tender side, and it burns me sometimes."

Asher smiled with confidence. "Dina, you may be as strong or as tender as you wish with me. I'm attracted to both. Never forget that."

Dina gave Asher a girly smile. "I won't."

Asher nodded. "Now, shall we truly test how sound proof the secret chamber truly is?" he asked as his member began to stiffen again within the beautiful woman.

"Yes, we should be diligent with our testing, as a precaution," Dina laughed.

The couple moved to their private symphony as the dim lantern light flickered above them.

Asher and Dina walked through the quiet farmhouse. They stepped into the living room and caught the sound of Fern snoring on the couch. They silently stepped past and reached the front door.

"You don't have to leave," Asher said in a low tone.

Dina eyed him and sighed. "I know, but I should be getting home. I have to get up early and finish a few projects before we begin with your projects."

"I will walk you home," Asher said.

Dina gave him a warm smile before touching his cheek. "I know you would, but I know the valley like the back of my hand. I could use a nice walk in the night air to ease

my sore body. I had forgotten how vigorous love making can be.”

Dina looked at Asher with loving eyes. “Thank you, for letting me be myself. I hope, we can have more private meetings in the future.”

“I’m very much looking forward to them,” Asher said warmly.

Dina gave Asher a shy smile before stepping closer to him. They pressed their lips together, enjoying the warm sensations. Dina pulled back and bit her lip as she looked him up and down.

The door opened and Dina walked out. She looked back to Asher looking at her. The night was cool, but the sky was filled with bright stars. Dina made her way to the front gate and let herself out. She closed it and walked on into the night.

Asher watched Dina until she was swallowed up by the darkness. He closed the door and locked it, a small sigh falling from his lips.

The younger man stepped silently through the living room, not wishing to wake the sleeping uni-goat. He made his way to the corridor and then the stairs. After a quick

climb of the stairs to the second floor, he began to relax as he walked toward his bed chamber.

A light glowed under the closed door as he approached. Asher smiled to himself as he took hold of the doorknob and twisted it.

The door opened to lantern light. Elara was in bed, covered in blankets and a black book in her hand. She was wearing one of Asher's shirts as she lowered and book and looked across the room to Asher stepping in and closing the door behind him.

"Was it a productive meeting?" the mature elf said with a warm smile.

"It was productive," Asher grinned as he grabbed at his clothes and undressed as he walked.

Elara watched him as clothes fell onto the floor, leaving a small trail. When he was naked, he climbed into the large bed and made his way to Elara's side. The elf eyed him as he slipped under the blankets next to her.

"I went to see how you and Dina were doing, but you both weren't in the library. I thought maybe you went for a walk," she said.

Asher found his gaze trapped in the elf's relaxed beauty. The shirt hung on her like a

short dress from what he could see, but the collar was so low, her deep cleavage was plainly visible. It whispered of warmth and comfort as he moved closer to her side.

“I found one of my uncle’s secrets,” Asher said cryptically.

Elara eyed him with a small smile. “What kind of secret?”

Asher wanted to tell her everything, but an idea had formed and connected with their sensual play.

“I will reveal it to you, in time,” Asher said before shifting his gaze to the book in her hand. “What are you reading?”

“The Wood House. I’ve read it several times before, but it still remains my favorite,” she said.

Asher reached over and touched her thigh. Elara made no expression as his fingers traced her skin.

“Come closer my naughty morsel,” Elara said.

Asher did move closer and their bodies touched. His hands ran along her thigh and reached the hem of the shirt. Fingers moved along smooth skin, feeling that she was

wearing nothing underneath.

Elara put her arm around Asher, moving his head to rest on her covered breast. Wet spots appeared along the shirt as she settled down with him. She lifted the book and held it open so they both could read. Heat curled along their bodies as small movements enticed their urges.

“I have been waiting for you. Touch me,” the elf said in a sultry tone.

Asher’s hand moved under the shirt, sliding over her inner thigh, and touching her wetness. Fingers explored as he could feel her desires coat his fingers.

“I have been reading for the last hour and it has haunted me how much I missed you,” she said as her hips moved to Asher’s touch. “I hope you haven’t exhausted yourself?”

“For you, never,” Asher smiled.

The elf sat up and turned to her side, facing the younger man. Her eyes glowed with seductive desire as she looked at him. She inhaled his scent, mixed with Dina’s scent. Her nerves coiled in a rising tension as wetness dripped between thighs.

Elara’s hand moved under the blanket and touched Asher’s hip. It snaked along until she

grazed his thickening member. Fingers curled around the thick shaft and gently stroked him.

“Read to me,” Elara said with a firm tone.

Asher took the book and held it in both hands. He looked over the words as Elara’s hand gently stroked him. Her touch distracted him, but he concentrated on the words.

“The lord was cross with the newest guest, a slythan woman who often left any room he entered. She had rebuffed his advances, many times. When she came into his private chamber to tell him she was leaving, he quickly grabbed her and pulled her close. The lord could not control himself as he pulled her with him,” Asher read.

Elara let out a small sigh as she stroked him. Her thighs rubbed together as a cloud of desire filled her spirit.

Asher read on, “He sat at his office chair, pulling the slythan down with him. She giggled, knowing all her teasing had paid off. Driving the lord of Wood Farm to the edge of madness, he was doing the very thing she wanted him to do.

“She giggled and protested as his hands grabbed at her. Fingers curled along the top of her shirt and pulled. Milk leaked from heavy

breasts as she gasped in feigned surprise. Yet, she continued to squirm and it further frustrated the lord.

“He pulled her sideways and had her over his knee. He pulled back his hand and gave her rump a mighty strike, just beside her thick, scaled tail.”

Elara moaned as her body shuddered. She sat up and tossed the blankets aside. Asher looked over the top of the book to the elf mounting him. She grabbed his standing cock and pressed it to her thin valley entrance. With a heated gasp, she quickly impaled herself on him, sliding down throbbing inches as wetness dripped down the shaft.

Bliss soared as Asher tried to focus. When Elara began moving up and down on his shaft, he lowered the book to watch her.

The elf's eyes were closed and her lips parted. Wetness spread out from her covered nipples as she rode his manhood. Her body bounced with ease, enjoying his iron-hard member.

“Keep reading,” Elara said with a sultry tone.

Asher could see the untamed desire glow along her spirit. She was taking what was

hers, not out of jealousy, but out of a need to connect. He could not deny the similar feeling he had. They had been together, but distractions had separated them.

Asher continued, “The lord slapped the slythan’s rump several times until her yelps turned into moans. With the last slap, his hand remained. Fingers slipped under her short dress and touched her wet opening. The lord grinned with perversion in his eyes as his fingers played the lizard woman like an intimate instrument. Her hisses and moans grew as he massaged her pearl.”

Elara’s eyed squeezed tight as she continued to ride Asher. The tempo grew, as did her moans. It had whipped at him, seeing and feeling the beautiful elf as she used him like a toy.

Asher found it more and more difficult to concentrate. Elara’s moans, leaking breasts, and bouncing form overwhelmed him. He wanted to throw the book aside and grabbed her hips, helping her along until she came like a primal animal in heat.

“I love you,” Elara whispered and opened her eyes.

Asher let the book fall to the side as he sat

up. Arms curled around her waist as she continued to impale herself on his manhood. He held her closer as she wrapped her arms around his head, pressing her cleavage to his face.

“I love you,” Asher said with muffled breath, his heart singing true.

Elara smiled before pulling back with one hand curled around the back of Asher’s head. She looked into his eyes while riding him cock. The two locked eyes and hearts, caught in the gravity of their love.

The mature elf sank down to the hilt. She pressed her head to Asher’s forehead. The pair closed their eyes and suddenly, their bodies pulsed to a shared climax. Explosions rippled along the elf as Asher grunted. His seed flooded her valley as she moved slightly, milking his member. The intimate heat and tingling feelings radiated from both of them as their gaze never wavered.

Elara’s eyes grew heavy as she leaned forward. Asher fell back onto the bed with Elara on top of him. She moaned her delight as shockwaves continued to echo along her body.

“Do you remember when you said, you

loved us, the other night,” Elara said softly.

Asher held her close. “I do. I wasn’t sure if it was something you wanted to hear.”

Elara lifted her head and rested her arms on his chest. She placed her chin on her arms as she looked into his eyes.

“It was something I very much wanted to hear, because I felt it too. I think we all felt it.”

Asher smiled as he held her to him.

Elara’s oval eyes slowly blinked. “You are becoming my home, where my heart has longed to be.”

“You have become the fate I always desired. I know nothing else other than how much I love you, and our growing family.”

A wet gleam filled Elara’s eyes before a tear streaked her cheek.

“I’m scared,” she said with a timid voice.

Asher hugged her close. “We can be scared, together.”

“I would like that,” Elara whispered before burying her face in his chest.

Asher held her close as she shuddered.

A long moment slipped by. Elara’s

shudders slowly stopped. She sat up, keeping the connection between them. She wiped away tears from the corners of her eyes before looking down on Asher's concerned features.

"This moment will not interfere with our sensual play. Prepare yourself my morsel, for I will have your heart, or no one will," the elf winked before she laughed.

"We shall see!" Asher said loudly before pulling Elara back down on him and kissing her so deeply, she melted in his strong arms.

Chapter 15

Assassin's Heart

Katriss was curled into a ball as she laid in her bed. Sunlight streamed in from the parted curtains, giving the bed chamber a brilliant glow.

A clawed hand rested on her stomach. A bump had grown and she let her fingers linger on it. Warmth glowed along her entire body as smiled with motherly love. Thoughts of Asher filled her mind, accompanied with the thought that she may yet survive another year or so. Her new children will be fiercely protective and strong. With some devious planning, and a little luck, she held a small, dark glimmer of hope that she could return to her lands, slice off her sister's heads, and place them on pikes along the castle walls.

"Not to worry my little ones, there will be plenty of blood to drink and flesh to eat when the time comes," the demoness whispered to the eggs beginning to form within her uterus.

Katriss's loving gaze shifted to the crumpled bedsheets surrounding her like a

makeshift nest. The image of Asher stayed in her thoughts. The strong young man gave her what she desired, even after she spoke the truth. It clashed with her reasoning, for such a man would willingly give his seed and not bargain for wealth, influence, or power. He had a generous spirit, and his spirit had changed her fate, for a time.

The demoness's thoughts lingered on the kiss she gave him that first night. It spoke of secrets, and for the first time in her entire life, she was concerned for another soul. The Divine Mother had encouraged and blessed their union. The goddess saw something more in their union and now, the demoness began to see it as well.

Katriss sighed as she closed her eyes.

"If I survive for another year, Asher will serve at my side as my royal lover. I swear it to Hexnia, and the Divine Mother," she whispered.

Elara and Nyn sat in the library, steamy cups of rose tea in hands. The pair enjoyed the morning, discussing recent events in the home, how Asher had confessed his affections, and the sensual plot of their play.

“He hasn’t chosen an assassin yet. I believe he is enjoying this game a little too much,” Elara smiled before sipping her tea.

“Should we press him into a decision?” Nyn asked before taking her own sip.

Elara nodded. “My pretend complaints are simply turning into just words to him. No matter how much I protest, he simply smiles and forces me to enjoy some intimacy. As much as I do enjoy those moments, I think he’s losing focus.

“I want him to punish us. I want his focus on us so he can unleash his inner self. We’ve seen it from time to time, but I’ve been reading the Wood House book and I want him make us his slaves,” Elara said plainly.

Nyn nodded. “We can accelerate the plan, but we will have to choose the assassin to carry out the work. Since we only have two choices, I can approach one of them and set it into motion?”

Elara eyed her best friend and smiled. “Yes, we should begin. Once we have finished this adventure, I have my sights on another adventure we can enjoy. We can discuss it after our play concludes.

“Have you been chronicling everything

that has happened?”

Nyn sipped her tea before she nodded. “I have detailed notes and already started writing the first few chapters. I have changed our names, but the events remain the same. After this adventure, I will dedicate my time to writing the rest.”

“Have you enjoyed what you’ve written so far?” Elara asked with genuinely curious eyes.

Nyn nodded again. “So much so, I’ve had to pleasure myself so I could continue to write. It is a curse I have no desire to cure.”

Elara let out a small laugh. “As do I, my friend and elven sister. I look forward to reading your book, and re-enacting some of the scenes until we are so weary, we sleep for days.”

“As do I,” Nyn said with a small smile.

The two elves held up their teacups to each other and bowed their heads. They brought the cups to their lips and sipped as birdsong filled the world beyond the library windows.

Days streamed by as Asher worked with a pleasant smile across his lips. The world

became a dream, coming to him in flashes. The next morning after spending the evening with Dina, and then the evening with Elara, Asher hammered a new pole by the front gate. He attached the bell Dina had gifted him, and when it was finished, he gave it a ring. It would alert him of any new guests to the mysterious farm so he could go out and greet them.

After installing the bell, Asher set about his other projects. Needing grape seeds from the town general store, he and Blyss made their way to it. The goblin had stayed by his side as he talked with the shop owner, listening to every drop of advice for planting seeds in the Mist Valley soil.

Much to Asher's surprise, the shop owner informed him that the valley's soil was extremely rich with nutrients from the daily morning mists. They not only brought down moisture from the mountains, but minerals to aid in plant growth. Grape vines often took two years to grow to maturity, but by planting now, he could have a whole crop by mid-autumn. Asher was happy to hear the good news and left the shop with a smile, Blyss at his side.

Once home, the pair sat in the covered

patio and prepared stakes for the grape vines to grow. They worked for days, the patio shielding them from the sun. Blyss picked it up quickly, making tall stakes at a near fevered pace. Asher smiled as the pair slowly fell into a silent competition, the piles of stakes growing beside the patio as the stack of raw wood began to dwindle.

Asher's soul felt light, so light in fact, he and the beautiful goblin fell into playful sword fights with the very stakes they created. The pair laughed until Blyss struck him hard across the shin and sent him falling to the ground in agony. Nothing was broken, but the young man was extra careful when dueling with the goblin.

When they weren't working together, Asher noticed Blyss was spending a lot of time with Fern. The uni-goat bleated in happiness when the goblin would feed her and scratch behind a floppy ear. He even caught the goblin giving the goat a hug, while Fern stared back at him with dead eyes. It was enough for him to shiver and grin at the same time.

Dina and a few of her artisans stopped by the estate. Asher's heart lifted when she came for a visit. Dina's eyes gleamed with delight, but the pair resisted the urge to embrace, due

to the upcoming mayoral election. They kept it professional as they scouted out the area where the barn and winery will be built. Plans were sketched out over discussions at the patio table. Blyss brought out wine for everyone to enjoy.

Asher and Dina often fell into amused and excited discussions about the future of the Blackwood Estate. The artisan workers that came with Dina often glanced at the pair, knowing full well that something other than a business arrangement was taking place.

Evenings were spent in the warm home. Asher would visit Katriss, bringing her meals, but those times would devolve into lustful urges. During the many times she was on her back, moaning her pleasure, he looked down to see the small belly bump. There were a few moments where he wanted to ask questions, but decided against it. Her children would not accept him and only be loyal to her. He didn't want to get further attached, but his heart could not dwell in the lies to himself. A part of him wondered what it would be like to be a father to hundreds, maybe even thousands of demon children. Caution filled him as one scenario was of him laughing and playing with many demon children, and another scenario of

him being torn apart and eaten by those very same children.

When he spilled his seed within the horny demoness, he would kiss her neck before slipping away back into the normalcy of their not so normal life.

Potion creation took up some of his time. Asher and Amber working diligently on creating many more potions. They had created so many, they no longer had room in the basement lab. Some were stored in the cold chests in the kitchen, but it was Asher who decided they needed to have a separate cold cellar to store much more. The amount of gold coin needed to improve the farm was staggering and haunting his thoughts from time to time. He wanted to ensure there was no long-term debt. He also didn't want to sour his budding relationship with Dina.

Late evenings turned into sensual plays. Nyn whispered in his ear as he held her closer, touching every part of her body. Amber grew quieter with each passing day, quick to suck on his member to avoid talking about anything having to do with the play. Blyss followed him around the home, offering to relieve the lord's stress. The goblin's speech improved after each lesson with Nyn, but

Asher found it odd that Blyss wanted to know where he was at all times. It deepened the mystery of the play, Asher wondering if something was truly going on when he wasn't around.

When Asher would finally drag himself to bed, it was Elara who scolded him about his affairs. By that time, Asher was often exhausted. He would grab her and bury his face between her thighs, licking her until her complaints fell into moans. Afterwards, they would make love. And after that, they would lie in each other's arms, discussing the events of the day and offer hints how the next day was going to be about their sensual play.

Sleep came quickly, the young man's spirit filled with dreamy happiness of his new life. Thoughts and small moments blurred together in the dreamscape, thanking any deities that would listen concerning his new profession. The adventure life turned into a distant memory as there was brightness on the horizon of new, chosen path.

Two days before election of the new mayor, Asher and Amber were in the lab, finishing a new batch of potions. The air was warm, Asher often glancing at the faun as she hefted up a crate of potions and placed them

with the large stacks to one side of the chamber.

The faun stood up and turned. Her gaze fell on Asher's back as he finished placing the final ingredients to his batch.

Amber's gaze weakened as she watched him. When he began to hum a tune, her legs trembled. Heat crawled up her neck. A thought touched her mind, and she looked away with pink cheeks. Her heart began to thud in her chest, desire and fear rose like a snake ready to strike.

"I've really enjoyed learning so much with you," Asher said in a moment of genuine honesty.

Amber's heart cracked as her hand slipped into the deep pocket of her green dress.

"So have I," she said in a low tone.

Asher began to cork each bottle with a smile across his face. "I know we haven't been talking to each other much lately, and I understand if there isn't much to say. I just wanted to tell you, I'm here to listen, if you need it."

Amber's eyes widened to his sweet words.

Asher continued with his back to the faun,

“I know I have a year to decide if I want to join the Opal Society, but I may not need the entire year. I see how important this place is, even in the short time being here. I’ve seen you work hard, and I know helping your membership to the society is dependent how well your work here is received.

“I value you, not just as a worker, but as a lover and friend. I don’t know what the future may hold, but I do know, I want our family to be together to enjoy it.”

Amber let out a silent sigh as her hand trembled in her pocket. Emotions swirled out of control as she stared at Asher’s strong back. Excitement bled into her as dreamy fantasies played out of what was to come. It nearly overwhelmed her as she hesitated with her hand in her pocket.

“Do...do you mean that?” Amber asked in a low tone.

Asher glanced back with a happy smirk. “From the deepest parts of my soul,” he said before turning back to his potion batch and continued to put in the last three corks.

Lightness touched the young man’s spirit, truth setting him free and fear slinking back into the void. When the last cork was pushed

into the top of a potion bottle, a shadow appeared over his shoulder. In the reflection of several potion vials, he saw the faun behind him with her arm raised and something long in her hand.

Asher spun around and his hand shot up like a lightning bolt. He grabbed her wrist and held it tight. Subdued shock filled his eyes, seeing the look of surprise in Amber's gaze. He shifted his gaze to the hand he stopped from going any further.

A long wood spoon was in the faun's grip, aimed for his neck.

Asher's demeanor calmed as he turned his narrow gaze to Amber's wide eyes.

"Who sent you?" he growled as a primal heat filled his intense gaze.

Chapter 16

Interrogation

Amber remained silent as she stared at Asher. The mood in the alchemy lab held an electric fire as the young man's grip on the faun's wrist remained tight, and in control. The faun could not look away from Asher's intense gaze, feeling the weight pressing down on her spirit.

Asher bent Amber's wrist slightly, not enough to hurt her, but enough for her fingers to ease their grip. The wood spoon fell from her hand and clattered on the stone floor of the lab.

Heat bloomed between them as Asher spun the faun around and pulled her to his chest. Her back slammed into him and strong arms held her close. One arm was over her chest, while the other arm was around her waist. She could feel his strong heartbeat against her back, the pulse matching hers as she gasped for air.

Asher lowered his lips to her ear, while keeping her close.

“Who sent you?” Asher repeated.

Amber struggled in his strong embrace, but could not break free.

“I cannot say. I swore an oath,” the faun blurted out.

The mood thickened into a dreamy heat. Asher looked down on the horned faun, clutching her to him. Her small struggles lit his spirit on fire. Her scent changed the longer he held her, and his inner demons licked their lips.

“Did you not swear an oath to me?” Asher said with a harsh whisper.

“Please, my lord,” Amber whispered as she moved against him.

The sudden writhing caused Asher to smile. Amber made small whimpers, rubbing her body up and down against his body. She moaned a little louder, feeling him thicken to her movements.

“Please...I will beg for forgiveness, but I cannot say who sent me,” Amber said in a low, sad tone.

Asher continued to hold her close, feeling her trying to entice him. For the most part, it was working, but he knew the game, and the

play had a deeper plot he wanted to discover, and explore.

A strong hand smoothed down from Amber's waist. The faun looked down as Asher's hand moved to the hem of her short dress and pulled it up. She gasped as his fingers brushed her thighs, slowly traveling up her leg.

"You have made an attempt on my life, and failed. Your life belongs to me now, to do as I wish," Asher whispered.

Amber moved against him as fingers slid up her furry inner thighs. She slightly parted her legs, unable to hide her true feelings. She whimpered as his fingers touched her slit and explored.

A long exhale fell from her parted lips. Bliss curled her spirit as she could barely control herself. Asher's strength and control overwhelmed her. The fear of punishment danced in her thoughts, further exciting her. Wetness bloomed and she whimpered as her lord's fingers moved and touched without restriction.

"It...was a mistake. I pray for your forgiveness," Amber said with heavy breath.

Asher's other hand grabbed at her full

breast. He squeezed her and the faun let out a sultry exhale. Wetness touched Asher's palm as milk began to soak into the top of her green dress.

"Your words and begging mean little to me, unless you tell me who sent you?"

Amber pursed her lips as she was losing to her own desires. She rubbed against her lord, hoping to ease his mind and body. Moans rose as he touched her.

Asher pulled his hand from between her legs. He lifted his hand and slipped two wet fingers into the faun's open mouth. She closed her lips and sucked on his fingers coated with her honey. A hum filled her throat as her tongue licked and slathered at his fingers in her mouth.

"Forgiveness is not given, it's earned. You have broken the law, and my trust. I must punish you, and see if I can forgive you. But not here. I have another place in mind," Asher said with a confident whisper.

Amber licked at his fingers like a primal animal. She heard every word, but could not stop herself as desire whipped her spirit. The curse, or blessing, of her people glowed. Sex and ecstasy were a central aspect to her

people, and feeling Asher's control and strong arms, weakened her resolve. Knowledge that this was a sensual game did cross her mind, but it wasn't enough to stop the flood of urges rattling her very soul.

Asher pulled his fingers from her mouth and grabbed her wrist with one hand. He bent down and scooped up the wood spoon. He placed it in a pocket before pulling the dazed faun with him.

"Do not make a sound," Asher said with a hard tone.

Amber's eyes half-closed as Asher's dominance clouded her judgement. She didn't fight or pull away, caught in his commanding spell.

The pair quietly made their way up the stairs and out of the alchemy lab. Asher listened for any movement, and was greeted with subdued silence. He glanced back to the faun. A haze filled Amber's eyes, much like every time she was overtaken by her needful urges. It was like a trance, where she never truly woke up from until after exhaustive lovemaking and a long sleep.

Asher pulled her along, her hooves making small clicks on the wood floor. Asher listened

intently, hoping they were not discovered. His heart beat faster in his chest, the game truly sinking into the moment.

The pair made their way to the library. Asher slowly opened the door to the chamber. A look of relief filled his eyes as he saw the library was empty. He quickly stepped in and pulled Amber in with him. They made their way to the shelf with some books on it. Asher's hand slid into the shelf and touched a hidden switch.

Amber slowly blinked as the shelf silently came away from the wall, and opened into a small, hidden corridor. She tried to pull her thoughts together, but didn't succeed as a hypnotic aura filled the air around Asher. When he pulled her with him, she went happily into the small darkness.

The shelf closed behind them and another door opened in the small corridor. Asher pulled the faun in. Once she was inside, he closed the door and bolted it shut.

Amber glanced around in a sleepy haze. She saw the bed, bars, hanging chains, chests and standing cabinets. Her body shuddered as she knew, there was no escape, not that she wanted to escape.

“Now, we can be alone to discuss the matter,” Asher said as he approached her from behind.

The faun turned around and fell to her knees before him. Her fingers curled into his belt, and pulled slightly as she looked up with dazed eyes.

“Please, my lord, I’ll do anything you ask, but don’t have me break my oath,” Amber said with a playful desperation.

“We are well past that,” Asher said with hungry eyes.

Amber’s gaze fell to Asher’s belt. She grasped at the belt buckle and immediately undid it. She grabbed at his leggings and pulled them down.

“Please, I can be good. I can be the servant you trust. Let me show you,” the faun said just as Asher’s member flopped out of his leggings.

Asher never got a word in as she grabbed his cock and clamped her lips on the tip. She gently stroked and sucked at the same time. Oval brown eyes looked up to his gaze, trying to show her eagerness to please. Her head bobbed as she slowly took inches deeper into her mouth. Muffled moans filled her throat as her eyes fluttered to her lord’s musk and taste.

The young man looked down with a heat in his eyes, the faun sucking on him like her life depended on it. When she upped the tempo, thoughts began to fracture slightly as pleasure glowed.

“I know you can be good,” Asher said softly. “It is why I am keeping you to myself. I want you to be a good girl, but you must be punished.”

Amber gave a muffled whimper as she sucked on Asher’s throbbing member. Her own desires whipped into a storm. Wetness dripped from between her parted legs. She trembled as every part of her cried out for her lord to do as he wished to her.

Asher put his hand on her head, between her small horns. He slowed her tempo until the faun was only making long, slow strokes. Amber followed his silent command, her mouth slowly moving along the shaft as her tongue slipped along sensitive flesh. She continued to look up, watching for any sign of approval. But Asher simply closed his eyes just to enjoy it.

“Do you love your lord’s cock?” Asher asked with closed eyes.

Amber moaned her approval, but never

took her mouth away from the task at hand.

“Maybe I do have need of you. I could have you chained in my bedchamber, sucking on my cock whenever I desire,” Asher smiled with closed eyes.

The faun made slow, firm strokes, feeling her lord’s member become hard as iron. A drop of pre-come touched her tongue and her eyes fluttered in her head.

Asher opened his eyes and looked down once again. The faun was in ecstasy as she sucked on him.

“It is a great honor to suck on the lord’s cock first thing in the morning. It will be the first step to your penance, if you tell me who sent you?”

Amber moaned with her mouth full, not breaking her tempo or stride.

“You continue to defy me,” Asher said and pulled back.

Amber gasped as her lord’s cock was pulled from her mouth and hand. She let out a whimper as she flopped forward onto her hands. She looked up to her lord’s standing member, just out of reach.

“Please, my lord. I am yours to do as you

wish, but if I speak a name, my life will come to an end,” Amber pleaded.

A sternness filled Asher’s brow. He reached down and grabbed her by the arm. Amber was hoisted up to her hooves. She stood on unsteady legs before being pulled to the bed.

Asher sat down on the edge and pulled his legs from his leggings. Once they were off, he grabbed the faun by the hips and kept her in place before him. Her gaze fell to his standing member, wanting nothing more than have it between her lips once again.

“I will protect you, but I must know who they are,” Asher said as his gaze fell to her covered, firm breasts. Wetness had soaked into her top, but it didn’t seem to bother her in the least.

Amber lifted her hands and touched her lord’s forearms. She looked down on him with sad eyes.

“I will become nothing after I tell you. Once the name is spoken, you will punish me for betraying you. I will have nothing,” Amber said softly.

Asher’s grip on her waist relaxed. He looked up with soft eyes.

“Turn around,” Asher commanded.

Amber did as she was told, turning around, and facing away.

Asher looked down at her rump. He moved his hands away from her waist and took hold of her short dress. He lifted it up to see her furry bottom and small tail. He took a deep inhale, enjoying her unique scent. He then pulled her to him.

Amber slowly sat until something hard touched her dripping slit. She gasped as Asher’s grip tightened a little and forced her down. The faun let out a long exhale as her lord’s spear spread her tender pink lips. His girth parted her valley entrance as impressive inches invaded her thin, inner world. Bliss crawled along her nerves as the emptiness within was slowly filled. Small whimpers spilled from between parted lips as she sank down. When she reached the hilt, she leaned back against her lord as she adjusted to his size.

“There, doesn’t that feel nice,” Asher whispered in her ear.

“Yes,” Amber said with a flutter in her eyes.

“Even after you made an attempt on my

life, I am still hard for you. You do this to me, and makes me want to keep you as my royal pet.”

“I am yours. I want to be your pet,” Amber said like she was in a trance.

Asher lifted one hand to her chest and squeezed a breast. He licked his lips, wanting to drink her creamy milk, but the day was young and there were plots to uncover and punishment to be dealt.

The play glowed along his spirit as he enjoyed every moment. Amber moved slightly, trying to hump his member. He kept her close, restricting her movements with his embrace. She was suffering and he could feel the tension from the faun. She wanted to move. She wanted to be fucked until she couldn't stand. Asher felt her desires drip off of her like a lusty perfume. He pulled at her top, exposing one breast. Milk leaked from her erect nipple and she cried out.

“My lord,” was all the faun could say as she slowly lost control.

Asher's hands were on amber's hips again. He took a firm hold of her as he controlled the small tempo. The faun moved to his silent direction. She spread her legs and used her

thighs to move. The short dress covered their union, but did not take away from the wet and intimate connection they shared. Moans dripped into the air, but could not escape the sound-proof chamber.

“A good pet pleases her master,” Asher said as he enjoyed her tight slit.

Amber bit her lip as she bounced on Asher’s hard cock. Milk continued to drip from her exposed breast, soaking into her dark green dress. Emotions stormed on as she tried to distract her lord by moaning louder.

“You can be my good girl. I will reward you with love and attention. You will never be cold, or alone. All you have to do is surrender to me, tell me who sent you. Afterwards, and after the proper punishment, I will train you to be my good girl.”

Amber’s willpower already began to crack. She bounced with urgency as Asher’s words turned her inner flame into a volcanic blaze. Bliss curled along her heart and body as she let out a weak whimper.

“We both want this, so tell me, who sent you?” Asher asked with a tender tone, but knowing full well who sent her. In his mind, he only had to hear the words from the faun.

Amber was silent as she bounced on her master's cock. Her hands were on his knees, lifting herself up and down. With each wet slid and burning heat, her willpower further cracked. The tension along her spirit grew to a fevered pitch, never wanting to break this very connection she enjoyed time and time again.

"You...you promise?" Amber said in a low, sultry whisper.

Asher grinned as he helped her along. "On my honor, as Lord of Blackwood, you will be safe. Feel my hard honesty as I fill your sacred valley. Tell me, and I will make you, my pet."

Amber's nerves coiled to breaking points. Her entire body tensed as she was closer and closer to climax. The feeling of losing control was intoxicating. She drank it deep as reality took on a rosy hue. The more she impaled herself on her master's cock, the weaker she became. Her entire body bloomed with a dreamy heat. When Asher's hands pulled her closer, she moaned loudly.

"Become my good girl," Asher whispered into her ear.

The faun's eyes rolled into her head. She lifted her chin up as her eyes fluttered. Her entire body pushed past a barrier of no return,

a heated light enveloping every sense. And when the feeling reached its zenith, her body shuddered hard as she sank down to the hilt of her master's cock.

Asher held the faun close as she shuddered uncontrollably. Primal moans filled the air as Asher's strong arms held her in place. Magical explosions rippled along every nerve. Reality warped as she was caught in tsunami of pure bliss.

The connection they shared was flooded with dripping honey. Asher held the faun close as she moved like she left her body and was desperately trying to get back in.

When the long moments of bliss began to ebb, reality began to fall back into place. The faun moved her hips, unwilling to break away from her master as heavy breath spilled from her mouth.

"The royal advisor, Nyn," Amber heaved. "I know she was directed by Lady Blackwood," she finished as her mind was in tatters.

Asher nodded as he held her close. "My good girl. I promise rewards, only after you have earned them. You must still be punished, and that is why, you must do everything I tell you," he said before detailing his plan as the

faun remained on his standing manhood.

The sun bathed the world in brilliant light. Dragonflies floated above the sitting pond, darting at small insects. The air was warm as two elves sat under the new, covered patio. A bottle of wine sat on the table with two half-full glasses on either side of it. The pair of elves took up a corner of the long table as they looked out to the world around them.

Nyn was clothed in a thin, dark blue robe. Her fingers gently held the stem of her wineglass as she stared out to the bright grassy field surrounding them.

Elara tried to relax in her chair. The blonde elf was clothed in a thin, white robe. She stared at the dragonflies as they moved above the pond's still waters. A nervous edge ran along her spirit, distracted from truly enjoying nature's beauty.

"Do you think she succeeded?" Elara asked her friend.

"We knew she wouldn't succeed. She doesn't have it in her to pretend to take his life. She loves him, like we do," Nyn said with simple confidence.

Elara turned her gaze to the kitchen door.

“I keep expecting him to come out and charge us. I picture him grabbing us and pulling us back to the house to be punished.”

Nyn picked up her glass and took a sip of wine. “Is that how it’s going to happen if he does come out?”

Elara looked over to her friend and smiled. “It’s the not knowing that fills me with suspense. He will be relentless in his punishments.”

The blonde elf rubbed her thighs together, already wet from thinking about Asher coming out angry and wrathful.

Nyn eyed her friend. “Shall we discuss something else, to take your mind off the suspense?”

Elara returned her friend’s gaze and let out a small giggle. “Half of me wishes to speak on other things, while the other half is enjoying not knowing what is to come.”

The elf looked away as her pulse quickened. “I...I cannot stop thinking about him and us. For the first time in a long time, I feel young again. It feels like my life is starting again, the way I wish it had when I had my first thoughts.”

Nyn put her glass down and nodded. “If

we were back in our provinces, we would be seen as cursed. They would never accept this life, or our affections for him. For as long as we are here, we should enjoy it.”

“The more I think about it, the less I want to leave,” Elara said honestly.

“I thought I was the only one who felt that way,” Nyn said with a sly wink.

Elara let out a tension-relieving laugh.

Nyn smiled at her friend.

The pair lifted their glasses up and took a deep sip. When they set them down again, the kitchen door opened.

The two elves turned their attention, past the sitting pond and to Amber walking toward them. She wore a long, flowing green robe. A band was tied around her waist as she walked with a steady pace.

Elara stood up and looked at the faun as she approached. Her heart leapt in her chest, seeing Amber, but Asher, her love, was nowhere to be seen. Her heart sank, thinking the plot failed, and Asher was slain by the faun, shifting the game in a different direction.

Amber circled around the pond and moved to the patio edge. She looked at the

two, now standing elves. Her gaze was distant, like she witnessed something terrible and it gave Elara an uneasy feeling.

“The deed is done, Lady Blackwood,” Amber said plainly.

“Truly? Lord Blackwood has been slain? How?” Nyn asked with a hint of disbelief in her voice.

Amber nodded like she was in a trance. “We were speaking and he had his back to me. He told me how much I meant to him, and I took that moment to slay him. He crumpled to the floor and hasn’t moved.”

Elara’s heart leapt in her chest. She knew this was part of the play, but knowing he was lying on the floor, waiting for her to inspect his pretend-corpse filled her with such a dread, it clawed at her heart.

“Show me!” Elara demanded.

“Yes, Lady Blackwood,” Amber said and turned around.

The two elves followed the faun around the pond and back to the house. Elara’s mind cycled through the shock, unsure how or where to take the play next. Asher was to pick an assassin, but now she worried that he couldn’t pick one and decided to end the

game.

Her shock turned into mild annoyance. She stepped into the kitchen, anger bubbling along her soul. The fantasies that dwelled in her mind vanished as the play may be over. She wanted him to unleash himself on her, in her, taking her like a conquest from after a grand battle. She wanted to be punished by her lover for this scheme, and now, it may be over.

The trio made their way through the kitchen and to the east corridor of the home. Elara glanced at Amber before looking around. She knew they were working in the lab, so why were they in the east side of the large home?

Amber stepped into the library. Elara and Nyn followed the faun. The pair stopped in their tracks as they saw a shelf partially ajar from the wall, and a dark corridor within.

“He took me to his secret place, and that is where I slew him,” Amber said as she didn’t slow down or look back.

Elara and Nyn watched as the faun made her way into the corridor and disappeared.

“A secret corridor?” Elara said as she took a tentative step forward.

“He’s here,” Amber called back.

Elara’s heart thudded in her chest. She walked briskly toward the secret corridor, Nyn at her side. The pair walked into the tiny corridor, seeing an open door and subdued lighting.

The pair stepped into the chamber. Amber was by the bed with her head bowed. Before they had a chance to fully look around, a shadow moved behind them. The two elves turned around to see Asher closing the book shelf. He turned and walked the small corridor and back into the room. Elara looked down to see the wooden spoon in his hand as he closed the door to the chamber and slid a bolt into place.

“My death has been greatly exaggerated,” Asher grinned.

Elara’s eyes widened as she took a step back.

“You didn’t expect me to remain breathing. Amber did speak the truth,” Asher said as he approached the pair of elves.

Nyn looked over her shoulder to Amber. “You betrayed your lady! You betrayed us!”

“She couldn’t help herself,” Asher said as he stood before them. “Amber, show them.”

The faun nodded as she took hold of her robe sleeve. Elara and Nyn turned slightly to the faun, seeing her lift her sleeve and showing a mystical collar tied around her arm instead of around her neck. A white gem glowed as the faun was firmly in Asher's power.

"And now the plot is fully revealed," Asher said as he towered over Elara. "Your jealousy blinded you. You sent an assassin to take the life of the only man who has ever truly loved you?"

"Loved me?" Elara said with pink cheeks. "You stuck your scepter into anything that moved. How dare you speak to me of love."

Asher lifted his hand and touched her chin with the side of his finger. He lifted her face until their gazes met. Her lip trembled, but he could see the dripping desire in her bright, green eyes.

"Lady Blackwood, I believe it is time I show you what it means to truly love," Asher said with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Chapter 17

Punishment

The velvet lined cuffs locked into place. A chain ran from a bar along the headboard and down to two pairs of delicate wrists.

Asher drank in the moment, Elara and Nyn chained to the bar and lying on the bed. The two elves were still dressed with their arms over their heads. He reached over and gave each chain a little tug, making sure they were secure.

Elara pulled her arms down, but the chain tightened and when her hands were at chest level. The inner cuff was soft against her skin, but the cuffs were tight enough that she could not escape.

Asher remained on his knees between the two elves, his gaze shifting from Nyn to Elara.

“I wish I could say it pains me to do this, but it doesn’t,” the young man grinned.

“Release me,” Elara said calmly.

“No,” Asher said simply.

Nyn spoke up, “Lord Blackwood, this is all

a terrible misunderstanding.”

Asher looked upon the elf with her arms still over her head. “There is no misunderstanding. Your conspiracy has been found out, and the three of you will pay for your crimes.

“There is no escape, and as lord, I am free to do as I wish with the three of you. At this moment, I will let you think a little while on what you tried to accomplish and failed. When I return, I will re-train you to love me again.

“It will take time, and dedication, but I believe we can return hearts to their proper places. All I require now, is a new word of protection, one we all can agree on. Have it for me when I return.”

Asher crawled to the end of the bed and slipped out onto the floor. He turned to a wooden seat with Amber sitting in it. The faun was clothed and looking up at him with blank eyes. When their gazes met, she lowered her gaze.

Asher’s gaze shifted to the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. The chair she sat in was specially designed to hold a person in place. Chains clinked as the faun shifted in the seat. The chains were connected to rings that were

part of the chair legs and armrests. The chair itself was sturdy, built to withstand any struggle.

“Everyone, rest up,” Asher smirked before making for the door and sliding back the bolt lock.

Elara and Nyn watched Asher leave and close the door behind him. When he was gone, it was Elara who let out a long, relaxed exhale. She turned her attention to Nyn, who was fully relaxed on her side of the bed.

“I’m really enjoying myself, so far,” Elara grinned.

“Did you see how he was looking at us, and with such confidence? I think he’s enjoying it as well,” Nyn added.

The two elves turned their attention to Amber as she sat in her chair, staring at nothing.

“Amber, are you okay?” Elara asked.

The faun nodded. “I must repent for my crimes and serve master,” she said with a small smile.

“She’s fine,” Nyn smiled.

Asher walked through the house with a

lightness in his step and in his heart. The simple thought of knowing he was going to have his lovers all to himself for the rest of the day and into the night filled him with knowing confidence.

When he walked into the kitchen, he stopped short. Sitting at the kitchen table was Katriss. The demoness looked up from her cup of tea and gave the handsome young man a fanged smile.

“Greetings, Lord Blackwood,” the demoness said.

“Greetings,” Asher smiled as he continued further into the kitchen and over to a pair of large cold chests.

Asher opened a chest and reached into it. He pulled out a pair of chilled waterskins tied together. He put them over his shoulder, one waterskin against his chest, and the other against his back. Cold licked at his clothes and skin, but he was in such a good, warm mood, the chill didn’t affect him. When he turned around, he looked at the demoness once again.

Katriss sat back in her robe. It wasn’t tied well around the waist, revealing her thigh and some of her stomach. Asher could see the small bump and his heart beat harder in his

chest.

Katriss caught his glance and put her hand on her stomach. “There is still time before it begins. I hope it doesn’t displease you?”

Asher grinned and shook his head. “It pleases me more to see you like this. You’re glowing and I can see the satisfaction in your eyes.”

Katriss’s pale crimson eyes flashed with heat. “Despite what is happening, I can always use more of you, between my thighs,” she flirted.

“Oh, how I wish we could in the moment, but the play has escalated. Two elves and a faun must be punished. It may take me the rest of the day, and most of the night.”

Katriss nodded. “Do you need assistance?”

“I may, but I have to see how the next few hours play out,” Asher said with an excitement in his eyes.

Katriss’s warm demeanor changed into an uncomfortable shift on her chair. “I understand, Lord Blackwood. Keep me in mind should you need anything.”

“Are you, well?” Asher asked with concern.

“I am well, thank you,” she said as she glanced away. “It pains me to think of leaving. I wish I could stay, but a brood of young demons would not fare well in a place such as this.”

Asher simply nodded.

Katriss’s eyes took on a glowing shine again. “Enjoy your play time. My door is always open to you, should you need me for anything.”

Asher grinned. “I will keep it in mind.”

Blyss stepped into the kitchen and her yellow oval eyes widened at the sight of Asher.

“Master! So good to see you! Do you need me?” the goblin said with an edge of excitement.

Asher’s heart glowed as he quickly wondered if he should bring the goblin with him into the secret chamber. He then decided against it, wanting to spend all of his time with the captured conspirators.

“Take care of anything Katriss needs. I will find you if I need you,” Asher said kindly.

The goblin nodded and her ears drooped a little.

“Do not fret my little jade beauty. We will make the most of it and have our way with Lord Blackwood when he is finished with his work,” the demoness winked.

The goblin nodded and smiled.

“See you both in a while,” Asher said before giving each of them a kiss on the forehead.

The demoness and goblin watched as he left the kitchen and into the corridor. When he was gone, the two looked at each other.

“Tea on the patio?” Katriss asked.

“Yes,” the goblin said with a firm nod.

The door to the secret chamber opened. Asher stepped in as heads and eyes turned to him.

“Still where I left you,” he smiled as he closed the door and slid the bolt back into place.

The trio in chains watched as Asher moved to a small table beside Amber and placed the waterskins down on it.

“Have we decided on a protection word?” Asher asked.

Nyn nodded. “Conspiracy,” she stated.

Asher nodded as he stepped over to a finely crafted chest beside a nightstand. Kneeling in front of it, he ran his hands over the carved runes along the top lid. He then moved to the edge, taking hold, and lifting it open.

Since the secret chamber was discovered, Asher had stolen moments to investigate what resided within. The chests were like the hidden chest in his bed chamber, but these held many more items. He inspected many of the items and figured out how they worked. He quickly saw that most items were magical in nature. Some had odd runes on them, and words carved into others. When a rune was touched, or a word said with an item in hand, it quickly vibrated or created some kind of harmless magical effect. He memorized many of the effects and items within the chests.

Asher reached down in the chest and pulled out a few items.

Elara was on the right side of the bed, watching what Asher was doing. She gulped as he pulled out odd, arcane items. Her heart began to race as she didn’t know what he had planned. The not knowing sparked her inner

flame, fanning it further into a larger blaze. Thighs rubbed together as she felt helpless, chained to a bed in a secret room. There was no escape and she couldn't fight the excitement swirling in her belly.

Asher stood up and walked over to a table beside Amber. The faun kept her gaze low as Asher picked up an item. She lifted her gaze to see a stone phallus in his hand. It was smooth and white. One end had a slightly bulbous tip, while the other end was flat. Her eyes widened as he stood before her.

"Conspiracy," Asher said to the flat end of the phallus.

A dim light glowed before it faded away.

Asher bent over the faun and cupped his hand under her jaw. She looked up into his bright gaze as he held the phallus between them.

"For your crime, you must endure untold pleasure. This phallus will please you as I restrain Advisor Nyn and Lady Blackwood. You can stop it by speaking the protection word, but I don't want you to stop. I want you to endure and show me just how much I mean to you. Can you do that for me?"

Amber gave a slow nod and smiled

brightly. “I can endure anything for your forgiveness.”

“Let us see, shall we?” Asher said before touching the rune at the base of the phallus.

Amber’s eyes widened as the stone cock began to vibrate. It buzzed quietly in Asher’s hand as he held it before her eyes. The faun’s breathing quickened as she struggled in her cuffs. She let out a needful whimper as Asher lowered the phallus with one hand, and reached out for the faun’s green robe with the other.

Elara and Nyn watched from the bed, Asher’s back to them. The pair of elves moved and writhed, craning their heads to see more.

Asher opened the faun’s robe to her naked flesh. Her lower half shifted in the seat, as wetness streamed from her budding pink slit. A moan escaped her lips as Asher lowered the phallus and held it inches from her. Swollen breasts leaked new milk as the faun was powerless before her master.

“I beg for your forgiveness,” Amber whines.

“I know you will,” Asher said before moving his hand closer and touching the vibrating stone cock to her dripping faun-

hood.

The moment it touched Amber, she gasped loudly. Vibrations assaulted her sensitive senses and she writhed to the magical item's pulsating touch. Nerves glowed with lustful desire as her hips betrayed her. They moved, trying to rub her clit on the stone cock. The whines and whimpers grew as Asher teased her by sliding it along her valley entrance.

"Please," Amber begged as new sensations cascaded over her senses.

Silently, Asher pushed the tip against her pink lips. The vibrating stone cock slowly slid in. Amber let out a loud moan as her eyes closed. The further it slid in, the more her moans took on a primal edge.

The phallus was nearly fully in the faun. When Asher let go, it moved slightly back and forth, as if it had a mind of its own.

Asher stood to his full height and watched the faun. She moaned as milk leaked from her nipples. She struggled with her cuffs, unable to break free. She closed her furry thighs, keeping the moving phallus to her. It moved and vibrated, causing Amber's eyes to slid into her head.

Asher reached down and ran his fingers

through her long, red-brown hair.

“I believe in you, my little faun. Enjoy your punishment,” he said before pulling his hand away.

Moans dripped from Amber’s open mouth as pleasure whipped at her soul.

Asher turned to the bed and focused on the two elves. His hand reached over to the table beside Amber and picked up the few other items he left there. With a focused gaze, he walked toward the bed.

Nyn was still as a statue to Asher’s approach. Elara on the other hand struggled in her cuffs and chains.

“You cannot do this to us!” the blonde elf shouted.

Asher was silent as he moved over to Nyn’s side of the bed. He put the few items down on a nightstand, but picked one back up.

Elara eyed the item, seeing it was a black blindfold with white runes stitched into it.

“Advisor Nyn, you have seen and said much,” Asher said while ignoring Elara.

Nyn simply looked up as Asher moved the blindfold down and placed it over her eyes. She lifted her head as he connected a pair of

clasps.

“Because of your betrayal, you will not know what is happening until I allow it,” Asher said before running his fingers gently over the blindfold.

Nyn watched as the edges of light around the blindfold vanished. The elf flexed her pointed ears as she tried to listen. To her surprise, only silence greeted her. There were no sounds of Amber moaning, or Elara’s heavy breathing, or the buzz of the stone phallus pleasuring the faun. Serene darkness and silence filled her as she relaxed into the comfortable bed.

“She will not see or hear anything, but she will feel everything,” Asher explained as he reached for her robe and undid hidden buttons.

Elara pulled on her chains as she watched Asher undressing the voluptuous elf.

“She will not ease your punishment with words of encouragement or looks of solidarity,” Asher said as the front of her robe opened.

Nyn kept her hands and arms above her head as she was naked to Asher’s lustful gaze. He then picked up a small blade from the

small group of items. He brought it close and began cutting away her robe.

“My beautiful lady, you will hear our people’s love for me. You will understand what it means to be part of our family,” Asher said to Elara.

Despite her physical protests, Elara’s heart thudded with excitement in her chest. Wet spots appeared along the robe fabric covering her chest. Milk seeped through her robe as her chest heaved. Eyes barely blinked as Asher cut away Nyn’s robe and pulled it from her. He tossed the destroyed robe to the floor as he looked down on the bound elf with greedy eyes.

“Lord Blackwood, please, spare her and take me,” Elara said with a sultry tone.

Asher lifted his gaze to Elara and gave her a sinister smile. “I will take what I want, including you.”

Elara’s heart hammered in her chest. Asher stood up and grabbed at his clothes. He took his time getting undressed before Elara’s wide gaze. When the last piece fell away to the floor, Asher stood as Amber’s moans filled the room. His throbbing member stood under its own power as he looked upon Elara with

cool eyes.

“Don’t concern yourself my lady. I have something for you that will prepare you for what’s to come.”

Asher reached over to the table and picked up what looked like a stone egg, and a black wand. He moved to the bed and climbed on. He crawled over Nyn’s bound body and stayed on his knees before Elara.

The mature elf looked up at her lover with calm eyes. Heat bubbled under her skin at the many possible scenarios her younger lover would put her through. All of it melted into a soup of desire, unable to hide the tension in her eyes.

Asher placed the two items on the bed. He then moved his hands to Elara’s robe and parted it. His smile remained as he saw the blonde elf was not wearing any small clothes. Her small blonde curls were unguarded as wetness gleamed along her elfhood. Hips moved slightly as she grew more and more uncomfortable with her own urges. When Asher touched her bare thigh, she shuddered hard.

“My lord, please free me. I will kneel before you. I will suck on you until you bless

my throat with your holy seed. Spare them and I will never betray you again.”

Asher lifted the small stone egg and held it before his eyes. “I know you won’t betray me again, especially after today. For now, I only need you to watch and enjoy my mercy and kindness.”

Elara gasped for breath as Asher’s other hand moved along her inner thigh. Her thighs trembled as he grazed her wet slit. A whimper dripped from her lips as his fingers touched her and sank into her. Wetness coated his fingers as he explored.

“Please...no more,” Elara said unconvincingly.

Asher took the egg and touched it to her thin slit. With a gentle push, the egg slid in and was gone from view. He let go and pulled his hand back. Lifting his fingers to his nose, he took a deep inhale of Elara’s scent before licking his fingers.

The same hand drifted down to the black wand. He took hold and lifted it up for the elf to see.

“There is a spot I know you enjoy. My little toy should be touching that very same spot right now. It will help you understand

what you have done. The more you beg, the happier I will be.”

“My lord, please, I will do anything you...” Elara’s eyes widened as her hands clutched at her own chains.

The tip of the wand glowed before a pulsating vibration struck her like a quake. Elara’s inner world buzzed with a feeling she only had glimpses of before. Heavy breath fell from her open mouth as vibrating sensations touched a scared spot. It pressed against it with unrestricted power. Bliss exploded along her body as her heart pumped hard in her chest. Milk seeped into her robe as she struggled in her bonds.

Asher touched a rune on the black wand and the sensations turned from a loud scream, into a soft whisper. It caused Elara to whimper as she rubbed her thighs together.

Asher took hold of his member with his other hand. He stroked himself to Elara’s sultry torment. The slow strokes only enflamed his desire and control as the blonde elf whimpered.

“I control the little stone egg within you. When you have earned my forgiveness, I will take it out and fill you with my love, but not a

moment before,” Asher said with loving confidence.

“Please, my lord. I need you,” Elara begged.

Asher nodded. “I know.”

Elara let out another whimper as she watched Asher moved to Nyn. He slipped over her naked body. He laid down beside her as he put the wand down between the elves. He then grabbed the blind and deaf elf, turning her onto her side, facing Elara.

Nyn knew nothing but darkness and silence. The magical blindfold blocked out the world except for the sensation of touch. She knew Asher’s touch very well, and moved to his silent commands. On her side, she stared into the void as the sensations of hands were upon her. Lips pursed. She didn’t move as warm hands ran along her smooth skin. Time began to lose its meaning as she felt Asher’s cock hard between her cheeks. It moved between her tender flesh, rubbing against her as his hands explored every part of her.

“My lord’s touch is divine,” Nyn whispered.

Elara watched as bliss leaked from between her legs and from her nipples. Asher’s

body was pressed to the blind elf as his hands ran along her skin. He didn't look at Elara as he held his focus on the blindfolded elf.

Nyn's lips parted and a soft moan rose. She writhed against him while holding onto her own chains. A hand grabbed at her leaking breast. Pressure began to ease as milk spilled. When lips latched on and teeth squeezed her erect nipple, Nyn let out a silent moan.

To the blindfolded elf, she couldn't hear herself. To Asher, Elara, and Amber, the elf let out a dreamy moan.

Asher sucked and gently bit the elf's nipple. Milk slipped down his throat and when it touched his stomach, a hunger began to grow. His member stiffened as he kept the blind elf close.

A hand ran down along the side of Nyn's body and slipped over her stomach. Fingers touched her valley and she parted her thighs. When a finger touched her clit, Nyn cried out. The sudden touch rippled with pleasure. When his finger pressed down a little more and began massaging her, Nyn writhed to his touch like a trapped snake.

From the chair at the foot of the bed, Amber's breathing was thick and hot. She

leaned forward as chains held her in place. Her entire body shuddered as the stone phallus broke down her willpower. Magical explosions rippled along her senses as she climaxed. The constant vibration and sliding back and forth whipped at her as another barrage of orgasms blasted her nerves to delicate glass.

“Master...I’m yours,” the words dripped from Amber’s parted lips as bliss began to build once again.

Asher listened as he drank from Nyn. He let go of her breast and looked at the blindfolded elf with a deepening hunger. The sounds of moans and begging became music to his ears. A thought slipped in, telling him it was just a play, but deeper down in his soul, it spoke to his hungers in a way he never understood until now.

Nyn’s breathing deepened as Asher’s touch caused her toes to curl. She lifted one leg and coiled it behind her and over his leg. Hips moved of their own accord as the elf could no longer fight her urges.

“Lord Blackwood...forgive me,” Nyn said with a harsh whisper.

Asher lifted his gaze to Elara. The blonde

elf held onto her chains, lost to the humming vibration within her sacred valley. It gnawed at her with feathery bliss. Seeing the demonic gleam in Asher's eyes overpowered her reason. Willpower shattered as an orgasmic wave of ecstasy was rushing toward her prone spirit.

"Don't...surrender," Elara said through gritted teeth and unblinking eyes.

Asher continued to rub Nyn's throbbing clit as he maneuvered his hips. Sliding down a little, he never broke his rhythmic touch as the head of his cock touched her quivering slit. With gentle power, he pushed at her. Nyn moaned loudly as the small resistance parted to his unyielding invasion. The moment a few inches pushed in, the elf struggled against her chains. Heat and bliss grew as she moved on his cock. She pushed against his invasion and he pushed deeper into her. A tight squeezing connected their souls.

Elara watched every moment and when Asher was to his hilt, orgasms crashed into her. Eyes rolled into her head as she shuddered hard. Wetness squirted from between her parted thighs. It splashed on the bed as her whole body tensed from the intense climax.

Asher clutched Nyn to him as his hips worked. Thick wet inches appeared and disappeared from their union. Nyn repeatedly gasped for air as her lord and lover punished her behind. The sound of skin on skin grew with loud moans. The sensual symphony carried on as souls dripped with needs, urges, and desires.

“See how good it is to love someone,” Asher said in a loving tone.

Elara could barely keep her head up as pleasure ebbed and another wave of ecstasy was coming.

“I...simply...wanted you to love me,” Elara said with dazed eyes.

Asher continued to thrust into Nyn while looking at Elara with adoring eyes.

“I have always loved you,” he said warmly.

Asher then looked down at Nyn. “As I have always loved her.” He shifted his gaze to Amber who was nearly slumped in her chair, “And her.”

Some semblance of control came back to Elara. The blonde elf sat up a little more, gathering her thoughts as the vibrating egg within her continued to force pleasure.

“Asher...I need you,” Elara said in a flash of heat. “I’ve...always needed you.”

Elara’s very words cut through the sensual play. It stabbed at his heart, seeing pure love and desire filling her oval green eyes. Its beauty overwhelmed him. His cock thickened. Nyn cried out as her inner world was spread nearly to the breaking point. Thick spurts of seed filled her thin valley. She squeezed him as a barrage of orgasms exposed her soul to the purity of the moment.

“Fuck...me,” Elara said with focused eyes.

Asher grunted as another spurt was milked from his cock. Seed leaked from Asher and Nyn’s connection. He moved back, his cock slipping from her valley. White seed dripped as Nyn gasped for air.

Asher climbed over the elf and took the wand. He ran his thumb over an arcane symbol. The vibrating egg within Elara stopped. She sighed in relief as Asher moved closer. His hand ran along her bare flesh. Fingers touched her dripping slit and sank in. Elara moaned as he took hold of the egg and pulled it out.

Asher put the wand and egg on the nearby nightstand. He then turned his attention to the

beautiful elf.

Elara heaved with her hands over her head. She held her cuffs as she laid with her thighs parted. Milk spilled from erect nipples and down her smooth skin. She looked at Asher with half-closed eyes and heavy, sultry breath.

Asher stayed on his knees before her. All he could see was her divine beauty and shameless desire.

Elara shuddered as she looked at Asher's strong, fit body. Sweat glistened along his slender, muscular form. Her gaze traveled down his to his hanging member. It began to thicken and fight gravity's pull. A moan escaped her lips as she could see his genuine love and affection for her stand at attention. She licked her lips while trying to gather her fractured thoughts.

"Love has always eluded me, in one way or another. I didn't think the concept was real, but when I met you, I discovered I was wrong. I was so wrong that it hurts my heart to think on it," Elara said in a moment of clarity.

Asher simply stared, caught in the hypnotic tone of her voice. He could see, she was awake and beyond the lands of sultry

dreams. She laid her soul bare before him and did not hesitate to speak a truth they both knew all along.

“Asher, my morsel, my heart, I will follow any path you travel. I will lick at your wounds. I will listen to your sorrow. I will hold you to me. I will become your lover and slave.

“I only ask one thing, never stop loving me,” the elf said with burning clarity in her eyes.

The younger man was speechless as he stared at her. Since they started the game, Asher had control, over himself and others. He delighted in knowing their game allowed them to take on roles to add a degree of sensual flair to their growing love life. Here, now, in a sliver of a moment, he lost all control. Elara looked at him with such a heated gaze, it could melt iron. An electric charge ran through his entire body as his cock bounced.

“My lady,” Asher whispered before he lifted his hands toward the cuffs on her wrists.

“Leave them on and fuck me like our lives depended on it,” Elara said with a sharp, wicked hiss.

Every thought vanished as the younger

man was filled with purpose and desire. He nearly fell on the beautiful elf. He held her close as his manhood touched her dripping valley entrance and pushed. Inches sank into sensitive flesh as the chains rattled over Elara's head. She let out a loving moan as Asher became unhinged. Deep thrusts consumed him as his lips latched to a leaking nipple. Elara took in a harp inhale as pleasure slammed into her spirit from all sides. Asher huffed and grunted like a wild animal. He punished the elf as she cried out for more. Heat had turned into a fever. The clinking of chains turned the two lovers on. Asher drank her milk while his hips slammed down between her comforting thighs.

"I'm close my lord. I'm...so...close," Elara hissed before she threw head back and screamed.

Asher grunted like his very soul was being pulled from his body. His cock thickened and molten white seed painted her inner valley. Purpose, love, and bliss pushed him on, past the line of logic and reality. Another volley splashed as more come was milked from his cock.

Elara's body shuddered hard as Asher thrust with the power of a small cannon.

Nerves flared into a heavenly cascade across her body. White touched the edges of her gaze as she tumbled through a river of bliss. Tears welled up as she begged for more from her lover.

Time stood still as the pair of lovers felt themselves leave their bodies. They hovered in a dreamscape, holding each other close like two halves of the same soul. When time returned, bliss ebbed.

Asher continued to drive his member deep as a sheepish look filled his eyes.

Elara gulped air as heavenly tendrils caressed her spirit.

When the two slowed down, Asher looked into Elara's eyes and she looked into his.

"I need some more punishment," Elara said with a breathy whisper.

"I know you need more punishment," Asher smirked.

"Thank you, my lord," Elara said with a playful gleam in her eyes.

Asher nodded as his half-hard cock hardened into iron once again. Love glowed between them as their bodies fell into a seductive rhythm and tempo.

From a chair not far from the foot of the bed, Amber smiled with tears in her eyes. The faun let out another gasp, seeing how happy the two were. An orgasm welled up and she moaned to the sounds of Asher and Elara's moans in the warm, secret chamber.

Chapter 18

Thirsty Aftercare

Elara snuggled close, her nose touching Asher's neck. Asher's arms were around the voluptuous and beautiful elf, keeping her to his chest. Heat glowed along their senses as bodies touched. The couple were half-covered in blankets, lazily enjoying each other's company. A dim, comfortable light filled the hidden chamber as bodies breathed peacefully.

Next to the couple, Amber and Nyn laid passed out. The magical blindfold was on a pillow as Nyn's arm was around Amber's naked stomach. She snuggled into Amber's thick hair as the faun was curled into a ball, the pair fast asleep.

Hours blended together into many shades of pleasure and inhuman desire. Perversions played on as Asher took turns lovingly punishing all three. The two elves and faun fell into storms of passion and bondage. New toys were used on others as Asher took his pick. The moans between the four of them turned into a song none of them could deny.

When exhaustion began to set in, it was Nyn who passed out first. Amber snuggled to the sleeping elf, before she too fell to slumber's embrace. That left only Asher and Elara, using each other to go beyond their boundaries and enjoy every moment of it.

When hearts and bodies cooled, the pair held and snuggled to each other, their souls light, and minds clear as a sunny day.

"I had a lot of fun," Elara whispered.

"As did I," Asher said with a soothing tone.

Elara slowly blinked as she fought off her own exhaustion. "Our game had a happily ever after. I look forward to our next one."

"This game ended?" Asher said with a lift of his brow.

Elara moved her head just enough to look up at her lover with warm eyes. "Does anything truly end?" she giggled.

Asher grinned before a shadow touched the edges of his gaze. "I hope I wasn't too forceful or rough? I enjoyed being the lord in charge, but I like when we simply make love as well. It's nice to connect and be true to ourselves."

Elara gave a weak nod. “You weren’t too forceful. Part of the fun was not knowing what you would do. Nyn and Amber had a good time, as did I. I can see us getting a lot of use out of this room, when the mood demands it.”

Asher nodded. “I wished I could have shown it to you earlier, but I felt it would ruin the surprise. Uncle Aric left a note and I wanted to tell you about it.”

Elara closed her eyes and sighed. “I’m glad you didn’t tell me. The surprise added to the moment.”

The elf was silent for a moment.

“Asher, there is something I have to tell you.”

The younger man’s smile faded away as he gave Elara his full attention.

“I had a life in the empire, but now it has become a distant dream. Coming here has changed my perception. I don’t see things like I used to. I see them in a new, burning light.

“But, after a time, some of my people may come looking for me. Not out of a need to rescue, but from a place of concern. I worked for a mage academy. I informed them that I would be gone for some time, but when the time eclipses, some may begin searching for

me. If they find me, they will try to convince me to come back.”

Asher’s heart beat steady in his chest as he remained silent.

Elara looked up to him with loving eyes. “Know this from my heart, I only wish to be here, with you and our growing family. I have no desire to go back. I want to tend to crops and aid in making wine. It is such a beautiful dream, to live a simple life with complicated desires.”

“I want you here, with me, with us,” Asher said as he touched her cheek. “And if others come looking for you, I will not let them take you away.”

Elara’s eyes took on a worried gleam. “You are not cross with me for keeping such a secret?”

Asher smiled as he shook his head. “How foolish it would be to think you never had a past or secrets. I know I’m hundreds of years younger than you, but I’ve seen my share of pain and death. I’ve seen brave friends cry out for their loved ones before being hacked to pieces or devoured by some beast. Those moments aged my soul and I began to see with weathered eyes a life of pain, sorrow, and

misery, all to chase a new life filled with riches.”

The younger man held the beautiful elf close and closed his eyes. “I found you, my treasure. Even if we lost everything, my heart would be at peace with you beside me.”

Elara stared at his neck as tears began to form at the corner of her eyes. “Oh Asher, how I dreamed and feared for this moment.”

“There is nothing to fear, especially from me,” Asher said with a soothing tone.

The couple held each other close.

Asher ran his fingers through her silky blonde hair. It warmed his heart as he thought about her confession. She was truly afraid and he knew, she had absolutely nothing to fear.

When a light snore touched the air, Asher pulled his head back to see Elara sound asleep.

“Sleep well,” he said before kissing her forehead.

A sudden thirst filled him as he held the sleeping elf. He lifted his head to look at the table with the waterskins. They were both deflated, the contents long gone during their game of sensual punishment.

Asher looked down at Elara as she slept

peacefully. "I'll be back," he whispered and gently slipped from her arms.

Elara didn't stir from her deep sleep as Asher slipped out of bed. He made his way to the door and gently pulled back the bolt lock.

In the library, a shelf parted from the wall before swinging open. Asher stepped out to the dimly lit chamber. He looked at the library window to see it was still night outside. He wasn't sure how late it was but his thirst only grew. He closed the shelf behind him.

Not caring that he was fully naked, he exited the library and made his way toward the kitchen.

When he entered the kitchen, he stopped short. By the kitchen sink, Katriss was standing with her back to him. She was staring out of the kitchen window to the dark night beyond. A robe covered her form and her pointed tail hung low, peeking out from the below the hem.

"The night is so beautiful here," the demoness said in a low tone as she stared into the night.

Asher nodded as he took a few more steps into the kitchen. "Difficult sleep?" he asked.

The horned demoness gave a small nod.

“Yes, in a way. I have many sleepless nights before the time I birth my children.”

Katriss slowly turned around. Asher watched her as she turned fully around and leaned against the counter edge. Her robe was parted down the middle. Creamy pale lavender breasts were partially covered, but her small belly and womanhood was uncovered. She placed her clawed hand on her small belly and looked down with a simple, fanged smile.

“When I was in my castle, I would have many males tending to my ever need. It was beautiful their dedication, even if they feared my wrath.”

Asher stepped a little closer as he stared at her.

Katriss turned her head and looked away. “This generation will not know such comforts. I will have to follow the old ways of my ancestors. I will have to find a secluded cave and birth my eggs in many clutches. Then I will have to guard them until their hatching.”

Asher gave a slow nod, understanding the gravity she must face.

“You could stay here? We can search the mountains surrounding Mist Valley. I could

bring you supplies and check on you.”

Katriss looked at Asher and gave him a small, devilish smile. She lifted herself from the counter edge and closed the small distance. She lifted her clawed hand and touched the side of his strong jaw.

“I genuinely appreciate how supportive you wish to be, to me and our children, but I must decline. Demon children grow very quickly. They will descend into the valley, searching for anything they can tear apart and eat. It will take many months, to a year before they are smart enough to understand what they are doing. Their love for me will be the only thing they understand. They will protect me and love me.

“If you arrived, or even came close, they would attack you. No, my handsome man, you must stay here and tend to your people and your lands. With time, I will come back to visit. Until then, I will hold our time here close to my heart.”

Katriss pulled her hand away and looked at Asher’s nude body. “You do have a demonic appetite. I can smell Elara, Amber, and Nyn on you, especially coming from your cock.”

Asher’s manhood stirred as urges began to

sing.

The demoness placed her palm over his heart. She felt his needs and exhaustion crawl along her senses.

Asher looked up to the seven-foot-tall demoness. His member struggled as soreness numbed him. Seeing her, a demoness with life growing in her belly, sang to his desires.

Katriss pulled back her hand and opened her robe a little more at one side. A full breast was exposed. Creamy milk began to drip. Katriss lifted her hand and gave her breast a light squeeze. Dripping turned into leaking.

“They get so full when I see you,” Katriss said whimsically.

Asher looked at her as milk ran down her smooth skin. “I did come here for a drink,” he said, all pretense gone.

“Well, you’re in luck,” she said with a wicked smirk.

A sudden hunger and thirst overwhelmed the younger man. He stepped closer to the demoness, his gaze locked on her leaking nipple. His manhood rose once again like the dead from the grave. The soreness bled away as he slid his hand over her hip and to the small of her back. His other hand touched her

body, sliding up her wet skin until he reached her heavy breast. He gently took hold and lifted it slightly.

Asher licked his lips before he closed them around her nipple. When demon milk touched his tongue, the flame of hunger turned into a bonfire. Teeth closed on her soft flesh and moved, coaxing a stream of milk into his mouth. He sucked on her as his body flexed with animalistic desire.

Katriss lifted a hand and placed her palm on the back of Asher's head, keeping him to her. She grinned with fanged teeth before moaning her own pleasure. The feel of teeth and gentle sucking caused her tail to curl.

"My demon lover, how good you feel. Even after hours of fucking and loving, you want more. How can I deny such a hungry soul," Katriss whispered.

The milk sang to him once again. All pain and soreness vanished from his body. His cock stood under its own power and throbbed. The more he drank, the more he wanted.

Katriss lowered her lips close to the top of his head. "Make a memory that will stay with me long after we part ways."

A growl slid up Asher's throat. He pulled

his head away and looked at the demoness with crazed eyes. Hands fell on her hips and the younger man pushed the demoness to the kitchen table. Katriss let out a maddening giggle as he cupped her ass and lifted her up onto the table. One hand held her by the back of the neck while the other pushed at her chest. Katriss laid down onto her back as she spread her legs.

Asher's gaze drifted over her naked body as the robe only covered her arms. His hand traveled down over her leaking, large breasts, down her slightly curved stomach. Hands took hold of her thighs as he looked at her dripping valley entrance.

"Stab me with your cock!" Katriss moaned.

Asher grabbed his member and pressed the tip to her quivering slit. Honey coated the tip before his hips moved with deliberate power. Inches sank into her tender flesh as her moans grew. When he reached the hilt, he didn't stay still for long. The urges whipped at him as he became unhinged. His blood sang as the sounds of their union rose into the air. It was music to their ears as he hammered his hips between her thighs. Asher watched her bounce to each repeated thrust. Katriss

grinned and moaned her delight, lost to his primal desires.

“Yesssss,” Katriss hissed as her inner flame grew.

Asher thrust like he tried to hurt her. When a thought entered his head to slow down, the demoness could almost read his mind and begged for more.

“Don’t be gentle. Take what you want. Fuck me as much as you desire!” Katriss moaned as she grabbed her own breasts and squeezed.

Asher looked down on her as he thrust his passion into her. Leaking nipples and creamy milk streaming down her pale purple skin burned into his mind’s eye. Inner demons sang as Asher growled. An inhuman spirit rose from a secret place and Asher let out a primal roar.

Katriss threw her head back and moaned. Her horns scrapped the table surface as her nerves flashed like exploding stars. She cried and moaned for more as Asher’s hips slapped at her inner thighs. Orgasms blasted at her like an internal war between lust and desire.

Asher’s roar fell into a thick grunt. White seed spurted in her tight valley. Asher could

not control himself as he pulled out and stroked himself to the prone demon's body. A thicker spurt launched and landed between her breasts. It left a trail down to her stomach as Katriss gasped for air. Another spurt landed on her stomach as Asher enjoyed marking the demoness.

"Yes...yes," she said as she rubbed his come onto her skin. "How I wish I could keep you and make you my love slave."

Asher's heart thudded in his chest as he looked at her. The demonic presence was still there, looking over his shoulder. A small moment passed before the presence slipped away to nothing.

Katriss sat up and embraced Asher. She wrapped her legs around his waist and held him to her. A playful sigh fell from her lips.

"I will return, some day. Never lose that delicious dark side."

"Are you leaving tomorrow?" Asher asked as he held her close to him.

Katriss closed her eyes. "No, not yet. But I fear, my time is coming sooner then expected. For now, let us enjoy what is left of our time, together."

Asher closed his eyes, lost to her burning,

smoky scent. “Yes, I would like that very much,” he said as a dreamy haze fell over him.

“One more, before you must attend to your lovers again,” Katriss said with a sultry whisper.

Asher nodded as his cock began to thicken once more, his inner demons licking their lips.

Chapter 19

Election Night

The sun hovered over the western horizon. The late spring day was warmer than usual, a signal to the approaching summer. Insects fluttered in the air as the mountains surrounding Mist Valley glowed from the late, sunny day.

Asher stood in the living room with Elara before him. The mature elf was fixing his collar and smoothing down his shirt. She occasionally looked up at him with dreamy eyes and he looked at her with a loving gaze.

Nyn was on the couch, reading a black book. Beside her, Amber sat and watched the man and elf with a warm smile.

“I wish we could join you, but we understand our presence would be a distraction to Dina’s plans,” Elara said softly.

Asher nodded. “I wish all of you were coming. Walking into a bar filled with mostly strangers isn’t high on my list of things I want to do. I rather be swimming in the pond with everyone here.”

“Naked swimming?” Elara grinned.

Asher looked at her with cool, knowing eyes. "Is there any other kind of swimming?"

"We can still go naked swimming if you get back early enough," Amber chimed in.

"I too would like naked swimming," Nyn said without lifting her gaze up from her book.

Asher's heart beat with a serene calm. The three women cooled the stresses of reality, and he wanted nothing more than to swim with them, but with a mayoral election for the town of Star Fall, such activities will have to wait.

A figure stepped out from the kitchen.

All heads turned to Katriss. The demoness was standing in a comfortable robe, with a chunk of meat on a bone. She stabbed her sharp teeth and ripped off a chunk. She chewed as she eyed the handsome man and beautiful elf.

"Handsome," she said after she finished chewing.

Asher smiled. The younger man was wearing black leggings and a white, flowing shirt. A V at his collar showed some of his impressive chest. His hair was loose, and framing his features. The belt was thick, with a large, silver buckle. Leather boots completed

the outfit, giving him a roughish, handsome look.

“Thank you,” Asher smiled. “We might be swimming naked later. Interested?”

A demonic smile slid across Katriss’s features. “Yes, I am,” she said before she took another deep bite and ripped away some meat.

Elara touched Asher’s collar, finding any reason to be close to him. “Better hurry back before Katriss eats us out of house and home.”

Amber giggled. Nyn smiled.

Katriss let out an evil laugh before munching on more meat.

Asher’s hands rose to the elf’s hands. He closed his fingers around hers. The pair stared into each other’s eyes as a warm glow enveloped them.

“I will find some excuse to get away, after Dina gives her speech. Should I invite her back, when her evening is finished?”

Elara gave the younger man a wicked smile, “Only if you want to stay up all night. I know we have plenty of work to do on the farm, but it was impossible to get out of bed today.”

“I’m sure he will rise to any occasion,”

Nyn said without looking up from her book.

Everyone in the room blinked before laughter filled the air.

“We’ll play it by ear. But knowing us, we should all rest up,” Asher winked at Elara.

“If only you weren’t leaving,” Elara said with a heat in her voice.

Asher kissed the beautiful elf on the lips before letting go of her hands.

“It’s going to be a warm night, so I won’t need my jacket. I shouldn’t be out too late,” the younger man said as he stepped to the front door.

“Have a pleasant evening,” Nyn said as she lowered her book and eyed him.

Amber was up onto her hooves as Elara followed. Katriss followed as well, chewing cooked meat.

The door opened and they all stepped out.

Asher crossed the small porch and his gaze was instantly drawn to the grass beside the dirt path. In the tall grass, a goblin and goat were laying among the greenery. Fern was sitting up, her legs under her. Her golden horn shined in the dimming daylight. Beside her, Blyss laid on her back with her arms and legs

out. The goblin was wearing leggings and a shirt much too big for her little frame. She was staring up at the sky, when she heard the door open. She lifted her head and grinned as she saw Asher, Elara, Amber, and Katriss step onto the porch.

“Master!” the goblin shouted as she rolled forward and jumped onto her feet.

Asher smiled as she darted toward him and wrapped her arms around his legs. She looked up with bright, yellow eyes and a toothy smile.

“I was always on your side! I never betray you,” the goblin said before lowering her gaze to Amber.

Blyss’s face twisted into mild anger as she stared at the faun.

“Blyss, you know it was only a game?” Amber said as she shifted on her hooves.

“Even in game, Master is Master,” Blyss said with a narrowed gaze.

“Maybe we need to play a different game next,” Amber said as she looked away from the angry goblin.

Asher turned his attention to Elara beside him. “Hmmm, a different game could be fun.”

“Anything we do together is fun,” Elara said with a warmth in her tone.

Blyss pulled away as she looked up at Asher. “I will go with you. Protect you.”

Asher smiled. He put his hand on her shoulder and gave it a squeeze. “Thank you, but I think I’ll be okay. Besides, I need someone to guard the farm.”

Blyss’s smile wilted before her shoulders followed.

“Oh,” she said and kicked a rock into the tall grass.

Fern let out a scream as she continued to sit in the grass.

The sad goblin and screaming goat were enough to make Asher smile and internally recoil from the sudden goat scream at the same time.

“Keep the farm safe, and we can talk later about how Master can reward you,” Asher said to the sad goblin.

Blyss looked up and blinked. She then gave an affirming nod as she stood at attention.

“I will guard the farm with my life!” she said confidently.

“I hope she guards us as well,” Elara said before she gave the goblin an amused grin.

Blyss looked over and gave the elf another strong nod.

“With my life,” the goblin said, annunciating each word.

“I leave the farm in your capable hands,” Asher said before walking toward the front gate.

The gate opened and Asher stepped out. When he closed the gate, he looked over to see everyone watching and smiling. Amber and Blyss waved as Elara and Katriss eyed him like a piece of fresh meat.

No one is sleeping much tonight.

Asher waved back to the beautiful women. He lowered his hand and started walking toward town, the sun now touching the horizon.

Birdsong filled the air, celebrating the end of another day and welcoming the approaching night. Some insects flittered about, while others hopped. Crickets began playing their songs as spring welcomed all.

For a small moment, Asher was at peace. He walked with a steady pace, eyeing the

town in the distance. Green fields spread out, interrupted with an occasional tree. The more he walked, the more Mist Valley felt like home. It curled along his spirit. Faint memories of his former life were drowned out by this new feeling of warm belonging.

A sliver of regret touched him, wondering if he should enjoy this feeling considering how dangerous and dark the world could be. His uncle left him something magical, and he thought of no other way to repay his kindness other than following a secret tradition. Asher had no idea how many generations this farm may have been part of his family, or perhaps his uncle bought it from another. It was among the many mysteries that haunted him, but they are mysteries he would have to uncover in the future. Tonight, was the first step in a new future for Star Fall and Mist Valley. He was happy to help in that decision, and hopefully, a brighter future.

When Asher reached the edge of town, he looked to his left to see Dina walking toward him, followed by several of her artisans. The artisan's waved and smiled. Dina looked him up and down with a pleasant smile of her own.

Asher's breath was taken away. Dina's

outfit was a cross between farmer clothes and stylish nightwear. She wore high boots and dark blue leggings. Her shirt had a collar, but the rest adhered her fit form, with suspender straps over her more than ample bosom. A thin long, leather jacket completed the outfit.

When Dina reached Asher, she looked him up and down as he did with her.

“I feel underdressed,” Asher smirked.

“You look relaxed and handsome, which suits you, Lord Blackwood,” she said before looking down at her own outfit. “I’m not used to dressing up like this, but this was the best outfit I could find.

“I assumed, Sandra will be wearing something expensive and beautiful. I know I couldn’t compete in that way, but I had to still get everyone’s attention.”

Asher took Dina’s hand and raised it so it was inches from his lips. “You not only look incredibly beautiful, but you also look exactly how the new mayor of Star Fall should look,” he said and kissed the back of her hand.

Heat touched Dina’s cheeks. “Asher, what will the town think?”

The artisans with Dina began to chuckle.

“They will think their new mayor is beautiful,” he said with confidence as he let her hand down and slip from his fingers.

Dina looked away for a moment as heat continued to crawl up her neck. “Let’s walk and talk before we reach the Drunken Seahorse.”

The small group began walking into town.

Asher noticed the town was rather quiet. The stores and homes were dark as the sky slowly dimmed. To him, it was like they were walking into a ghost town.

“From what I’ve heard, the town is mostly evenly split. It’s no surprise that Lady Windswell may be buying, or politely intimidating some of the townsfolk to vote for her. The Windswells have many investments around town, and may using it as leverage.

“We’ve discussed our strategy for my bid for mayor. That is where you come in. You don’t have to give any speeches or such. All you have to do is speak to the locals and quietly talk about who you are endorsing. Your presence should help move more votes to my campaign.”

Asher scratched the back of his head. “Alright, but this feels a little manipulative.”

Dina gave a sad nod. “I don’t like it either, but my research indicated that this is how elections are often run and won. I wish it could be simply on my merits, but from what I’ve learned, Lady Windswell is using every dirty trick at her disposal.

“If I had proof, it might be enough to have her resign from the mayoral race, but she’s been covering her activities, and offered a few bribes.”

“She’s a dirty lady,” Asher grinned.

The artisans behind the pair laughed.

“Maybe, but we should remain on our toes. The whole town will be there, mingling and talking with Lady Windswell and myself. A little endorsement will go a long way.”

“I will become a bastion of endorsement for Star Fall’s brighter future,” Asher said.

“I know you will,” Dina said and resisted the urge to touch his hand.

The small group made their way deeper into town. Heads turned as music and light spilled out of the large tavern. When they moved closer, hearts swelled as the tavern looked like it was having a celebration, instead of speaking engagement.

Banners fluttered in the small, warm breeze. Each one either had Dina, or Lady Windswell's name on them. Each banner hung just above each window and the main entrance.

The sun continued to set as light glowed from behind each tavern window. The sounds of muffled laughter and conversations could not be contained by windows or walls. The very air held an electrical excitement as Asher, Dina, and their group approached the front door.

Asher took hold of the handle and pulled. The door swung open as heat, the scent of drinks, and chatter spilled out. Dina was first to enter, followed by her artisans. Asher was last as he stepped into the social melee.

The main chamber to the tavern was immense. A rounded, rectangular bar took up the center. Above it was a kaleidoscope of flags and colored lanterns. Reds, blues, yellows, and greens illuminated the bar like some celestial temple to the gods of drinks and revelry.

All along the edge of the main chamber were tables and booths. There was plenty of seating, but very few people were actually

sitting. The floor was standing room, the entire town coming out for the important affair. The scent of alcohol seemed to ooze from the floor and walls, but to Asher, it wasn't unpleasant. It brought back many memories of taverns he visited on his travels, and happy memories of resting and enjoying a good drink.

Asher's gaze shifted back to the bar. He smiled as he saw Bolla, the blonde dwarf, standing as tall as the people she was serving. She moved with expert ease, filling drinks and making cocktails. She, and two other bartenders, slung drinks into waiting hands. The dwarf smiled as she was in her element, laughing and talking while her large hands moved independently to prepare drinks.



Bolla was smiling as she shifted her gaze and caught Asher standing by the front door. She gave him a shy smile before looking away and serving a drink to a patron.

Asher kept his small smile as he looked past her to the large stone fireplace on the opposite wall. A fire danced, warming the large chamber.

The young man took a step forward when a shadow came at him from his right. He turned his gaze to see Nadia, the owner of the book store, coming toward him with a drink in hand. She had a wide smile to match her wide eyes. When she was nearly to him, she stumbled over her own feet. Her mug of ale launched into the air. Asher's instincts took over, his hand flashing upwards and catching the mug. Some of its contents sloshed over the mug rim and onto his hand and wrist.

"I am so sorry!" Nadia said as she whirled around and snatched a napkin off a nearby table.

Asher parted his lips to tell her it was alright, when the clumsy book store owner tripped over her feet again and tilted toward him.

Asher's other hand snapped forward and

caught her, keeping her from crashing into him or falling to the floor.

Nadia looked up at Asher with stars in her eyes. "I...I'm sorry."

"It's perfectly okay," Asher said as he helped her to her feet.

Nadia smoothed down her black robe before Asher handed her drink back to her. She took it and held it with embarrassed eyes.

"I'm sorry," she said again and lifted the napkin up to him

"It's okay," Asher smiled as he took the napkin and began drying his hand.

Nadia stared at him, her gaze drifting from his hand and up to his strong chest. She looked up a little more, focusing on his defined neck with intense eyes.

"Some of your drink spilled on me. Let me buy you another," Asher said with amused eyes.

"Oh, uh, ha ha, um," Nadia stammered as she could hardly keep her composure.

Asher shot her a warm look. "Is that a yes?"

Nadia barked out a laugh and quickly covered her mouth. She then pulled down her

hand and stood straighter, trying to be composed like everything that just happened, didn't happen at all.

“Yes, I would accept a drink from you.”

Asher nodded and made his way to the bar. Heads around the bar began to turn and look at the approaching lord of Blackwood. Smiles bloomed as Asher made his way through the crowd to the bar edge. He could feel everyone's gaze on him, but he mentally shrugged it off.

Bolla came over with a bright smile. She placed her hands on the inner bar edge and eyed Asher.

“Lord Blackwood, what can I get you?” the dwarf asked with a cheery smile.

“Two ales,” Asher said.

“Should I put one in a waterskin for Nadia? Every time your name is even mentioned, she tends to lose her balance,” Bolla laughed.

“Two mugs are fine,” Asher smiled.

Bolla nodded and moved to a tap. “Don't take what I say as rudeness. Everyone in town adores her. I just wouldn't keep anything sharp within reach of her flailing,” the dwarf

winked.

The excitement and good mood caused Asher to laugh. The tension in his soul weakened as he started to feel like he was truly home, and among his people.

Two full, wood mugs were placed on the bar counter. Asher's hand moved to his belt pouch when the dwarf shook her head.

"The drinks are free tonight, thanks to Lady Windswell," Bolla said as her smile faded a little.

Asher nodded as he held a drink in each hand. His gaze flicked downward to see along the inner edge of the bar was elevated, allowing the dwarf to be at eye level with her patrons.

"I'll have to thank her, after I make the rounds. I think Dina will make an incredible mayor and she should thank Lady Windswell for her generosity," Asher said loud enough for everyone around him to hear.

Ears perked up and some of the conversations dimmed near him. Asher took a quick glance around to several knowing smiles and nods.

Asher made his way out of the crowd, knowing his words did have some influence. If

he made it known to others, Dina may win by a landslide.

Asher approached Nadia. She downed what was left of her first drink and quickly slammed it down on a nearby table. She lifted her hand and nearly crashed into her new drink, if Asher wasn't quick enough to move the drink in the last moment. He then slid his hand up carefully to her to take the drink.

Nadia took the drink with both hands and nodded. "Thank you for the drink," she smiled into her mug.

"It's the least I can do. The books you recommended have been very informative. I look forward to visiting your book store in the near future."

Nadia nearly choked on her sip of ale. She began hacking and gasping for breath. Asher stepped closer and she quickly waved him away. When she regained her breath, she looked away with red cheeks.

"I'm sorry for being such a mess," she muttered and walked off.

Asher's heart tugged in his chest. He took a step to follow her, when a woman slid between him and the fleeing book store owner.

Asher's eyes widened a hair as Lady Windswell stood before him with drink in hand. A quick glance at her showed she was wearing normal leggings, a nice pink blouse, and her long hair in a tidy bun.

From the few times Asher had interacted with Lady Windswell, she was dressed in expensive clothes and jewelry. All of that was not present, and he quickly surmised she was trying to pass herself as one of the common folk.

“Lord Blackwood! How good to see you again. I simply wanted to take this opportunity to express no displeasure from our recent past. There may have been some confusion on both our parts, and I hope I can count on your vote for a brighter future for Star Fall and Mist Valley?”

Asher gave her a curt smile. “I have already decided who I’m voting for, but thank you for wishing to put the past behind us.”

Lady Windswell nodded and looked at him like she didn’t hear anything he had to say. “Good to hear, but I wanted to speak a little more on the future of Star Fall, if you don’t mind? Once the Mayor of Star Fall has been decided, I wish to open discussions again on

how our estates can help each other. I already know your stance concerning the society, but there are opportunities both of our estates can benefit from, if we work together.

“Should I become mayor, we can change Star Fall from a simple town into a grand city. We can become a hub for trading across the Crystal Sea. I believe, you and I have enough influence to make such a dream come true.”

“I like the town as it is,” Asher stated plainly.

Lady Windswell’s eyes took on a sliver of shadow. “Progress cannot be stopped, only slowed down by small minds and hearts.”

Asher laughed off her obvious insult. “Progress? Progress doesn’t hang dozens of voting parchments on my front door and porch area.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Lady Windswell said with a blink.

Asher sighed. “Lady Windswell, I wish you the best on your mayoral run.”

The young man was about to step past her, when she moved to block his path. The lady’s eyes were cool embers in a sea of feigned politeness.

“The wild gate by your home is dangerous, and technically, not part of your lands. I would choose wisely whose side you wish to be on. If I become mayor, one of my first duties will be to ensure nothing threatens our town. Anything can come through that gate and attack the people. Of course, we can’t have that,” she said with a demonic gleam in her eyes.

Asher’s brow wrinkled in annoyance.
“Threats will not work on me.”

“It’s not a threat, only a campaign promise. Of course, if I win, we can discuss future business ventures, without a need to seal up the gate. Think on it. An intelligent man like yourself will always come to the right conclusion,” Lady Windswell said with a sweet enough tone to crack a tooth.

“You’re right, I already have. May your opponent have a glorious life as Mayor of Star Fall,” Asher said with confidence.

Lady Windswell gave the younger man her own annoyed look, but Asher didn’t notice as he walked past her without a second glance.

The light outside began to darken. The elated mood in the tavern grew with each passing moment. Some workers moved crates

and placed them before the large fireplace, creating a makeshift stage. The drinks continued to flow as eyes shifted to Dina.

The construction shop owner had a small crowd around her. They took up an area to the right of large chamber. Many looked to her, drinking in every word as she made promises to ensure Mist Valley will be safe and prosperous.

Time stood still as Dina glanced between people and locked her gaze on Asher. He looked at her, a tingling in his heart growing. The evening was just beginning, and he felt like he was part of an important moment, where he could help the small town become even better.

I think I'm really going to like living here.

Asher took a step toward Dina and her crowd. Something flickered to his right, a shadow and some odd light. Time slowed down as a window shattered.

Asher turned his head to see a tavern window shattering into shards. A ball of fire streaked through the air, directly toward him. Gasps and cries rose into the sudden chaos. The world fell into tiny moments, the ball of fire nearly too him in the blink of an eye.

“ASHER!” Lady Windswell shouted as she threw herself at Asher, with her arm raised.

An instant later, the ball of fire exploded against Lady Windswell’s arm.

The small explosion threw her into Asher. Her body slammed into his as he was taking a step back. Losing balance, the pair crashed into the floor.

Asher’s hands were on Lady Windswell, holding her to him as he looked down at her burnt arm. It smoked as skin peeled away to show muscle and singed blood. The lady moaned as she struggled to sit up.

The front door slammed open. Asher, and everyone else in the tavern, turned their gazes to a red-skinned demon in black and brown leather. A dark cloak covered his shoulders, but his hood was back, showing his curved black horns. He had a short sword in one hand, and a strange orb in his other hand.

“Asher Blackwood! I’ve come for your head!” the demon shouted as the odd orb burst into flames in his hand.

Chapter 20

Blood and Brimstone

Katriss stood before her bedroom window. Her pale crimson eyes were turned toward the sky, watching a flash burst from the horizon, before the light dimmed into embers. The sky turned a subdued yellow and then darkened into a pale pink. Stars began to appear along the heavens, as the day slowly slid into night's early embrace.

The demoness let out a soft sigh, her thoughts churning from the celestial beauty of the sunset, to images of Asher. She lifted her hand and placed it on her small belly, feeling life form as her body readied for what is to come.

Heightened senses took on a dreamy haze. A happiness bloomed within her heart, a feeling she could never discuss out loud, but one she knew very well. Each time she readied for another brood it brought her deep joy. This time, the only difference was reclaiming her power and status.

A yearning sang its intimate song. Katriss

contemplated a different song, where she would attempt to stay in Mist Valley. She would have her children and raise them someplace far from demon politics and violence. How she loved that dream as her hand smoothed over her small belly.

A faint scent of brimstone caused the demoness to lift her gaze. She looked out, across the estate and to the dark forest in the distance. Her keen eyes caught the silhouette of a figure, stepping out from the tree line. Eyes shined as they looked across the grand distance to meet Katriss's red eyes.

"They have found us," Katriss whispered as her heart thudded in her chest to a song of approaching violence.

Screams and chaos filled the tavern as people ran in the opposite direction of the demon with the ball of fire in his clawed hand. The smell of smoke and burnt flesh filled Asher's nose as Lady Windswell groaned from her scorched wounds along her arm.

The demon stared down at Asher and Lady Windswell with crazed eyes. He lifted his arm with the flaming ball, ready to cast it down on the pair. The short sword gleamed in his other

hand.



Asher instantly reacted. One of his hands swung out and grabbed a wood chair by the leg. Fingers closed around it before he used all his strength to swing it around and up at the demon.

The demon's arm swung down as a chair was flung at him. The moment he let go of the flaming fireball, the chair slammed into him, knocking it away.

The fire ball flew through the air before smashing into a wall beside the broken window. A fiery explosion rippled the very air with heat and smoke. The wall caught on fire as smoke billowed out of the broken window.

Lady Windswell shifted and placed her other uninjured hand on Asher's chest. She launched to her feet and darted for the fleeing crowd.

"To the back door and run to my farm! You'll be safe!" she shouted as she clutched her burnt arm to herself.

Asher listened to the people making a run for it. He also heard Dina, and few others ordering others to escape.

The demon stood with dark confidence as flames and smoke were to one side of him. His gaze was centered on Asher. Licking his lips, he advanced with his sword at the ready.

Asher instinctually moved his hand to his belt. When he touched nothing, he instantly regretted not bringing his sword.

"Harboring a brood mother and keeping her as a slave is a death sentence, for you and any of your bloodline. This will not go unpunished," the demon growled before launching at the unarmed man.

Asher jumped back as the sword swung and sliced at the air right before his stomach. He continued to retreat as the demon advanced. His eyes searched for an opening, or something he could use to his advantage.

Asher's hip touched another chair. His hand grabbed it and swung it around like a club. The demon's sword was up and slicing at the incoming chair. Chair legs were cleaved off and scattered as the blade finished its arc.

Asher let go of his chair and his hand clamped onto the demon's wrist like a viper. He twisted the demon's wrist. There was a grunt, but the demon didn't drop the blade. Instead, a knee launched up and slammed into Asher's stomach. He bent over and used his shoulder and slam into the demon's midsection. Grabbing with both arms, he twisted his body and slammed the demon onto a table.

The pommel of the short sword slammed into the side of Asher's head. Smoke filled the tavern as burning sparks floated in the air. Asher struggled with the demon as wetness dripped down from his temple and along his cheek. He coughed as the air grew thicker with smoke.

"Hard to breathe? Do not concern yourself. You'll be dead soon," the demon said and slammed his palm under Asher's chin.

Asher was up and stumbling back. He lifted his hands and kept them at the ready as

the demon charged.

Sword swipes cut through the air as Asher tried to keep a safe distance. A confusing haze filled his vision as the strike to the head and billowing smoke began to slow him down. A sword flashed and Asher caught the demon by the wrist. He lifted his boot and slammed the heel on the unguarded knee. The demon grunted before a fist slammed into his cheek.

A bartender ran over with a bucket of water and threw the contents on a flaming wall. Another bartender followed up with another bucket of water. The flames diminished, but the smoke only grew to suffocating levels.

If I don't get him out of here, I won't be able to fight much longer.

Asher lowered his shoulders as the demon regained his footing. With a burst of power, he charged the demon as he was slicing his sword down. Asher's shoulder connected with him first, but the short sword struck his side.

Asher roared as he pushed with all his might. The demon couldn't regain his footing as he stumbled back. Asher pushed on with the front door to the tavern in his sights.

The tavern entrance door exploded into

shards of wood as man and demon crashed through it. Cleaner air rushed into Asher's lungs and he took a deep breath.

The demon turned the short sword in his hands, ready to drive it into his back. A flash of metal caught him off guard. The demon looked up to see a warhammer swinging through the air. The heavy end struck him in his demonic face, sending his body and the short sword flying through the air.

Asher stood up and glanced back to see Bolla standing with her arm out. The dwarf eyed the demon with hard eyes.

Asher turned to see the demon getting back up with a bloody face.

The demon licked its own bloody lips before giving Asher a manic grin. "It's over. The brood queen and the others are being slain at this very moment. The Bloodwater family send their condolences," the demon laughed.

Asher's eyes narrowed as his heart pumped hard in his chest. Images flashed of Elara, Nyn, Amber, Blyss, and Katriss, being cut down at the farm. His spirit and blood began to boil as the demon across from him flashed his claws.

Intention and commitment flashed as Asher charged the demon with unbound fury.

A goblin and a uni-goat laid in the tall grass, staring up at the starry night. Blyss drank in the celestial heavens and her heart thudded with pristine happiness. A breeze washed over her as she let out a relaxed sigh.

Beside the goblin was a black-haired goat with a single, golden horn. She laid on her side, one eye toward the heavens as her small snout touched the goblin's arm.

"I wish master was here with us. I want to watch the sky with him," the goblin said as the uni-goat's breathing tickled her arm.

A small, lazy bleat emerged from the unusual creature as she remained on her side.

"He makes me feel special," Blyss said innocently.

Crickets played their nightly song as the pair basked in the peaceful starlight.

A faint scent drifted into the goblin's nose. She blinked before her heightened senses flared. She took another inhale, tasting burning, black smoke. The goblin sat up and looked around, searching for where it was

coming from.

The lights in town glowed in the distance. When Blyss narrowed her gaze, she caught a plume of smoke rising. Her heart quickened.

“Master,” the goblin whispered before he took in a deep inhale.

“MASTER!” Blyss shouted at the top of her lungs.

Goblin and uni-goat were to their feet and hooves. Panic set into the goblin as she watched the plume rise higher and higher into the sky.

Blyss broke into a run. She reached the fence, bent her legs, and launched over it.

“I’m coming master!” she shouted as she landed and broke into a run.

Fern darted over and jumped over the fence. Her golden horn shined in the starlight as she landed and charged after the goblin. When she reached her side, she screamed at her. Blyss turned her head as she ran, seeing the uni-goat motioning to her to get on her back. The goblin instantly understood and leapt onto the goat.

Horned head low, Fern charged into a full gallop as Blyss rode her. The goblin held onto

the uni-goat's furry neck as she kept her unblinking gaze on the smoke in the distance.

"I'm coming to protect you, master!" the goblin shouted with fear in her heart.

The front door to the farmhouse opened. Amber stepped out to find out why Blyss was shouting.

"Blyss?" the faun asked as she looked around.

The faun turned and caught the small goblin riding Fern before they disappeared into the dark evening.

"Where's she's going?" Amber said before she shrugged.

Behind the faun, a cloaked figure silently climbed up the wall and onto the roof. They glanced down to the faun before moving like a shadow toward a second-floor bedroom window.

Claws slashed across Asher's chest just as his fist slammed into the demon's cheek. The demon stumbled back as Asher took a step back. Red bloomed along his white shirt. Weakness filled his side. He touched his side and his hand came away with crimson blood.

“You’re already dead. Just lie down and die like the mongrel creature you are,” the demon said as he approached with clawed hands out to his side.

“Asher!” came a shout.

Glancing to the side, Bolla had her hammer in hand again. She threw it to him with a mighty heave.

Asher’s hand was up to catch it, when a darkness flashed beside him and caught the hammer.

“Too slow...” the demon managed before his crimson eyes widened.

Asher moved with cold confidence as he grabbed a demon horn. The assassin tried to turn and slam the hammer into the man, when his whole body was knocked off balance. He stumbled as Asher continued to control him by his horn. The weight of the heavy hammer further threw him off balance as he could not regain his footing.

Asher curled his other hand into a fist and bent the demon’s head to the side. He brought down his hard fist into the side of the demon’s neck. The blow was enough to shatter the demon’s concentration and slam him to the ground.

Not slowing down, Asher had let go of the horn as the demon fell. When the demon bounced off the dirt road, Asher's heel slammed into the side of his head. There was audible crack before claws swiped at his legs. Sharp pain lanced along Asher's leg and he took a few steps back.

"Weakling," the demon said with a shaky tone as he tried to roll back to his feet.

Asher saw Bolla's hammer on the ground beside him. He scooped it up and held it at the ready, when a sudden weakness drained away from his muscles. Looking down at himself, he was covered in blood, most of it his own. Arms and legs began to tremble as life leaked from his wounds and his side.

The demon was back to their feet and eyeing the blood-covered man.

"After we are finished here, I will burn this entire town down to the ground," the demon cackled as he leisurely approached the bloody man.

Asher barely held the heavy hammer in his hands. His shoulders heaved as he took deep breaths. The haze grew thicker as his gaze began to lose focus.

The demon stood a few feet from Asher

with a wicked grin.

“My partner is most likely fucking the brood queen’s dead corpse at this very moment,” the demon said with a gleeful tone.

Heat flashed as Asher’s heart beat like a drum. Fear, pain, and a monstrous desire for violence began to overpower every drop of his mind, body, and soul. Fingers tightened around the rod of the hammer.

A shout from the side caused the demon to shift his gaze to the charging dwarf. He cackled as he lifted his boot. Bolla came at him with balled fists, when the demon’s boot slammed into her chest. Her hands opened and clamped onto the demon’s boot as she grunted in pain.

It was all Asher needed to lift the hammer over his head and bring it down with the wrath of a titan. The demon’s arm went up to block it, when the hammer rod struck his arm and shattered his forearm. The hammer head was next, slamming into the demon’s horned head and breaking off one of his horns.

The demon’s body slammed into the ground as Asher lifted the hammer again. They looked up with fear in their crimson eyes, seeing an inhuman rage filling Asher’s

eyes.

“It’s time for you to leave and never come back,” Asher said through gritted teeth before bringing the hammer down.

The demon’s eyes widened with the hammer head reflected within them. The hammer came down and a sickening crunch rose into the air.

Bolla rubbed her chest as she watched Asher lift the hammer and bring it down again and again. When he lifted it a fourth time, his arms began to shake. The fire in his eyes dimmed. The hammer slipped from his hands and thudded on the ground.

Asher fell to his knees as the world grew darker. Weakening thoughts swam with the women he loved back at the farmhouse, most likely fighting for their very lives. He toppled over and struck the ground, next to the demon with the caved in head.

“Asher!” Bolla said as she moved to him.

Asher moaned as the dwarf pressed her hands to his side wound, trying to stem the flow of blood.

In the distance, a uni-goat with a goblin charged. Blyss saw Asher’s body, tears streaking her green cheeks. She let out a

horrific scream as Fern galloped like a noble steed.

“MASTER!” Blyss shouted as they approached.

When they were close, Blyss jumped off the goat and broke into a run. She threw herself forward, hit the ground and slid to Asher’s side. She cupped his head as she glanced to the blood oozing from his wounds. His face paled in her hands and his breathing was labored.

“Blyss...my beautiful goblin,” Asher said with a weak smile.

“I’ll get a healing potion,” Bolla said and was to her feet.

Before the dwarf could run back to the tavern, Fern clopped closer. The uni-goat let out a sad bleat before lowering her head. Her golden horn shined before she touched it to the fallen Asher.

Golden light enveloped Asher. He simply stared at Blyss as energy filled his body. Bolla looked down with a knowing smile as Asher’s wounds began to close. Blood dried and flaked away.

Strength bled once again back into Asher’s muscles. The younger man began to feel like

his himself again. When Fern pulled back her horned head, Asher stood up under his own power.

“A uni-goat? Such a rare creature,” Bolla smiled as she scratched at the Fern’s neck.

The goat screamed in delight before leaning into the scratches.

Asher turned to Fern and gave her a smile and approving nod. “Thank you, Fern.”

Fern screamed again.

Asher turned to Blyss, the goblin wiping tears from her eyes.

“I’m sorry master! I should have been here to protect you,” she sobbed.

“You’re here now, and that is all that matters,” Asher said with a soothing tone.

A sudden realization struck him as he remembered the farmhouse was under attack. He scooped up Bolla’s hammer, turned and started running.

“I need to borrow this! I’ll bring it back!” Asher shouted over his shoulder.

Blyss, Fern, and Bolla all looked at each other. The goblin leapt onto Fern’s back. The uni-goat reared up onto her back legs before falling forward into a charge.

Bolla stood her ground as she watched them charge off into the darkness. The dwarf turned around to her damaged tavern and shook her head in dismay.

Asher pumped his legs as he ran with warhammer in hand. Fern was soon beside him with Blyss on her back. The trio charged through the starry night and between inky dark fields.

Asher didn't slow down as he ran like monsters were chasing him. Memories flashed of running to his fallen friends in deep dungeons, their moans and screams sending shivers down his spine. Horrid images filled his mind of what he may encounter. He quickly pushed them away. All he knew was he had to get home and hope it wasn't too late.

The farm appeared in the small distance. The lights were on, but he didn't see any hint of movement. Knowing Katriss's room was on the other side, he pumped his legs harder.

"Blyss and Fern, check the first floor as I run upstairs! If there are any sounds of violence, get outside and get ready to run!" Asher huffed.

"Yes, master!" Blyss said.

The trio reached the front gate. Asher and the goblin riding a goat, jumped over the simple fence and charged the front door. Asher grabbed the handle as he slammed his shoulder into the door. The door burst wide open as Asher led the charge in.

A quick glance around showed no signs of violence. Asher listened for any hint of fighting. When he was greeted with only the sound of his heavy breathing, he charged for the stairs.

Blyss and Fern broke away and quickly charged through the lower floor.

Asher darted up the stairs. His heart sank further and further in his chest as the worst filled his manic thoughts. He darted along the second-floor corridor. His gaze was locked on the bedroom doors. When he saw Katriss's door partially ajar, a sense of doom washed over him. Asher slid into the open door, slamming his shoulder into the doorframe. He looked into the demoness's bed chamber with wide eyes.

The stench of blood touched Asher's nose before his eyes could make sense of what he was seeing. The room was in slight disarray. A chair was knocked over, and some of the

blankets were shredded. A broken window was open to the outside world, a breeze moving the curtains.

On the floor, laying a pool of blood, a male demon stared at nothing. Their neck was torn out as raggedy flesh hung.

Over the dead demon, Katriss was crouched with bloody, clawed hands. Her lips were covered in blood as she looked up to Asher with near feral eyes.

“Asher,” came a voice to the side.

Asher turned to see Elara, Nyn, and Amber close by. They looked at him with solemn eyes, but were not harmed in any way.

“We heard a commotion from downstairs. We came up to see this,” Elara explained as she looked at the dead demon on the floor.

Asher rushed to the three women and embraced all of them at once. His heart hammered in relief they were all okay. The three of them hugged him back, happy he was okay.

Asher pulled back and slowly made his way to Katriss with Bolla’s hammer in hand. The tall demoness stood up and composed herself. She licked the blood off her claws as Asher stood before her and the dead demon on

the floor.

“Are you well? I feared the worst,” he said.

Katriss gave a small nod. “I am unharmed, but my heart is unwell. This assassin told me with his dying breath who sent him. I fear, I cannot stay here any longer.”

Asher stepped over the dead demon and embraced the demoness. Katriss looked down at him with affectionate eyes. She hugged him back, smearing blood onto his already blood-stained clothes.

A tear appeared in the corner of Katriss’s closed eyes. It streaked down her cheek as she held the younger man to her as their hearts beat as one.

Chapter 21

Farewell

The morning mists began to part. Shafts of sunlight penetrated the retreating mists as a small group stood before three, knee-high standing stones. Birdsong filled the air, along with leaves fluttering in the wind.

Asher and Katriss stood before the invisible wild gate. They held hands as they looked into each other's eyes. Not far from them, Elara, Nyn, Amber, Blyss, and Fern stood with sad eyes.

The morning was spent cleaning and helping Katriss pack up her meager possessions. Asher stayed with her, helping her to dress and ready for her departure. Her belly had grown a little bigger, and she was finding it hard to move around easily.

Blyss filled a pack with rations and two waterskins, one filled with water, and the other filled with wine. Elara and Nyn picked out clothes from the many closets and packed them away for the demoness. Amber picked out a few potions Katriss could use, if she ran

into any danger in her new home.

Everything was gathered and given to the demoness. When it was time to leave, all of them made their way to the dark forest, and the wild gate.

Standing before it, everyone felt the sad farewell as they prepared to see the demoness off.

“I wish we had more time,” Katriss said in a low tone.

“Me too,” Asher nodded.

“We will survive, the best ways we can,” Katriss said with a dreamy tone. “The place I am going is devoid of people, from what I calculated of the wild gate pattern. There should be plenty of cave systems to house my brood.

“I wish I could tell you where,” she let the sentence hang for a moment before continuing. “I didn’t think my sisters would find me here. It speaks to their relentless cunning and tenacity. The longer I stay, the more danger all of you will be in.”

“We understand, even we don’t like that you have to leave.”

Nyn stepped to the man and demoness.

The elf bowed to Katriss.

“Forgive my impertinence when you first arrived. I misjudged you and your race. Despite the rumors and history, not all demons are evil.”

Katriss smiled and bowed her head to the beautiful elf. “Thank you, beautiful Nyn. Those moments are already forgotten and replaced with pleasant memories of my Divine Mother sisters.”

Elara stepped to Nyn’s side and looked up at the demoness with wet eyes. “Will you return?”

Katriss nodded. “When my brood is old enough and I have retaken my lands and property, I will come back to see all of you. Until then, I will hold all of you in my heart.”

Katriss turned her pale crimson gaze to Asher once again. “Your seed is strong. It will aid in creating a powerful brood. Be proud that our demons may be the first to bring change to my people, and perhaps Valoria.”

Asher smiled.

Katriss let go of his hands. She picked up a full pack and turned toward the three standing stones.

“I look forward to seeing you all again in the future,” Katriss said without looking back.

The air began to hum as Katriss stepped within the perimeter of the standing stones. Energy rippled as she lifted her hand. The moment she touched the portal, her hand slowly vanished. As she stepped closer, a dark rip opened. It hovered in the middle of the standing stones, pulsating with ancient power. The rip widened as she lifted a leg and stepped in.

Katriss turned her head and looked back at Asher. She gave him a fanged smile. He looked at her with a small smile, his heart sagging in his chest.

The demoness turned her head back to the portal. She stepped further in, her body melting into the oval rip of reality. She slowly vanished, her tail the only thing left visible. The triangular tipped tail gave a small wave before it too vanished within the portal.

The dark rip slowly closed and disappeared.

A small sigh dripped from everyone present. They all looked at each other with sad eyes before turning as a group and making their way home.

The walk back to the farm was silent. There were no words to convey how they all felt. The demoness left a lasting impression on them, showing that even the dark beings like demons can have moments of protective kindness.

When they reached the farm, they made their way into the home.

“I’ll get us some wine,” Elara said.

“I’ll help,” Amber said to the blonde elf.

“As will I,” Nyn added.

Asher simply nodded before making his way to the stairs and climbing them up to the second floor.

The young lord made his way down the long corridor until he reached Katriss’s room. He opened the door and stepped in.

The window was still broken, a small breeze slipping into the chamber. Dried blood stained the floor. The blankets on the bed were replaced. A folded piece of paper was on the folded blankets. A breeze caught it and sent it floating onto the spot of dried blood.

Asher stepped over and scooped it up. He lifted an eyebrow as he opened the folded letter and began to read.

My dearest Asher,

I didn't have the heart to tell you this in person. It would have made my departure much more difficult, as I would assume you would have many questions. Questions I didn't have time to answer because the assassins accelerated my limited time here.

The first night, when I kissed your forehead, I knew you were different. Brood Mothers cannot mate with anyone. There must be a common ancestor. No matter how thin the connection is, it must be there for my body to accept your seed to grow knew life in my womb.

You truly became my last hope to change my fate. The kiss tasted your heritage and your blood.

Asher, you share a distant ancestor with demon blood. It is not uncommon for the mixing of races. Somewhere in your distant bloodline, your ancestors mated with a demon, or demons. Within you, demon blood is faint, but it is there.

You may be asking yourself, if that makes you a demon or part demon? It does not. It only means you have a demon ancestor. It may speak to some of your hungry appetites, but that is as far as it will go. You will not awaken or change you into a demon. The demon blood is diluted to

the point a skilled alchemist, mage, or cleric, will not detect it. Only a powerful demon such as myself could taste it and know.

Take what I've told you simply as knowledge, nothing more. Live your life as a man, and fear not a time where you would become like my people.

I cannot thank you enough for your hospitality and your attention. It was needed when I was at my darkest moment. You have changed my fate, and I can never properly repay you. It may take a few years, but once my affairs are in order, I will make every attempt to come back and see my handsome savior.

Give my love to your lovely family. Know my heart beats for you.

Love,

Katriss

Asher eyed the letter for a long moment. He let his arm drop to his side with it and stared at nothing. The explanation Katriss gave made some kind of sense. It spoke to his hungry appetites and haunting desires that only seemed to grow in the company of his new family. A sense of relief washed over him as he knew that he would not become demonic like the feared race on Valoria.

With time, I'll tell the others. But not now. I need to sort this out on my own until I feel well enough to speak on it.

Asher folded the note and slipped it into his inner jacket pocket. The moment he pulled his hand out, a bell rung from outside.

Asher made his way back downstairs. When he reached the living room, he looked out the open door to see Blyss and Dina walking toward the house. Dina's eyes held a restrained sorrow.

The pair walked in just as Elara, Nyn and Amber came out with glasses of wine.

"Company," Elara smiled at Dina until she saw the darkness under her eyes. "I'll get another glass of wine. It looks like you need it."

Dina nodded.

The glasses of wine were placed on coffee table. Elara made her way back to the kitchen as everyone looked at Dina.

"Should we leave?" Amber asked.

Dina shook her head. "No. What I have to say should be heard by everyone."

Elara came back out with another glass of red wine. She joined the group and handed the

glass to Dina.

“Bad news?” Asher said.

Dina took a sip of wine. Everyone else lifted their glasses and took a deep sip.

Dina lifted her gaze and looked at everyone gathered.

“The election was held this morning,” she began.

Asher’s eyes darkened. After last night’s events, and seeing Katriss off, he had completely forgotten about the mayoral election.

Dina continued with a solemn tone in her voice, “Lady Windswell won the majority of votes, and has become the new mayor of Mist Valley.”

Everyone glanced at each other before refocusing on Dina.

“I know, because of last night’s events, you didn’t make it to town to vote,” Dina said to Asher. “It wouldn’t have made much of a difference, even if you did. Many of the townspeople were on the fence. From the people I’ve spoken to so far, what changed their vote was how Lady Windswell risked her life to save you, Asher.

“When she took charge of the evacuation, even after being heavily wounded, it swayed more voters. The whole town knew her to be selfish and self-centered, but in that moment, she was neither of those things. Her history and selfless act helped her victory.

“The other reason why she won, to have a demon visit our town and wanting to kill you, cast suspicion on you. Some heard that you were harboring a demon on your estate. It was enough to change minds and votes. The people are not scared of you, but last night proved that they didn’t really know you, and picked the candidate who has a deeper history with the town.”

Asher looked down. “I’m sorry my support for you didn’t work.”

Dina took a deep sip of wine before she gave him a small smile. “It’s okay. It’s the nature of politics. To a degree, I’m relieved. I only put my name in at the urging of many people from town. Now that I won’t be mayor, I can focus on my business.

“Don’t worry about our agreement. It is still in place. We may need to create a deeper alliance for when Mayor Windswell wakes from the glow of her win and cause further

problems for us.”

“Our alliance will be as strong as iron,” Asher smiled.

“Good to know,” Dina said with a warm tone.

Elara smiled brightly. “Well, it seems we all have our work cut out for us. I believe this calls for a swim in the pond and some food to enjoy on the patio. Does everyone agree?”

Everyone nodded in agreement and bright smiles.

“I could use a small swim,” Dina said.

Nyn walked toward the kitchen side door. Amber, Blyss and Dina followed. Elara sipped her wine as she was ready to join them, when Asher touched her arm. She stopped and looked at him with curious eyes.

“Lady Windswell will make things difficult for all of us. Now, more than ever, we need to ensure we are all ready for what may come.”

Elara lifted a hand and touched his rugged cheek. “Asher, my love, there is no force on Valoria that will destroy what we are creating here. I have faith, not only in the divine, but in us.”

Asher placed his hand over Elara’s hand,

shifted his head and kissed her fingers.

“Our life is a dream, and I will do everything I can to keep it that way.”

“We will do everything we can,” Elara corrected with a warm tone.

The younger man smiled as their hands fell down, but fingers entwined with each other.

The man and elf made for the side kitchen door, holding hands and a wine glass in their other hands. Hearts lifted as they stepped out into the bright, sunny day. Clothes were strewn across the grass as the couple caught naked women running for the pond. Amber was the first to leap into the air and splash into the cool water.

Dina looked back and smiled before she too jumped into the pond. Nyn encouraged Blyss to go in the water with her, the goblin giving a hesitant nod.

In the nearby field, Fern jumped and screamed, with what Asher assumed was, pure joy.

Man, and elf walked toward their growing family as sunlight bathed the world in brilliant light.

Chapter 22

A Dark Wind

A cool wind blew through the trees of the dark forest. A deepening chill grew with each passing moment. Stars shined high above as night's cloak covered the world.

Animals in the burrows curled up tighter, a sense of dread filling their dreams.

At the edge of the dark forest, a shadowy figure emerged. They stared out with cold eyes to an odd farm in the distance. The air grew colder as the pair of unblinking eyes kept their dread gaze on the dark farm.

Beside the eyes, two more shadows emerged. Gazes locked on the farm and maddening smiles formed.

The trio of shadows stared for a long time. The first one looked away before turning. The two other shadows turned and followed the first one.

The shadows faded into the inky darkness as a moon began to rise from the black horizon.

~*Fin*~

Dedications

A special thank you to those who helped make this book possible and a big thank you to everyone who supported me! You all hold a special place in my heart!

Adam Friedman

2Tall12

Aaron Henley

Aerys Aeryn Aurelius

Charles V

Chris Lee

Eeyore

Erik Bowman

Ffrewyll

Robert Hillman

Scott Braunius

Soviet Degendays

Terrence Mills

Tjin Tur

Travis Btmb

Tyson Carver

Acknowledgements and Friends

Below is a list of incredible authors who I have had the pleasure to know and wish to share them with you. Please explore their magnificent works. Tell them Eden sent you.

Daniel Schinhofen

Dawn Chapman

Scottie Futch

Blaise Corvin

Harmon Cooper

James Hunter

Randi Darren

Stuart Grosse

Prax Venter

Angel Ramon

Michael Dalton

Michael Chatfield

Lavelle Jackson

Cebelius

Jamie Hawke

Chase Danger

Zachariah Dracoulis

Apollos Throne

Charles Dean

George Fisher

Paul Bellow

Mike Truk

M Damon Baker
Bonnie Price
Austin Beck
Marcus Sloss
D. Levesque
Bruce Sentar
Jack Porter
Neil Bimbeau

**A royal thanks to my ARC Knights. May
your armor never dent and your swords
remain as sharp as your minds and sturdy
as your hearts.**

Brandon Patrick Moore

Akryn

Chris Pacheco

Richard G Stahl

Sir Daskarn

Darian Lawnsea

PwrQuad

Angus Hutto

Bob Milne

Ken Thompson

Knight Morgan Fellwyn

James Draven

Patrick Powers

Jon Johnson

Kell EverCross

Bruno Stolte

Greg Heckman

Mike Matthews

Jurjen van Dijk

Steven Sharp

Mr. Stud Muffin

Nigel Tufnel

Rashly the Flirt
Scully
Malaclypse The Third
Tanner Likins
Justin Turner
Michael Crowell
Josh Robinson
TJ Mueller
Roger Robinson-Turner
Daniel Danielson
Jess Wisto
R. Alexander Spoerer
Michael Miller
Daniel Godinez



If you enjoy sexy monsters, fantasy, magic and erotic adventures, join my newsletter and receive three free e-books for signing up!
<http://eepurl.com/bhuQdb>

A Note from Eden Redd

I wanted to take this moment to thank you for reading!

I hope you enjoyed the story. If you have a moment, please leave a review. If leaving a review is not your cup of tea, then please e-mail me. I try to answer all e-mails as fast as I can and I would love to hear your feedback.

[Join my mailing list](#) and receive updates on new titles!

Visit my Website at <https://edenredd.com/>

[Join Eden's Lewd Discord](#)

edenreddx@gmail.com

I am also on [twitter!](#) I tend to put sexy monster pics and quirky thoughts/ideas.

[Like me on Facebook!](#)

I also run a sexy Facebook group, [Eden's Lewd Fantasy and Sci-Fi Garden \(NSFW\)](#).

Please check out my author page and some of my other works you may like.

[Eden Redd Author page](#)

[Check out my non-erotic titles under
Eden Blue!](#)

[Join my Eden Blue FB Page.](#)

**The FB groups below are filled with
amazing authors, readers and fun! Join up!**

Gamelit Society
Dukes of Harem
Lit RPG Fun and Gamelit
LitRPG Forum
Harem Lit
LitRPG Books
LitRPG Rebels
Soundbooth Theater Live
The Lusty Realms of Fantasy
Harem Gamelit
Dungeon Corps
Eden's Lewd Fantasy and Sci-fi Garden
Western Cultivation Stories
Gamelit All Girls
Monster Girl Fiction
LGBTQ + LitRPG Group